

The
Canadian Baptist
Church Hymnal



O come let us sing unto the Lord,
let us make a joyful noise to the Rock
of our Salvation.

PSALM XCV. 1.

The Dorology.

Old Hundredth.

Genevan Psalter.

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow ; Praise Him, all crea - tures

The first system of musical notation for 'The Dorology'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow ; Praise Him, all crea - tures' are written below the notes.

here be - low ; Praise Him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host ; Praise

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'here be - low ; Praise Him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host ; Praise' are written below the notes.

Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - - men

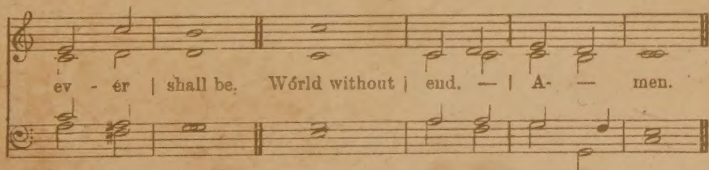
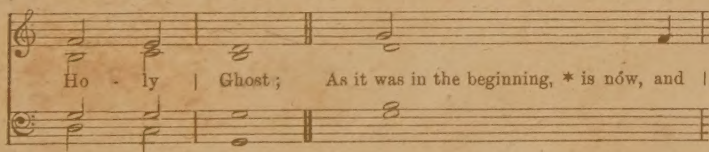
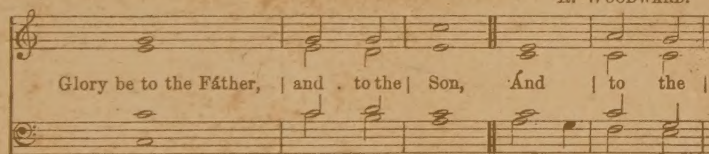
The third system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. The melody ends with a double bar line. The lyrics 'Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - - men' are written below the notes.

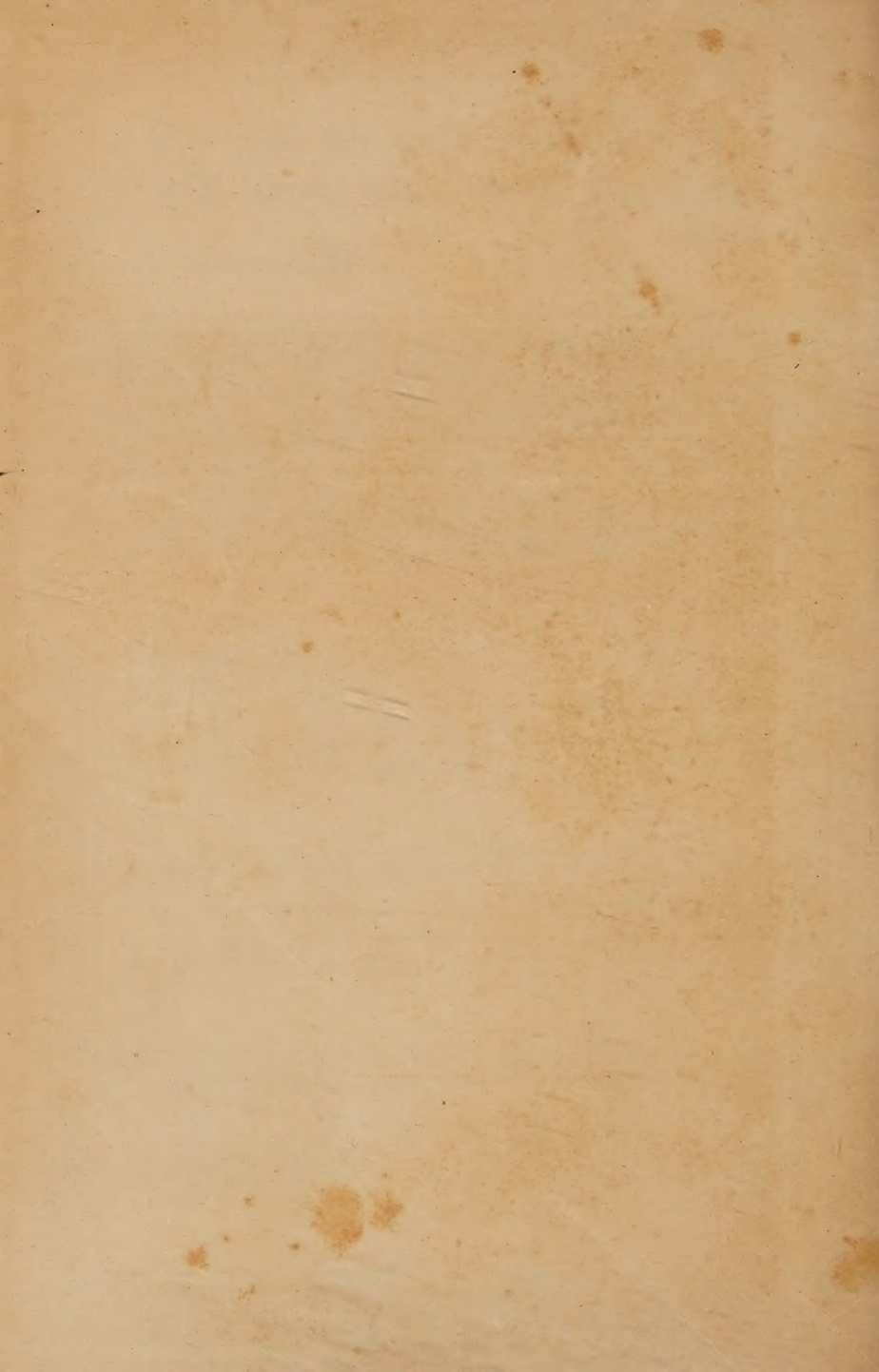
O Lord, open Thou my lips, and
my mouth shall show forth Thy
praise.

PSALM LI. 15.

Gloria Patri.

R. WOODWARD.





Arthur Bruner.
West Lome.
Ont.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH HYMNAL.

THE



APTIST
CHURCH
HYMNAL

HYMNS

TUNES

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PSALMS AND HYMNS TRUST

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PREFACE.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH HYMNAL has been prepared by a Committee, severally representing the *Psalms and Hymns* Trust, the Trustees of the *Baptist Hymnal*, and the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. The work is founded mainly upon the two Hymn-books above mentioned, largely used and much prized in the churches of the body during many years; while it is felt that the time has come both for rigorous revision and for the addition of a careful selection from the rich stores of recent hymnody.

The Proprietorship of this HYMNAL is vested in the *Psalms and Hymns* Trust, reconstituted so as to include representatives of the *Hymnal* and the Union. The profits will, as heretofore, be devoted to objects of denominational interest, according to a scheme approved by the Charity Commissioners; the relief of widows and orphans of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries having a preferential claim.

A large curtailment of the number of Hymns has been rendered necessary to keep the volume within reasonable bulk, as well as to permit, in some editions, the association of Tunes with the Hymns, with the addition of Chants and Anthems. The *Psalms and Hymns* and the *Baptist Hymnal* contain together more than sixteen hundred Hymns, allowing for those common to the two books. It has been found advisable, after close and repeated examination, to retain about six hundred of these, and to add nearly two hundred Hymns from various sources, the work of about a hundred and twenty different authors; the total number of Hymns being eight hundred and two.

Certain sections of the work have been much enlarged, in compliance with the special requirements of our own day. The Hymns on CHRISTIAN SERVICE form an important feature of the collection; and those on CHILDHOOD and YOUTH are much more numerous than in preceding hymnals. This latter part of the work is mainly intended to assist those pastors who happily dedicate a part of one weekly public service to the young people of the congregation; while the children's own Hymnals, for school and home, are by no means superseded. Again, it has not been thought necessary to devote a separate section to PRIVATE WORSHIP. Hymns expressing personal emotions and experiences are often felt to be appropriate in united worship; and some often included in the 'Private' section—as 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and 'Abide with me,

fast falls the eventide'—are among the most familiar in the service of the Sanctuary. At the same time, it is hoped that this CHURCH HYMNAL will find a place not only in the House of Prayer, but in many a Christian Home.

The Hymns contained in the earlier books have been carefully re-edited, mainly with the view of restoring, as far as possible, original readings where alterations had been made. This fact will account for many variations from the text to which readers may have been accustomed. A Table, with explanations of the principal changes that still have seemed necessary, or that have been approved by long usage, or by consent of the authors themselves, is appended to the Standard edition of the work.

In preparing the HYMNAL, the Compilers have been greatly aided and encouraged by the cordial and generous consent of hymn-writers, with other proprietors of copyrights, to insert their copyright Hymns. Permissions given to the Editors of *Psalms and Hymns* and of the *Baptist Hymnal* have been most readily renewed; and all applications for the use of new Hymns have met with a favourable response. The union of so many diverse minds and hearts, from every section of the Church Universal, has added another to the impressive illustrations which our best Hymn-books afford of the essential harmony of all devout spirits, in faith, hope, and love.

It only remains to acknowledge by name the permissions that have thus been granted. Should the Compilers have omitted any author or publisher to whom application should have been made, the inadvertence will, they trust, be pardoned; and it shall be remedied in future editions. The Hymns under each author's name are specified in the BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES. To the writers and publishers named below most cordial thanks are given.

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In the choice of the TUNES great care has been taken that the music should fitly express the sentiment of the words, due regard being had to the association of certain Hymns with special Tunes, apart from which they would hardly be the same to the worshipper. In some few cases, however, the Compilers have to regret the absence of Tunes which would naturally be looked for, all efforts to secure permission having proved vain. It is confidently hoped that, by time and use, the Tunes substituted may secure equal acceptance.

In order to ensure variety within due limits, Hymns of the same metre have, as far as possible, been placed together in each section. The opening of the page will thus, in many cases, present a considerable choice of Tunes to the same Hymn. A Tune that may be unfamiliar to the choir or congregation will thus continually be found side by side with one well-known; obviating what is often found to be a disadvantage in those Hymnals in which every Hymn has its own Tune. In all, the HYMNAL contains 716 different Tunes; a number sufficient to offer an almost inexhaustible variety, and yet, it is believed, not too large a choice for any congregation where, in Choral meetings and in the homes of its members, the divine art of song is diligently cultivated, in preparation for this crowning service of the "house of the Lord."

It is for the congregation, rather than for the choir alone, that these Tunes have been prepared. No pains have been spared to adapt them to general, united worship. Nothing, it is hoped, has been admitted which refined taste will not approve; and, at the same time, there has been the constant effort to avoid over-elaborateness. As an aid to intelligent worship, and to quicken sympathy with the sentiment of the Hymn, marks of musical expression have been introduced—but very sparingly. In some of the Hymns, these are altogether omitted as unnecessary; and wherever they are inserted their intention is not to drill the congregation into mechanical uniformity, but only to make plain those variations in the sentiment and tone of the Hymn which call for corresponding expression.

Many new Tunes have been written for the book: the Compilers would gratefully acknowledge the readiness to serve them shown by Sir John Stainer, Dr. Charles Vincent, and other well-known composers.

To the Composers and owners of Copyrights who have generously permitted the free use of their Tunes, the Compilers would offer special thanks. It is believed that the following is a complete list; but should any

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*Aurelia ...	7.6, 8 lines...	478, 495, 646, 720	*Cantone ...	7.7.7.7	632
*Aurora (Benson)... ..	C.M.D.	276, 679	Capetown ...	7.7.7.5	189, 308, 623
*Aurora (Falconer) ...	11.10.11.10	452	*Cara Patria ...	7.6, 8 lines...	437, 607
Austria ...	8.7, 8 lines...	475, 641	Carey ...	8's, 6 lines...	246
Avignon ...	8.8.8.6 (Trochaic)	485	*Carrow ...	8.4, 6 lines...	345
			†Cartmel ...	8.8	502
*Babbacombe ...	7.7.7.5	758	Cassel ...	7's, 6 lines...	229, 527
*Baca ...	6's, 6 lines	387, 479	*Castle Rising ...	C.M.D.	679
Bach ...	S.M.D.	140	Celeste ...	8.8.8.8 (Amphibrachic)	474
*Bardon ...	S.M.	423	Ceres ...	S.M.	737
Barton (Knecht)... ..	7.6.7.6	439	*Chalvey ...	S.M.D.	446
*Barton (Thorne) ...	7.6, 8 lines	145	*Charnwood ...	C.M.	286

NAME.	METRE.	NO. OF HYMN.	NAME.	METRE.	NO. OF HYMN.
*Chenies ...	7,6, 8 lines	749	*Eagley ...	C.M.	490
*Children's Song ...	Irregular	753	*Earlham ...	66.66.4444	598
*Child Service ...	Irregular	787	*Earlsfield ...	7.7.7.7	639
*Christ Chapel ...	7.7.7.7	186	*Eastbourne ...	886.886	401
*Christ Church ...	66.66.4444	642	Easter Eve ...	87.87.77	166
*Christmas ...	Irregular	753	Easter Hymn ...	7.4, 8 lines	129
Christmas Hymn ...	7's, 10 lines	85	*Eastnor ...	S.M.	258, 659
*Christmas Morn- ing Hymn ...	C.M.D.	82, 782	Eden (Mason) ...	L.M.	643
*Church Trium- phant ...	L.M.	768	*Eden Grove ...	7,6, 8 lines	799
*Civitas Dei ...	76.86.76.86	472	†Edgerton ...	S.M.	522
†Clare ...	7.7.4	644	*Edina ...	6.5, 8 lines	153
*Clarence ...	7.7.7.7	234, 714	†Egremont ...	S.M.	500
*Clee ...	S.M.	42, 317	Eisenach ...	L.M.	182, 396
Clewer ...	6.5.6.5	363	*Elim ...	C.M.D.	319
*Clinton (Parry) ...	C.M.	109	*Ellers ...	10.10.10.10	433, 609
*Clinton (Page) ...	8.7.8.7	426, 760	†Ellingham ...	7.7.7.7	235
*Cœna Domini ...	10.10	526	*Elstead ...	88.886	249
*Come unto Me ...	7,6, 8 lines...	217	*Elvey ...	6.6.10 : 6.6 10	127
Commandments ...	L.M.	142	Ely ...	L.M.	169
*Commonwealth ...	76.76.8885	734	†Engelberg ...	8.5.8.3	224
*Compassion ...	Irregular	226	Enon ...	6.5.6.5	252, 789
†Coniston ...	6.4, 8 lines...	209	*Epenetus ...	7.7.7.7	506
*Consecration ...	7.7.7.7	398, 431	*Ephraim ...	7.7.7.7	569
Constance (German) L.M. ...		320, 511	*Ephratah ...	8's, 6 lines...	73, 225
*Constance (Sullivan) 8.7, 8 lines (Iambic) ...		168	Epiphany Hymn ...	11.10.11.10 (Dactylic)	91
*Constantia ...	84.48.88	744	*Eribe Me ...	6.5, 8 lines	368
†Conway ...	5.6.5, 6	784	*Eshcol ...	L.M.	531
Cowley ...	8's, 8 lines... (Amphibrachic)	322	†Eskdale ...	10.4.10.4	371
Corde Natus ...	87.87.877	76	*Etiam et Mihi ...	8.7.8.7.3	620
*Corfe Mullen ...	87.87.47	139	*Eudoxia ...	6.5.6.5	796
Corinth ...	8.7, 8 lines...	438	*Euroclydon ...	6.4, 8 lines	108
*Covenant ...	66.84.66.84	16	Evan ...	C.M.	294
Croft's 148th ...	66.66.88	167, 598	Evening Hymn (Tallis) L.M. ...		662
†Crostwhaite ...	6.6.10 : 6.6.10	127	Evening Hymn (Jackson) 88.7.887		671
Crüger ...	7,6, 8 lines...	553	*Evening Shadows S.M.D.		779, 797
†Cruse of Comfort ...	8.7.8.7	719	*Even me ...	8.7.8.7.3	248, 379
Culbach ...	7.7.7.7	590	*Evensong		620
			(Seymour) 6.5.6.5		252, 789
			*Evensong (Wallis) 7.7.7.7		384, 589
			*Evensong (Summers) 87.87.77		682
*Dalehurst ...	C.M.	270	*Eventide (Monk) ...	10.10.10.10	689
*Dalketh ...	10.10.10.10	451	*Eventide (Pope) ...	10.10.10.10	325, 689
Darwell ...	66.66.4444	642	*Eversley ...	C.M.	702
Datchet ...	6.5, 8 lines (Amphibrachic)	29	†Rwhurst ...	8.8.8.6	146
*Dawning ...	11.10.11.10	283	*Ewing ...	7,6, 8 lines	468
†Day of Light ...	S.M.	279, 581	*Excelsior ...	7,6.7.6	780
*Day of Praise ...	S.M.	423, 604	*Excelsus ...	64.64.664	277
*Day of Rest ...	7,6, 8 lines	505, 580	Expectation ...	L.M.	171
*Deerhurst ...	8.7, 8 lines...	131, 475	*Exultation ...	7,6, 8 lines	766
*Deus Misereatur ...	7.7.7.7	234			
*Devotion ...	L.M.	48, 393, 715			
*Diadema ...	11.10.11.6	364			
*Diademata ...	S.M.D.	151			
Dijon ...	8.7.8.7	797	*Faber ...	8.7, 8 lines	499
Diligence ...	76.75.76.75	406	Fairfield ...	S.M.D.	441
Dismissal ...	87, 6 lines...	611	*Faith ...	C.M.	50
Dix ...	7's, 6 lines...	90, 190	Farrant ...	C.M.	154, 295, 538
*Dominus Miseri- cordie ...	11.10.11.10.10.10	366	*Fatherhood ...	C.M.D.	256
*Dominus regit me ...	8.7.8.7 (Iambic)	62	*Fatherland ...	55.88.55	429
*Dona Lucem ...	8.6.8.4	723, 743	*Feniton Court ...	8.7, 6 lines	427
Doncaster ...	S.M.	299, 346	Festus ...	L.M.	59, 496
†Do the right ...	8.7.8.7	426	*Filius Dei ...	C.M.D.	536, 700, 741
*Dovedale ...	75.75.75.75.88	596	*Fingal ...	C.M.	288, 448, 629
Dresden ...	7,6, 8 lines (with refrain)	707	Florence ...	8.7, 8 lines...	669
Dublin ...	C.M.	38	*Foel Fras ...	L.M.	395
Duke Street ...	L.M.	550	*Following ...	S.M.	297
Dundee ...	C.M.	55, 489, 726	*Fortunatus ...	11's, 5 lines	132
*Dunelm ...	L.M.	254, 591	Foundation ...	11.11.11.11	321
Dura ...	8's, 6 lines	312, 434	*Fox Howe ...	98.98.88	711
			Franconia ...	S.M.	300, 481, 633
			*Frant ...	8.8	502

NAME.	METRE.	NO. OF HYMN.	NAME.	METRE.	NO. OF HYMN.
*Gawthorpe ...	75.75.77 ...	798	*Jesu, Magister		
*Genoa ...	10.10.10.10 ...	307, 687	Bone ...	7.6, 8 lines...	505
*Gentle Jesus ...	7.7.7.7 ...	745	*Jesu, tender		
*Gethsemane ...	7.5, 6 lines	116	Shepherd ...	8.7.8.7 ...	797
Gibbons ...	7.7.7.7 ...	569	*Jubilate ...	7.6, 8 lines...	39, 557
Glory ...	C.M. (with refrain)	801	*Juxta Crucem ...	8.7, 8 lines...	524
*God be with you ...	Irregular ...	802			
*God in Nature ...	Irregular ...	751	*Kelvedon ...	8.7.87.47 ...	63
*Golden Sheaves ...	8.7, 8 lines (Iambic)	708	*Kendal ...	C.M. ...	518
*Gordon ...	C.M. ...	660	*Kenilworth ...	8.7.87.47 ...	87
Goshen ...	6.5, 8 lines ...	781	†Kenley ...	L.M. ...	6, 47
*Gouda ...	C.M. ...	357, 699	Kiel ...	7.7.7.7 ...	104
*Gounod ...	8.7.87.77 ...	166	*Kilverstone ...	7.6, 8 lines...	752
*Grace ...	Irregular ...	787	*Kingsley ...	C.M. ...	34
*Green Hill ...	C.M. ...	95, 625	*Kirby Bedon ...	664.6664 ...	407, 672
			Kirkstall (Hird) ...	7.7.7.7 ...	506
*Hampstead ...	L.M. ...	394	*Kirkstall (Shaw) ...	C.M.D. ...	389
*Hanford ...	8.8.8.4 ...	344			
Hanover ...	55.55.65.65 ...	4, 588	*Lacrymæ ...	7.7.7 ...	512
†Hardknot ...	C.M.D. ...	420	*Lagos ...	6.5.6.5 ...	794
*Hark, my Soul ...	7.7.7.7 ...	302	*Lampadarius ...	L.M. ...	201, 654
*Harrogate ...	86.86.88 ...	564, 586	*Land of Rest ...	C.M.D. ...	388
*Hartland ...	7.7.7.7 ...	431	†Langdale ...	C.M.D. ...	43, 80, 359
Hart's ...	7.7.7.7 ...	214	Lancaster ...	C.M. ...	203, 605
*Harvest ...	56.65.9 ...	792	*Laude Pueri ...	7.7.7.7 ...	432
*Harrowing ...	S.M.D. ...	318	†Laudes Christi ...	666.666 ...	175
*Hatfield Hall ...	7.6, 8 lines...	331	*Laus Deo ...	8.7.8.7 ...	670, 694
*Haverghal ...	6's, 6 lines ...	387, 479	*Lead, kindly Light	10.4.10.4.10.10 ...	430
*Headley ...	L.M. ...	339, 442, 666	*Leamington ...	7.4, 8 lines...	735
*Heber ...	8.7.87.47 ...	63, 428, 638	*Ledbury ...	7.7.7.5 ...	184, 264
*Hebron ...	7.7.7.7.88 ...	461	*Leominster ...	S.M.D. ...	446
Heinlein ...	7.7.7.7 ...	348	Leoni ...	66.84.66.84 ...	16
Hereford (Boyce)	886.886 ...	241, 315	*Lewisham ...	8.7, 6 lines...	561
Hereford			*Light ...	664.6664 ...	565
(Gauntlett) C.M.D. ...		275, 304	*Linton ...	8.6.8.4 ...	185, 262
*Hermas ...	6.5, 12 lines ...	772	*Lolworth ...	7's, 8 lines...	575
Hierapolis ...	L.M. ...	232, 652	London ...	C.M. ...	56, 630
*Hillside ...	8.5.8.3 ...	365, 408	*Londonderry ...	75.75.77 ...	798
*Hindhead ...	L.M. ...	32, 268	*Long Milford ...	L.M. ...	665
Holley ...	L.M. ...	163	*Lothian ...	7.6, 8 lines...	534, 579
*Hollingside ...	7's, 8 lines...	327	*Loughton ...	9.8.9.8 ...	608
*Holmbury ...	8.8.8 ...	26	*Love Divine		
*Holy Nativity ...	Irregular ...	757	(Stainer 8.7.8.7 ...		40
*Holy Rood ...	S.M. ...	582	*Love Divine		
*Holy War... ..	6.5, 8 lines...	421	(Starnes 8.7.8.7 ...		40, 215
*Homeless ...	6.10.6.10 ...	98	Lubeck ...	7.7.7.7 ...	15, 196
*Hope ...	L.M. ...	115, 776	*Lucerne ...	8.7.8.7 ...	215
*Horeb ...	6.4.6.6 ...	678	*Ludborough ...	L.M. ...	46
Horsley ...	C.M. ...	287, 404, 519, 770	*Lustleigh ...	7.6, 8 lines...	425, 661
*Hosanna ...	L.M. (with refrain)	593	Luther's Chant ...	L.M. ...	484
*Houghton ...	55.55.65.65 ...	3	Luther's Hymn ...	8.7.87.887 ...	11, 179, 691
Huddersfield ...	S.M. ...	239	*Lux Aeterna ...	8.8.8.4 ...	281
*Huddleston ...	Irregular ...	763	*Lux Eoi ...	8.7, 8 lines...	18
Hull ...	886.886 ...	180	*Lymington ...	7.6, 8 lines...	556
Humility ...	7.7.7.5 ...	758	*Lyncombe ...	8.8.8.6 ...	243
†Hunsdon ...	8.8 ...	502	Lyndhurst ...	6.5, 8 lines...	796
Hursley ...	L.M. ...	664			
*Hushed was the			*Magdalen ...	8's, 6 lines...	157, 313, 738
Evening Hymn	66.66.88 ...	783	*Maidstone ...	7's, 8 lines...	600
			Mainzer ...	L.M. ...	170, 539, 551
*Ilkley ...	L.M. ...	164, 509	Mannheim ...	8.7, 6 lines...	427, 494, 514
*Incarnation ...	7's, 6 lines...	77, 740	Marlborough ...	11.10.11.10 ...	283, 452, 721
*In Memoriam ...	8.8.8.4 ...	344, 513	Martyrdom ...	C.M. ...	124, 491
Innocents ...	7.7.7.7 ...	432, 745	*Maryton ...	L.M. ...	30, 381, 413
Innsbrück ...	886.886 ...	385	†Matins ...	666.666 ...	175
Integer vitæ ...	11.11.11.5 ...	486	*Mayfield (Hanford)	8.8.8.4 ...	13, 44, 311
*In the field ...	Irregular ...	754	Melcombe ...	L.M. ...	265, 284, 498, 533
*Invitation... ..	6's, 8 lines (with refrain)	219	*Melita ...	8's, 6 lines...	725
*Irby ...	8.7.87.77 ...	755	*Melton Mowbray	96.96.3.96.96 ...	210
*Irene ...	7.7.7.5 ...	189, 463	*Merton ...	C.M. ...	358, 517
Irish ...	C.M. ...	391	*Message ...	Irregular ...	793
			†Midhurst ...	C.M. ...	155, 667, 718
Jacob's Chant ...	6.6.6.6 ...	450	Miles' Lane ...	C.M. ...	149
*Jaffa ...	668.668 ...	597	*Mirfield ...	C.M. ...	149, 418
*Jerusalem ...	C.M. ...	449, 634	Missionary ...	7.6, 8 lines...	331, 555

NAME.	METRE.	NO. OF HYMN.	NAME.	METRE.	NO. OF HYMN.
Monkland ...	7.7.7.7. ...	14	*Raleigh ...	66.66.88 ...	410, 637
†Monsell ...	6.10.6.10 ...	98	Ramah ...	8.7, 6 lines... ..	178
Montgomery ...	11.11.11.11... ..	321	*Ramoth ...	7.8, 8 lines... ..	259
*Montrose ...	447.87 (Iambic) ...	675	Ratisbon ...	7.8, 6 lines... ..	658
*Morgenlied ...	8.7, 12 lines ...	133	†Ravenglas ...	C.M. ...	135
*Moriah ...	5.5.11:5.5.11 ...	122	Ravenscroft ...	55.55.65.65 ...	3, 343
Morning Hymn ...	L.M. ...	653	*Ravendale ...	886.886 ...	315
†Morthoe ...	C.M. ...	94, 273	Ravenshaw ...	6.6.6.6 (Trochaic)... ..	207
Moscow ...	664.6664 ...	19, 565	*Regent Square ...	8.7, 6 lines... ..	558, 599
*Mount Zion ...	7.8, 6 lines... ..	9, 746	*Repose ...	8.7.8.7 ...	257
Munich ...	7.6, 8 lines... ..	39, 470	Requiem ...	87.87.77 ...	682, 716
			*Rescue the perishing ...	11.10, 6 lines ...	402
*Nachtlied ...	10's, 6 lines ...	676	*Rest (Crow) ...	77.77.88 ...	461
National Anthem ...	664.6664 ...	729	*Rest (Maker) ...	86.886 ...	70, 382
*Nativity (Lahee) ...	C.M. ...	22, 543	*Richmond ...	C.M. ...	543
*Nativity (Maker) ...	866.866 ...	88	*Rickmansworth ...	8.3.8.3 ...	774
Nearer Home ...	S.M.D. ...	447	Ringland ...	5.5.5.11 ...	692
*Newcastle ...	86.886 ...	70	*Rivaulx ...	L.M. 28, 61, 423, 616, 731	103
*Newland ...	S.M. ...	523	*Rivington ...	L.M. ...	113, 496
New York ...	7.6, 8 lines... ..	425	Rockingham ...	L.M. ...	230
*Nicæa ...	11.12.12.10 ...	25	*Rock of Ages ...	7.8, 6 lines... ..	768
*Noel ...	C.M.D. ...	83	Roscommon ...	L.M. ...	595
Norfolk ...	L.M. ...	484, 644	*Rosenthal ...	11.10.11.10 (Dactylic) ...	801
Northampton ...	C.M. ...	476	*Rothamsted ...	C.M. (with refrain) ...	651
*North Coates ...	6.5.6.5 ...	773	*Rotherfield ...	L.M. ...	8
*Northrepps ...	C.M. ...	587, 631	*Rothwell ...	L.M. ...	443
*Norwood ...	8.5.8.3 ...	408	*Russell Place ...	76.76.77.76 ...	703
*Norwæssit ...	C.M. ...	79	*Ruth ...	6.5, 8 lines... ..	454
Nun Danket ...	67.67.66.66 ...	10	Rutherford ...	76.76.76.75 ...	607
			Rutherford ...	7.6, 8 lines... ..	520
*Oasis ...	6's, 6 lines... ..	387	*Sacrament ...	9.8.9.8 ...	245
Old Hundredth (1st version) ...	L.M. ...	1, 21	*Sacrifice ...	7.6.7.6 ...	459
Old Hundredth (2nd version) ...	L.M. ...	2	*Safe Home ...	66.66.88 ...	546
Old 148th ...	66.66.88 ...	150	Salisbury ...	C.M. 205, 276, 292, 355, 546	775
†Oldfield Park ...	L.M. ...	715	*Saltram ...	8.7.8.7 ...	51, 602
*O Little Town of Bethlehem ...	C.M.D. ...	756	*Salzburg ...	7.8, 8 lines... ..	417
Olivet (Mason) ...	664.6664 ...	329, 428	*Samos ...	7.7.7.3 ...	412, 705
Olivet (Hirst) ...	87.87.47 ...	428	*Samson ...	L.M. ...	17
*Ombersley ...	L.M. ...	30, 532, 549, 577	*Sanctissimus ...	12.10.12.10 ...	430
*Ora, Labora ...	4.10.10.10.4 ...	400	*Sandon ...	10.4.10.4.10.10 ...	338
Oriel ...	8.7, 6 lines... ..	84	*Sanderingham ...	55.88.55 ...	684
*Orwell ...	76.76.77 ...	165	Sardis ...	8.7.8.7 ...	271, 785
†O Worship the Lord ...	12.10.12.10 ...	17	*Sawley ...	C.M. ...	233, 369
*Oxford ...	L.M. ...	176, 267, 635	*Saxby ...	L.M. ...	402
			*Scawardstone ...	11.10, 6 lines ...	172, 760
*Palmyra ...	86.86.88 ...	75	*Sefton (Crosbie) ...	8.7.8.7 ...	592
*Paradise ...	86.86.6666 ...	445	*Sefton (Calkin) ...	L.M. ...	680
Passion Chorale... ..	7.6, 8 lines... ..	120	*Selwyn ...	C.M.D. ...	5
*Pater Omnium ...	8's, 6 lines... ..	64, 255	*Seraphim ...	447.887 ...	457
*Patmos ...	7.7.7.7 ...	589	Sevenoaks ...	664.664 ...	670
*Pax Dei (Holmes) ...	S.M. ...	280, 603	*Shanklin ...	8.7.8.7 ...	257, 524, 684
*Pax Dei (Dykes) ...	10.10.10.10 ...	609	Sharon ...	8.7.8.7 ...	231
*Pax Tecum ...	10.10 ...	386	*Shelter ...	L.M. ...	798
*Peace ...	10.10 ...	386	*Silksworth ...	75.75.77 ...	197, 372
*Pentecost (Boyd) ...	L.M. ...	188, 510	(St. Mathias) 8's, 6 lines... ..		335
*Pentecost (Lomas) ...	664.6664 ...	198	*Silverstone ...	8.8.8.6 ...	305
*Perfect Love ...	11.10.11.10 ...	722	*Slingsby ...	8.6, 6 lines... ..	719
*Perivale ...	8.7.8.7 (Iambic) ...	62	*Solatium Caritatis ...	8.7.8.7 ...	290, 747
*Perivale ...	447.87 (Iambic) ...	675	Solomon ...	C.M. ...	614
*Petersham ...	C.M.D. ...	106, 211, 717	*Sorrel Hill ...	S.M. ...	775
*Pilgrims ...	11.10.11.10:9.10 ...	453	*Sorrow for Sin ...	8.7.8.7 ...	362
*Pisa ...	7.6.7.6 ...	373	*Southgate... ..	84.84.8884 ...	677
*Praise, my soul ...	87, 6 lines... ..	599	*Southport ...	8.8.8.4 ...	237
*Princethorpe ...	6.5, 8 lines... ..	153, 568	Southwell... ..	S.M. ...	119
*Pro omnibus Sanctis ...	10.10.10.4 ...	473	Southwold ...	C.M. ...	683
*Propior Deo ...	64.64.664 ...	277	Spain ...	7's, 6 lines... ..	420
			Spire ...	55.88.55 ...	316
*Quilton ...	L.M. ...	170, 732	Sprague ...	C.M. ...	126, 377
			*Springfield (Leigh) ...	11.10.11.10 (Dactylic) ...	595
			Springfield ...	C.M. ...	174, 291, 340, 626
			*St. Agnes (Dykes) ...		

NAME.	METRE.	NO. OF HYMN.	NAME.	METRE.	NO. OF HYMN.
*St. Agnes (Langran) 10.10.10.10 ...	...	306	*St. Margaret (Peace) 88.886 ...	...	383
St. Albinus ... 78.78.4 ...	...	136	St. Marguerite ... C.M. ...	69, 465, 762	
St. Alphege ... 7.6.7.6 ...	414, 733, 769		*St. Mark ... 8's, 6 lines...	111, 177	
*St. Anatolius ... 76.76.88 ...	...	686	St. Mary ... C.M. ...	118, 228, 455	
*St. Andrew ... S.M. ...	238, 297		*St. Mary Magdalene (Sullivan) 7's, 8 lines...	101, 242	
†St. Angelus ... C.M. 37, 67, 93, 192, 584, 705	...		*St. Mary Magdalene (Dykes) 6.5, 8 lines ...	368	
St. Anne ... C.M. ...	36, 194, 419, 723		St. Matthew ... C.M. D. ...	43	
*St. Anselm ... 7.6, 8 lines ...	...	495	St. Matthias ... 8's, 6 lines...	610, 688	
*St. Asaph (Bambridge) 8.7, 8 lines...	...	739	St. Michael ... S.M. ...	12, 317, 521	
*St. Asaph (Mann) 12.11.12.11 ...	...	674	*St. Michael Royal 7.7.7.5 ...	264	
*St. Athanasius ... 7's, 6 lines...	...	190	St. Mildred ... 7.7.7.7 ...	130, 236, 788	
*St. Bees ... 7.7.7.7 ...	301, 398		*St. Ninian ... 11.10.11.10 (Dactylic) 91, 704		
St. Benet ... 7's, 6 lines...	9, 77		*St. Oswald ... 8.7.8.7 ...	123, 411	
*St. Bernard (Richardson) C.M. ...	138, 405, 548		*St. Palladius ... 10.4, 8 lines ...	240	
St. Bernard (Gauntlett) 86.886 ...	...	70	*St. Patrick ... 7's, 8 lines ...	141	
St. Bride ... S.M. ...	125, 378		St. Peter (Reinagle) C.M. ...	154, 374, 456, 537	
*St. Catharine ... 7.6, 8 lines ...	...	218	*St. Peter (Barnby) L.M. ...	7, 576, 591	
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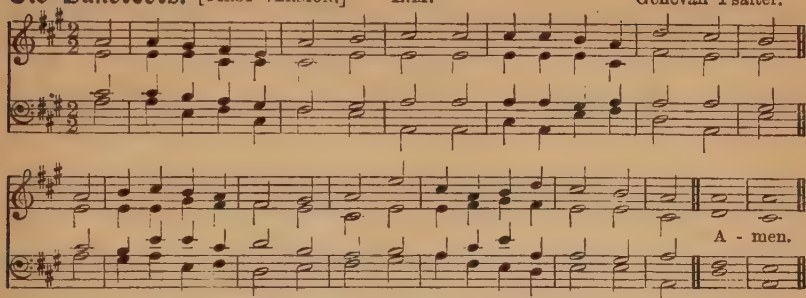
Section 1.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Old Hundredth. [FIRST VERSION.]

L.M.

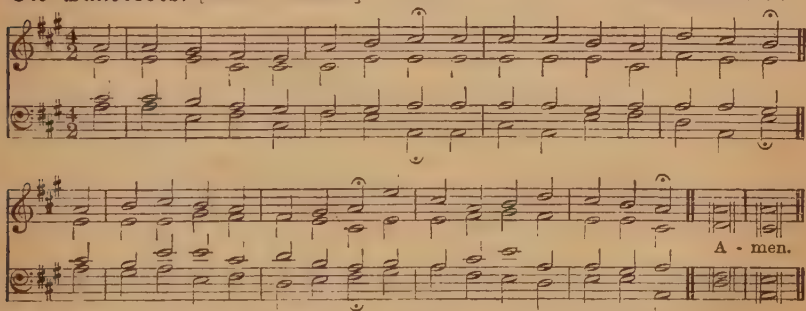
Genevan Psalter.



Old Hundredth. [SECOND VERSION.]

L.M.

Genevan Psalter.



1

PSALM C.

f 1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

mf 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

f 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kethe.

2

PSALM C.

f 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

mf 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

f 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
As a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

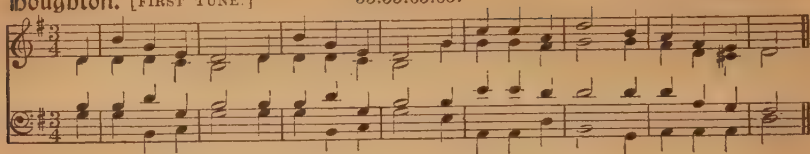
I. Watts, alt. C. Wesley.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Thoughton. [FIRST TUNE.]

55.55.65.65.

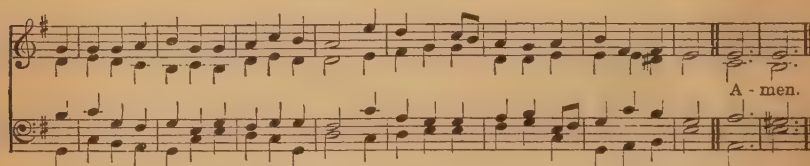
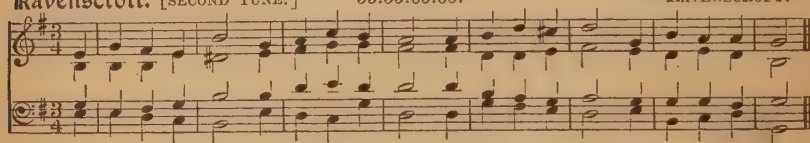
H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Ravenscroft. [SECOND TUNE.]

55.55.65.65.

RAVENSCROFT.



3

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.—PSALM cxlv. 10.

- f* 1 **O** WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old:
Hath established it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

- p* 4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!
- f* 6 O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall hush to Thy praise.

R. Grant.

Hanover. [THIRD TUNE.]

55.55.65.65.

W. CROFT.

Burnmoor. [FOURTH TUNE.]

55.55.65.65.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

4 *He that is our God is the God of salvation—PSALM lxxviii. 20.*

f 1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 'Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne';
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,—
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing,
With angels above;
And thanks never-ceasing,
And infinite love.

C. Wesley.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Seraphim. [FIRST TUNE.]

447.887.

HENRY SMART.

Verses 1, 3 & 5 in Unison.

(Organ Harmonies by E. J. HOPKINS.)

The first system of musical notation for 'The Call to Worship'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and an organ accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 4/4. The organ part is marked 'ORGAN.' and includes various chords and melodic lines.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and organ parts. It maintains the same key signature and time signature, with the organ accompaniment providing harmonic support for the vocal melody.

The third system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and organ parts. The organ accompaniment features more complex chordal textures and moving lines.

Verses 2, 4 & 6 in Harmony.

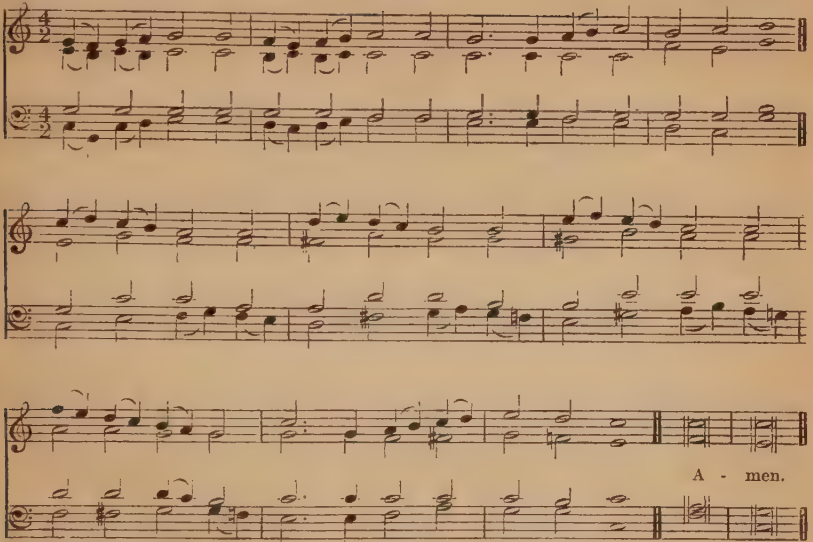
The fourth system of musical notation, where the vocal and organ parts move in harmony. The organ accompaniment consists of sustained chords and moving bass lines.

The fifth system of musical notation, concluding the piece with the word 'A - men.' written below the organ part. The organ accompaniment features a final chordal cadence.

Windermere. [SECOND TUNE.]

447.887.

F. C. MAKER.



5

Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts.—PSALM ciii. 21.

1.

f ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord !
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

2.

Sun and moon bright,
Night and noon-light,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

3.

Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared,
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

4.

Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared ;
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

5.

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured :
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

6.

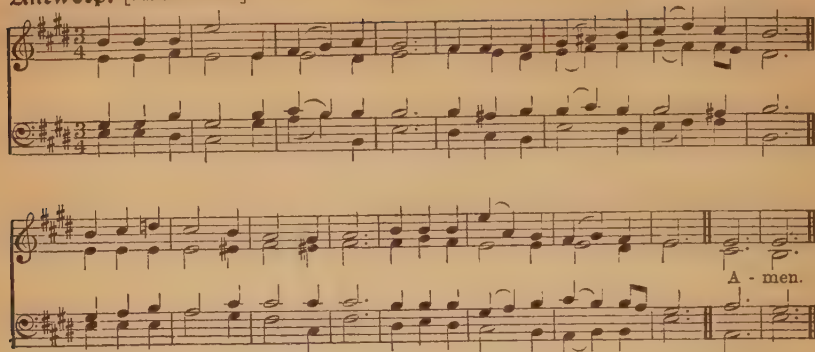
Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver ;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord !
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord !

J. S. Blackie.

Antwerp. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

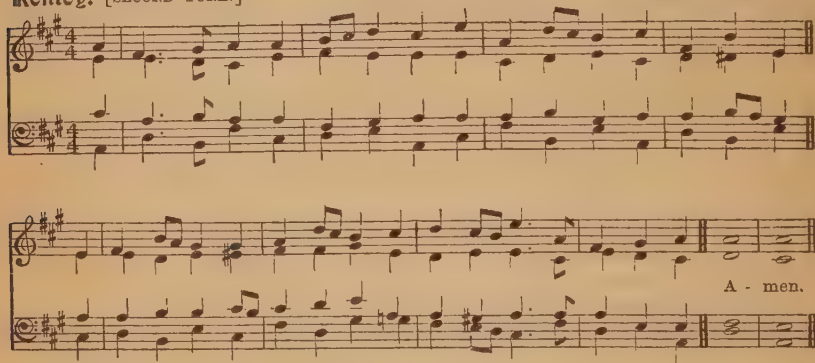
W. SMALLWOOD.



Kenley. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



6

Sing ye praises with understanding.—PSALM xlvii. 7.

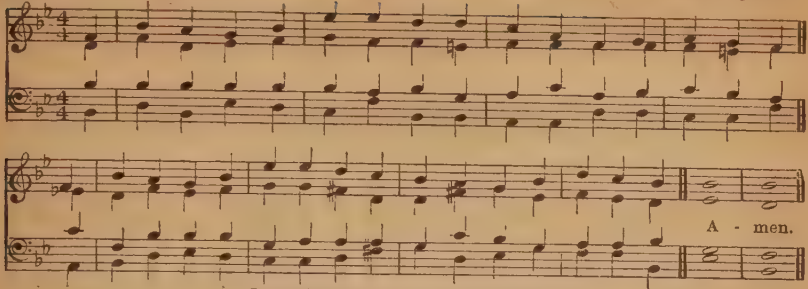
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>f</i> 1 SING to the Lord a joyful song ;
 Lift up your hearts, your voices raise ;
 To us His gracious gifts belong,
 To Him our songs of love and praise.</p> <p>2 For life and love, for rest and food,
 For daily help and nightly care,
 Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
 And praise His name, for it is fair.</p> <p>3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
 His truth to prove, His will to do,
 Praise ye our God, for He is great ;
 Trust in His name, for it is true.</p> | <p>4 For joys untold, that from above
 Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
 Sing to our God, for He is love ;
 Exalt His name, for it is joy.</p> <p>5 For life below, with all its bliss,
 And for that life, more pure and high—
 That inner life, which over this
 Shall ever shine, and never die,—</p> <p>6 Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
 Whom angels serve and saints adore,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To whom be praise for evermore. —</p> |
|---|---|

J. S. B. Monsell.

St. Peter. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

J. BARNEY.

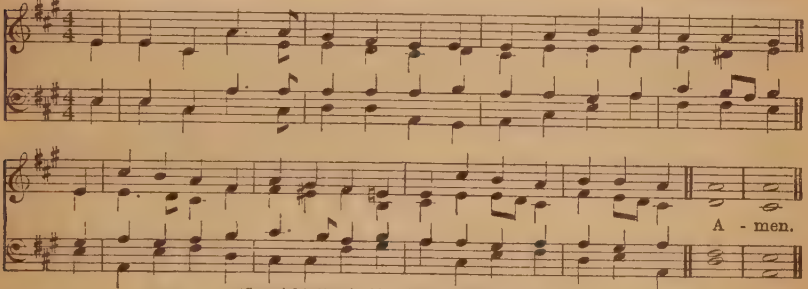


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Rothwell. [FOURTH TUNE.]

L.M.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



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7

PSALM CXXXVI.

- f* 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all His ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

I. Watts.

8

*The high and lofty One that inhabiteth
eternity.—Isa. lvii. 15.*

- mf* 1 **E**TERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face beneath his wings ;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- dim* *or* 4 Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,
And we have learnt to hush Thy name ;
But O the glories of Thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- mf* 5 God is in heaven, and men below ;
Be short our tunes, our words be few ;
p A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

I. Watts.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Mount Zion. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

A. SULLIVAN.

St. Benet. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

W. H. WILLIAMSON.

9

I will mention the loving kindnesses of the Lord.—ISA. lxiii. 7.

f 1 O GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade :
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food :
Quickener of our wearied powers ;
Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing :
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame :
O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the eternal Mind !

3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship,
And all creatures are His care :
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?

4 O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity,—
Came for rebel man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

Josiah Conder.

Hun Danket.

67.67.66.66.

J. CRÜGER.

10

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.—PSALM cxxvi. 3.

f 1 **N**OW thank we all our God,
 With heart and hands and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His world rejoices;
 Who, from our mothers' arms,
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

mf 2 O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever-joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

f 3 All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With Them in highest heaven;
 The one eternal God,
 Whom earth and heaven adore;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

M. Rinckart, tr. C. Winkworth.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Luther's Hymn. [FIRST TUNE.] 87.87.887.

JOHANN KLUG.

A - men.

The Golden Chain. [SECOND TUNE.] 87.87.887.

J. BARNBY.

A - men.

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11

Sing unto the Lord, bless His name.—PSALM xvi. 2.

f 1 **S**ING praise to God who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation ;
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills ;
f To God all praise and glory !

2 What God's almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth ;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth ;
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo ! all is just, and all is right ;
f To God all praise and glory !

mf 3 The Lord is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace, and joy, and blessing ;
As with a mother's tender hand,
He leads His own, His chosen band ;
f To God all praise and glory !

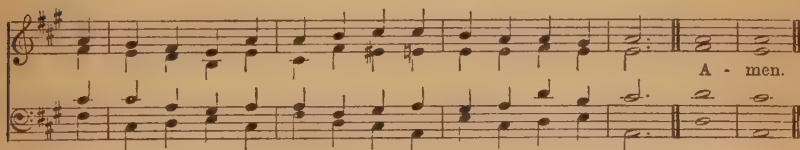
f 4 Thus all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song ;
My voice unwearied raises :
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart,
Both soul and body bear your part ;
f To God all praise and glory !

J. J. Schütz, tr. F. E. Cox.

St. Michael.

S.M.

DAY'S PSALTER.



12

Stand up and bless the Lord your God.—NEH. ix. 5.

f 1 **S**TAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify ?

3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

mf 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

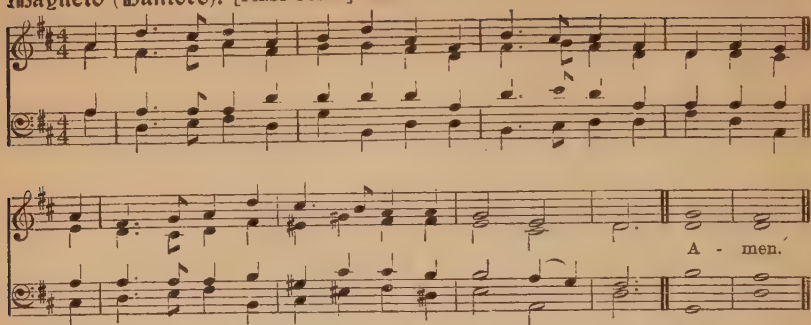
f 5 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery.

Mayfield (Banford). [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.4.

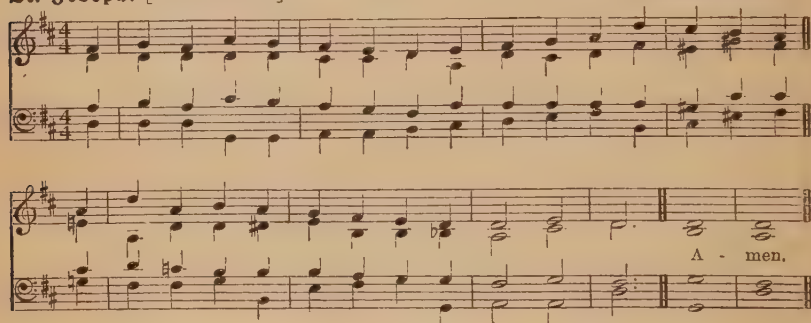
J. D. MACEY.



St. Joseph. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



13

God is love.—1 JOHN iv. 8.

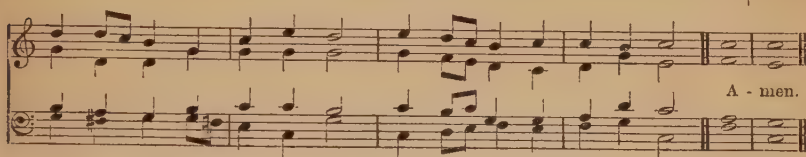
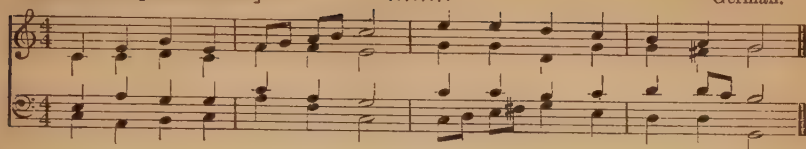
- f* 1 **L**ET every voice for praise awake,
 Let every heart the joy partake;
 And with this truth sweet music make,
 Our God is love.
- 2 Uncounted gifts from day to day,
 One great hope lighting all our way
 Through His dear Son bid each to say,
 Our God is love.
- 3 How strong these words from heaven to cheer,
 To kindle love, to banish fear,
 And all things high and pure endear!
 Our God is love.
- p* 4 O Father, when the night is nigh
 That veils for ever earth and sky,
 Be this the heart's last melody,
 Our God is love.
- f* 5 Then, when the brief, low strain is o'er,
 This truth divine shall with us soar,
 And make sweet music evermore,
 Our God is love.

T. Davis.

Monkland. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

German.



Lubeck. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

German.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>14 PSALM cxxxvi.</p> <p><i>f</i> 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord for He is kind :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> <p>2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 3 All things living He doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> <p>4 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> <p><i>p</i> 5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery :
For His mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> <p>6 Let us then with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord for He is kind :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.</p> | <p>15 Blessed be Thy glorious name.—NEH. ix. 5.</p> <p><i>f</i> 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.</p> <p>2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born :
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.</p> <p>3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.</p> <p>4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.</p> <p>5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.</p> <p>6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.</p> |
|--|---|

John Milton.

James Montgomery.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Leont. [FIRST TUNE.]

66.84.66.84.

First system of music for 'Leont. [FIRST TUNE.]' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The first system consists of two staves.

Second system of music for 'Leont. [FIRST TUNE.]' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The second system consists of two staves.

Third system of music for 'Leont. [FIRST TUNE.]' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The third system consists of two staves.

Fourth system of music for 'Leont. [FIRST TUNE.]' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The fourth system consists of two staves.

A - men.

Covenant. [SECOND TUNE.]

66.84.66.84.

J. STAINER.

First system of music for 'Covenant. [SECOND TUNE.]' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The first system consists of two staves.

Second system of music for 'Covenant. [SECOND TUNE.]' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The second system consists of two staves.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

The God of Abraham.—GEN. xxxi. 42.

- f* 1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
We bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
dim We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
f And Him our only Portion make,
Our Shield and Tower.
- mf* 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us all our happy days,
In all our ways:
He is our faithful Friend;
He is our gracious God;
And He will save us to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.
- f* 4 He by Himself hath sworn—
We on His oath depend—
We shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
We shall behold His face,
We shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.
- 5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and ours!
We join the heavenly lays;
And celebrate with all our powers
His endless praise.

Thomas Olivers.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Sanctissimus. [FIRST TUNE.]

12.10.12.10.

W. H. COOKE.

Worship the Lord. [SECOND TUNE.] 12.10.12.10.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.

(Small notes for verses 1 & 5.)

17

O come, let us worship and bow down.—PSALM xcvi. 6.

- f* 1 **O** WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name.
- mf* 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine ;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear ;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

f 5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Lux Eoi.

8.7., eight lines.

A. SULLIVAN.

18

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts.—ISA. vi. 3.

f 1 **R**OUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn :
' Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !'
2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
' Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
' Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.'

' Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !'

3 With His seraph-train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :
' Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !'

Richard Mant.

c

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

MOSCOW.

664.6664.

F. GIARDINI.

19

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power.—REV. iv. 11.

1 **G**LORY to God on high !
Let earth to heaven reply,
‘Praise ye His name’;
Angels His love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And saints cry evermore,
‘Worthy the Lamb!’

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name :
We, who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread His dear fame abroad;
‘Worthy the Lamb!’

3 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless :
Praise ye His name :
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
‘Worthy the Lamb!’

4 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His name ;
To Him we'll tribute bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
‘Worthy the Lamb!’

James Allen.

Alleluia.

10.10.7.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.

A great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Hallelujah.—REV. xix. 1.

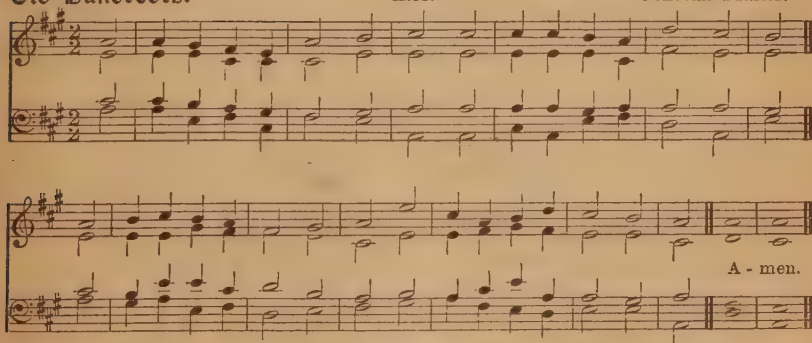
- f* 1 **S**ING Hallelujah forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise
An endless Hallelujah.
- 2 Ye next, who stand before the eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Hallelujah.
- 3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And, with glad songs resounding, wake again
An endless Hallelujah.
- 4 In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Hallelujah.
- 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Hallelujah.
- 6 There, in one glad acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Hallelujah.
- 7 While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Hallelujah.
- 8 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Hallelujah.

Latin hymn, tr. J. Ellerton.

Old Hundredth.

L.M.

Genevan Psalter.



PSALM cxvii.

- f* 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

I. Watts.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Nativity. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

H. LAHKEE.

St. Fulbert. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

22 *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.* —REV. v. 12.

- f* 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus';
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For He was slain for us.'
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise;
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

I. Watts.

23 *Greater love hath no man than* *this.*—JOHN IV. 13.

- f* 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O may His love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Jesus be our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ.
- p* 4 Jesus, who left His throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?
- cr* 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

Anne Steele.

Section 2.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

Stainforth.

7s., eight lines.

R. JACKSON.

24

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.—REV. iv. 8.

f 1 **H**OLY, Holy, Holy Lord
 God of Hosts, when heaven and earth
 Out of darkness at Thy word,
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All Thy works before Thee stood,
 And Thine eye beheld them good ;
 While they sang with sweet accord,
 ... Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !

mf 2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore :
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !

f 3 Holy, Holy, Holy ! all
 Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King :
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
 Blending in sublime accord,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !

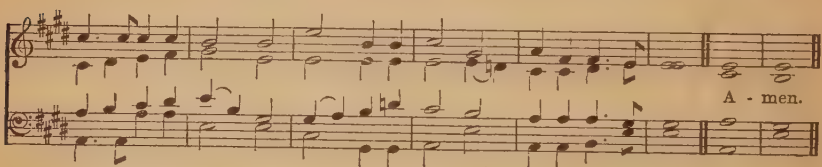
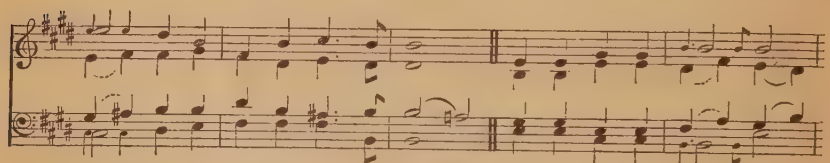
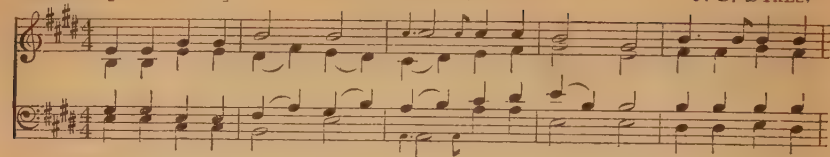
James Montgomery.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

Tricæa. [FIRST TUNE.]

11.12.12.10.

J. B. DYKES.

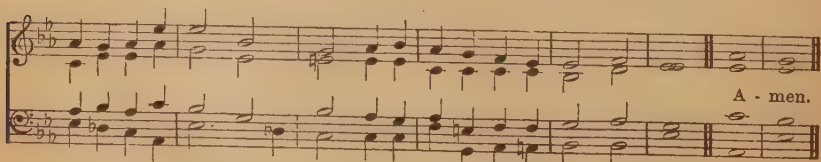
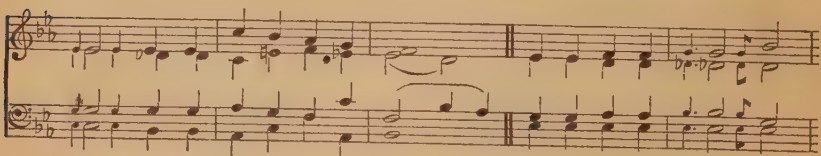


A - men.

St. Philip. [SECOND TUNE.]

11.12.12.10.

J. BARNBY.



A - men.

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25

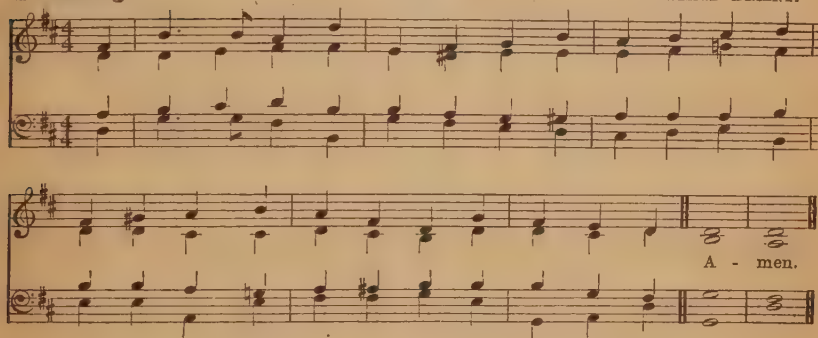
Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts.—ISA. vi. 3.

- f* 1 **H**OLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee ;
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blesséd Trinity !
- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- p* 3 Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy ; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- f* 4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea :
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blesséd Trinity !

*Reginald Heber.***Bolmbury.**

8.8.8.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

26 *The name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—MATT. xxviii. 19.*

- f* 1 **O** GOD of Life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.
- 2 O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored ;
On every soul Thy love be poured.
- p* 3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.
- mf* 4 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.
- 5 Father, protect us here below ;
Jesus, Thy mercy may we know ;
O Holy Ghost, Thy power bestow.
- 6 O Holy, Blesséd Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee ;
In us, O God, exalted be !

A. T. Russell.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

Tbanet.

7.7.7.5.

V. BARTON.

27

God is light.—1 JOHN i. 5.

mf 1 **T**HREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

f 2 Light of lights, with morning shine,
Lift on us Thy light Divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

p 3 Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

mf 4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
cr With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

Gilbert Rorison.

Rivault.

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.

28

God sitteth upon the throne of His holiness.—Ps. xlviii. 8.

1 **F**ATHER of Heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend.

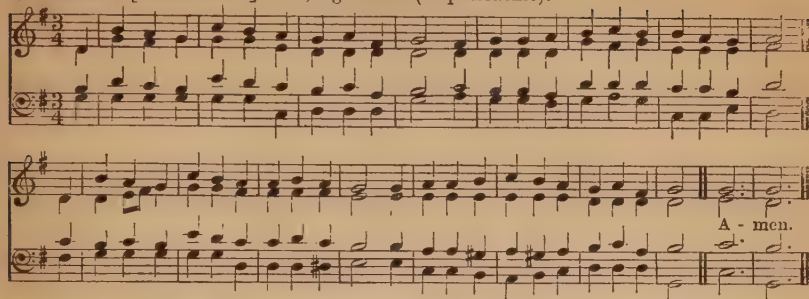
4 Thrice Holy! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

E. Cooper.

Section 3.

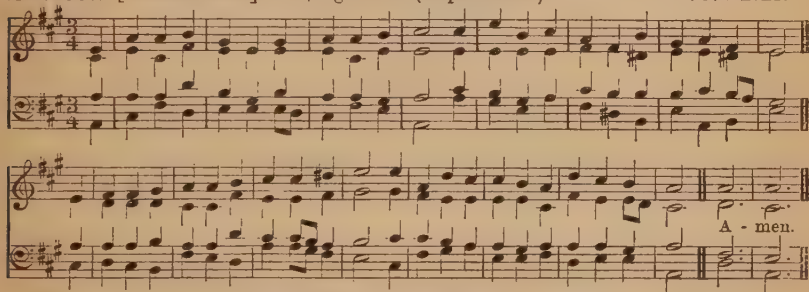
GOD THE FATHER.

St. Luke. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.5., eight lines (amphibrachic).



Datchet. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5., eight lines (amphibrachic).

G. J. ELVEY.



(1) HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.

29 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God.—1 TIM. i. 17.

mf 1 **I**MMORTAL, invisible,
God only wise,
In light inaccessible
Hid from our eyes,
cr Most blessed, most glorious,
The Ancient of Days,
f Almighty, victorious,
Thy great name we praise.

mf 4 To-day and to-morrow
With Thee still are Now;
Nor trouble, nor sorrow,
Nor care, Lord, hast Thou;
Nor passion doth fever,
Nor age can decay,
The same God for ever
That was yesterday.

mf 2 Unresting, unchanging,
And silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting,
Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains
High soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains
Of goodness and love.

5 Great Father of Glory,
Pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore Thee,
All veiling their sight;
But of all Thy rich graces
This grace, Lord, impart—
Take the veil from our faces,
The veil from our heart.

3 To all, life Thou givest,
To both great and small;
In all life Thou livest,
The true life of all;
cr We blossom and flourish
As leaves on the tree,
dim And wither and perish;
f But nought changeth Thee.

f 6 All laud we would render;
O help us to see,
'Tis only the splendour
Of light hideth Thee;
And so let Thy glory,
Almighty, impart
Through Christ in the story,
Thy Christ to the heart.

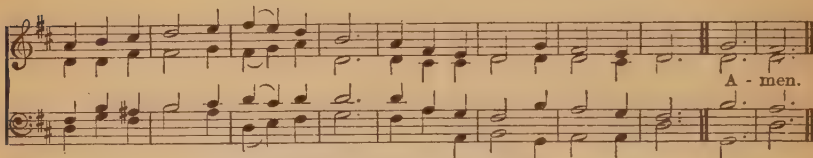
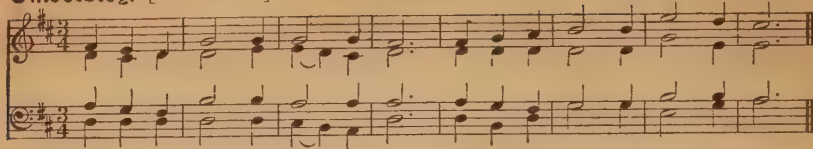
W. C. Smith.

GOD THE FATHER.

Ombersley. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

W. H. GLADSTONE.

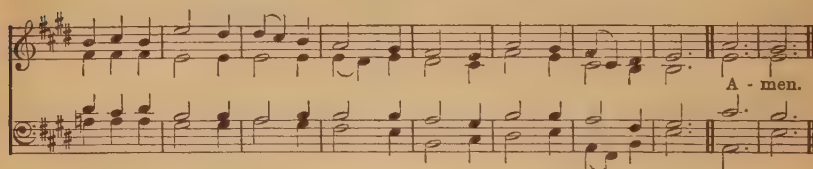
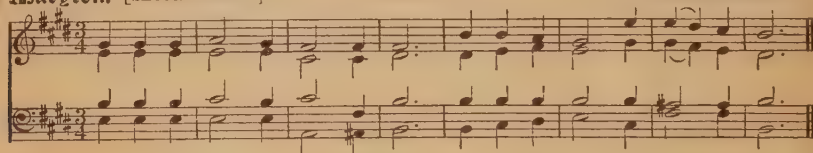


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Maryton. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

H. PERCY SMITH.



30 *All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee.—Ps. cxlv. 10.*

f 1 **O** LOVE of God, how strong and true !
Eternal and yet ever new ;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

2 **O** Love of God, how deep and great !
Far deeper than man's deepest hate ;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

p 3 **O** heavenly Love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless !

mf 4 **O** wide-embracing, wondrous Love,
We read thee in the sky above ;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

5 We read thee in the flowers, the trees,
The freshness of the fragrant breeze,
The songs of birds upon the wing,
The joy of summer and of spring.

p 6 We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

p 7 We read thy power to bless and save,
E'en in the darkness of the grave ;
f Still more in resurrection-light,
We read the fulness of thy might.

f 8 **O** Love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way ;
Eternal Love, in Thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest !

H. Bonar.

81 For the Lord God is a sun and shield : the Lord will give grace and glory.—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

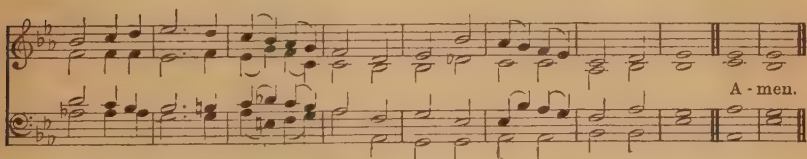
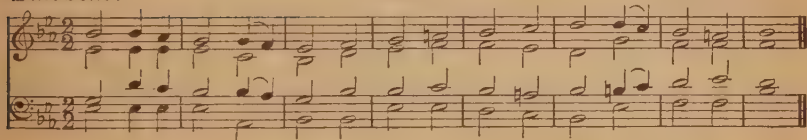
- 1 LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star :
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !
- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy loving altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes.

Windhead.

L.M.

ETHEL EARLE.



32

Do not I fill heaven and earth ? saith the Lord.—JER. xxiii. 24.

- 1 FATHER and Friend, Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see ;
Thy glory gilds the heaven above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,
But this we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.
- 4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought ;
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

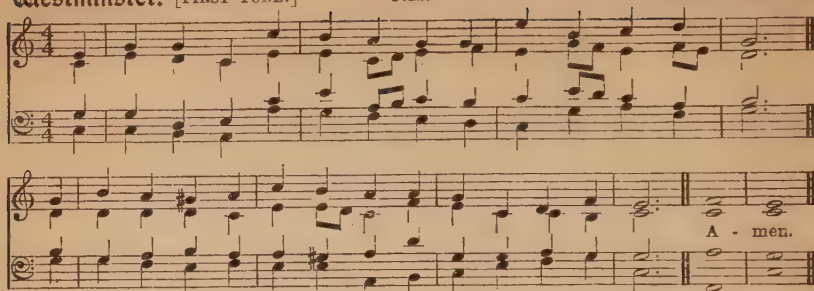
J. Bowring.

GOD THE FATHER.

Westminster. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

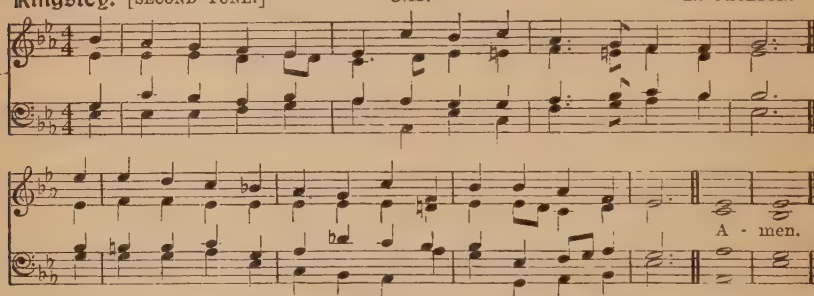
JAMES TURLE.



Kingsley. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

R. JACKSON.



33 *The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.—Ps. xcv. 3.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how wonderful Thou art !
Thy majesty how bright !
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light !
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord !
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.
- 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !
- 4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 6 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.
- 7 Father of Jesus, love's reward !
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee !

F. W. Faber.

34 *Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious in power.—Ex. xv. 6.*

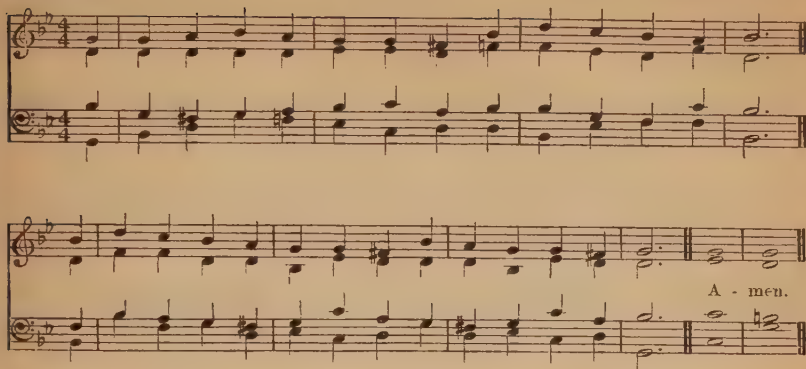
- f* 1 **O** GOD, Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright ;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.
- 2 Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold ;
- p* Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.
- mf* 3 Yet more than all, and evermore,
Should we, Thy creatures, bless,
Most worshipful of attributes,
Thine awful holiness.
- 4 There's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still ;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.
- cr* 5 All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—
- cr* 6 All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command ;
- mp* And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.
- 7 O little heart of mine ! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
cr. rit. When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own ?

F. W. Faber.

Windsor.

C.M.

ESTE'S PSALTER.



35

From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.—Ps. xc. 2.

f 1 GREAT God, how infinite art Thou!
p How frail and helpless we!
cr Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.

f 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
 To Thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky
 To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in Thy view;
 To Thee there's nothing old appears;
 Great God, there's nothing new.

p 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares;
mf While Thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.

f 6 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
p How frail and helpless we!
cr Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.

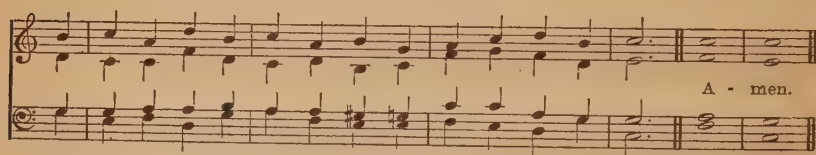
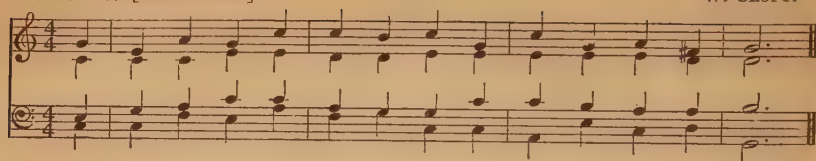
I. Wulfe.

GOD THE FATHER.

St. Anne. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

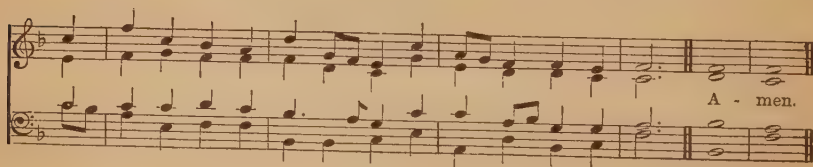
W. CROFT.



St. Angelus. [SECOND TUNE.]

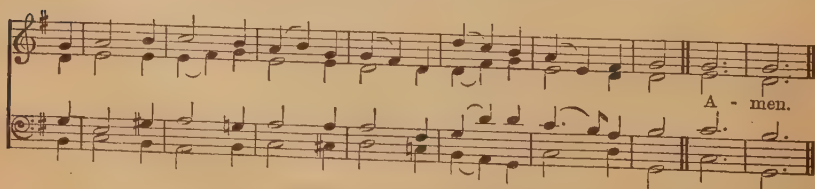
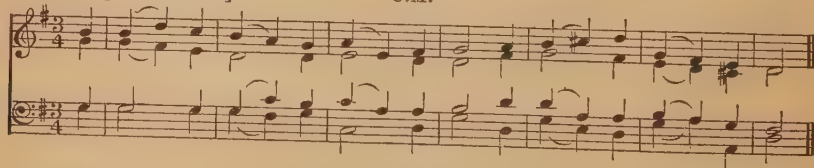
C.M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



Dublin. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.



36

PSALM xc.

f 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home ;

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

dim 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

f 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

J. Watts.

37

The goodness of God endureth continually.—Ps. lli. 1.

f 1 THOU, Lord, art Love, and everywhere
Thy name is brightly shown ;
Beneath, on earth Thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven Thy throne.

2 Thy word is Love—in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace ;
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The gospel shows Thy face.

3 Thy ways are Love—though they transcend

p cr Our feeble range of sight,
They wind through darkness to their end
In everlasting light,

4 Thy thoughts are Love—and Jesus is
The loving voice they find ;
His Life lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.

p 5 Thy chastisements are Love—more deep
They stamp the seal Divine,
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

mf 6 Thy heaven is the abode of Love,
O blessed Lord, that we
May there, when time's dim shades
remove,
Be gathered home to Thee !

James D. Burns.

38 *Canst thou by searching find out God?—JOB xi. 7.*

1 O THOU, in all Thy might so far,
In all Thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here,—

2 What heart can comprehend Thy name
Or searching find Thee out,
Who art within a quickening Flame
A Presence round about ?

3 Yet though I know Thee but in part
I ask not, Lord, for more :
Enough for me to know Thou art,
To love Thee and adore.

4 O sweeter than aught else besides
The tender mystery
That, like a veil of shadow, hides
The light I may not see !

5 And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to Thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

GOD THE FATHER.

Munich. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

German.

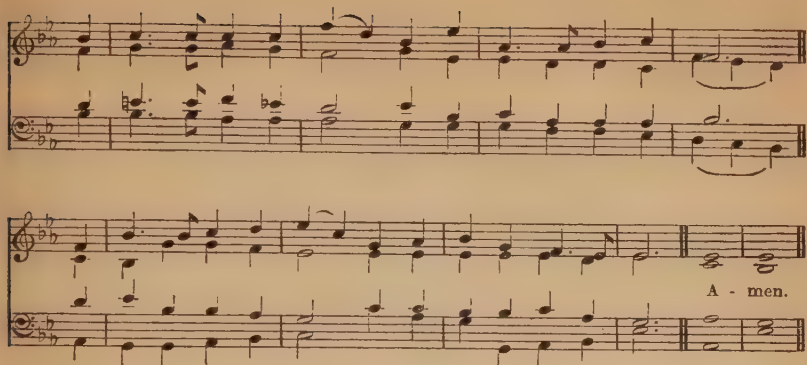
Musical score for 'God the Father' (Munich, First Tune). The score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece consists of eight lines of music. The final line ends with the text 'A - men.' written above the staff.

Jubilate. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

Musical score for 'Jubilate' (Second Tune). The score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece consists of eight lines of music.



39

Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end.—Ps. cii. 27.

f 1 O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
 Who evermore hast been,
 What time the tempest rages,
 Our dwelling place serene:
 Before Thy first creations,
 O Lord, the same as now;
 To endless generations
 The Everlasting Thou!

p 2 Our years are like the shadows
 On sunny hills that lie,
 Or grasses in the meadows
 That blossom but to die:
 A sleep, a dream, a story
 By strangers quickly told,
 An unremaining glory
 Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thon, who canst not slumber,
 Whose light grows never pale,
 Teach us aright to number
 Our years before they fail;
 On us Thy mercy lighten,
 On us Thy goodness rest,
 And let Thy Spirit brighten
 The hearts Thyselves hast blest.

cr 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
 With beauty and with grace,
 Till, clothed in light for ever,
 We see Thee face to face;
f A joy no language measures;
 A fountain brimming o'er;
 An endless flow of pleasures;
 An ocean without shore.

E. H. Bickersteth.

GOD THE FATHER.

Love Divine. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER.

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Love Divine. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

PERCY J. STARNES.

40

God is love.—1 JOHN iv. 8.

- f* 1 **G**OD is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.
- p* 2 Death and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
f But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.
- p* 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
cr Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
f God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

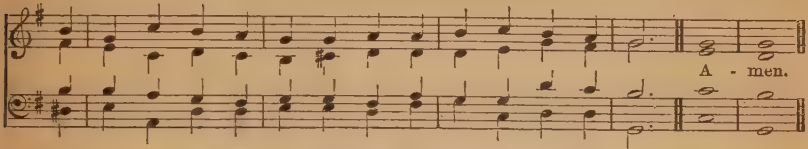
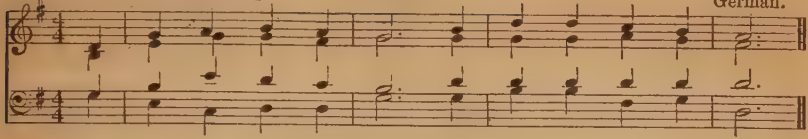
J. Bowring.

HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.

Augustine. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

German.



Clee. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

GEORGE ESSEX.



41

PSALM ciii. 1-7.

- f* 1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul ;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul ;
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins ;
'Tis He relieves thy pain ;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave :
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

-I. Watts.

42

PSALM ciii. 8-18.

- f* 1 **M**Y soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- mf* 2 God will not always chide ;
And, when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins ;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.
- p* 5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel :
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- dim* *f* 7 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

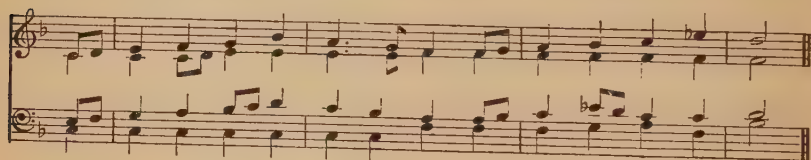
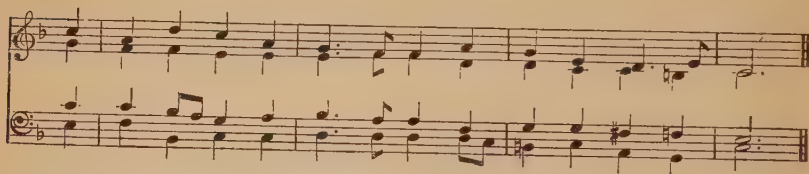
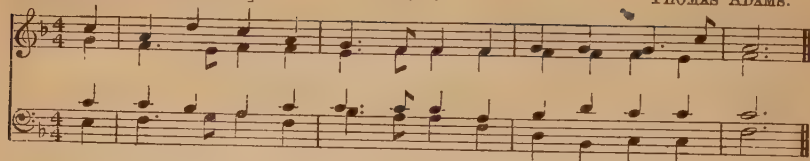
I. Watts.

GOD THE FATHER.

Langdale. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M. D.

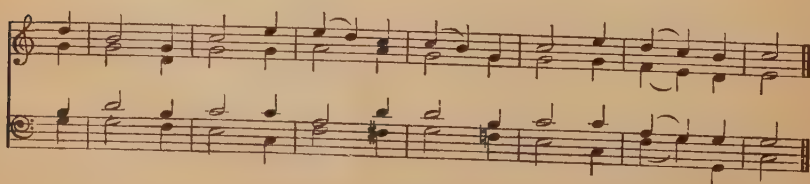
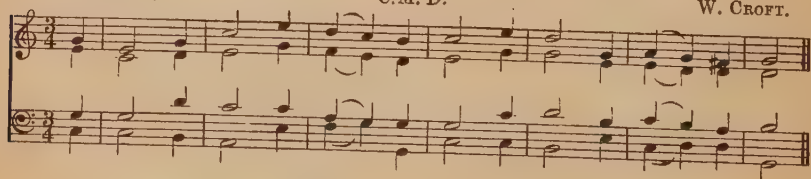
THOMAS ADAMS.

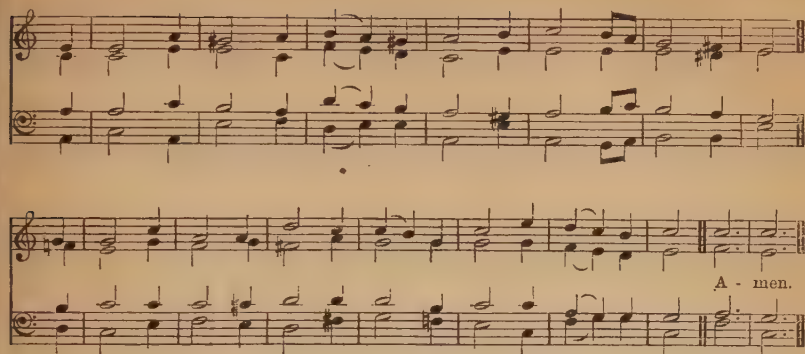


St. Matthew.

C.M. D.

W. CROFT.





43 *Art Thou not from everlasting, O Lord my God, mine Holy One?—HAB. i. 12.*

- 1 **T**HOU wast, O God, and Thou wast blest
 Before the world began;
 Of Thine eternity possessed
 Before time's hour-glass ran;
 Thou needest none Thy praise to sing,
 As if Thy joy could fade:
 Couldst Thou have needed anything,
 Thou couldst have nothing made.
- 2 Great and good God! it pleasèd Thee
 Thy Godhead to declare;
 And what Thy goodness did decree
 Thy greatness did prepare;
 Thou spak'st, and heaven and earth appeared
 And answered to Thy call,
 As if their Maker's voice they heard,
 Which is the creature's all.
- 3 To whom, Lord, should I sing, but Thee,
 The Maker of my tongue?
 Lo! other lords would seize on me,
 But I to Thee belong:
 As waters haste unto their sea,
 And earth unto its earth,
 So let my soul return to Thee,
 From whom it had its birth.
- 4 But ah! I'm fallen in the night,
 And cannot come to Thee;
 Yet speak the word, 'Let there be light,'
 It shall enlighten me:
 And let Thy word, most mighty Lord,
 Thy fallen creature raise;
 O make me o'er again, and I
 Shall sing my Maker's praise.

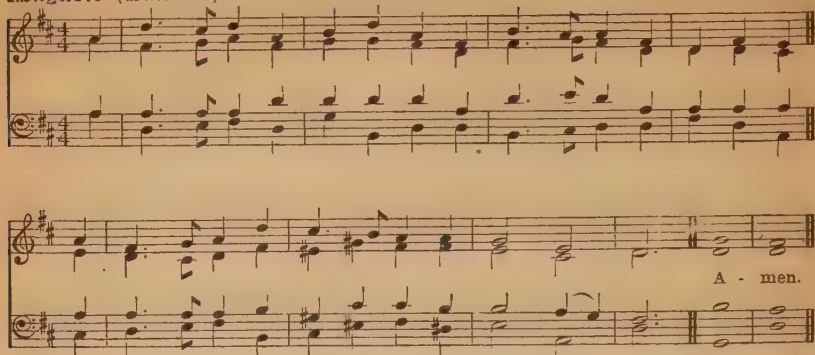
John Mason.

GOD THE FATHER.

Mayfield (Banford).

8.8.8.4.

J. D. MACEY.



44

So will we sing and praise Thy power.—Ps. xxi. 13.

f 1 **L**ORD God Almighty, in Thy hand
Rolls every world, blooms every flower;
O Maker of the sea, the land,
We praise Thy power.

mf 2 For day and night that never cease;
For garnered wealth of harvest days;
For the pure mountains breathing peace,
Thy power we praise.

3 For the protected gift of life;
For reason; for home's sheltering bower;
For the strong love of child and wife,
We praise Thy power.

4 For freedom; for the sage's thought;
For martyrs brave; for poet's lays;
For the great word by prophets brought,
Thy power we praise.

5 For Him, Thy Son Divine, who came
From Thee—Thine all-transcendent dower!
To raise us from our sin and shame,
We praise Thy power.

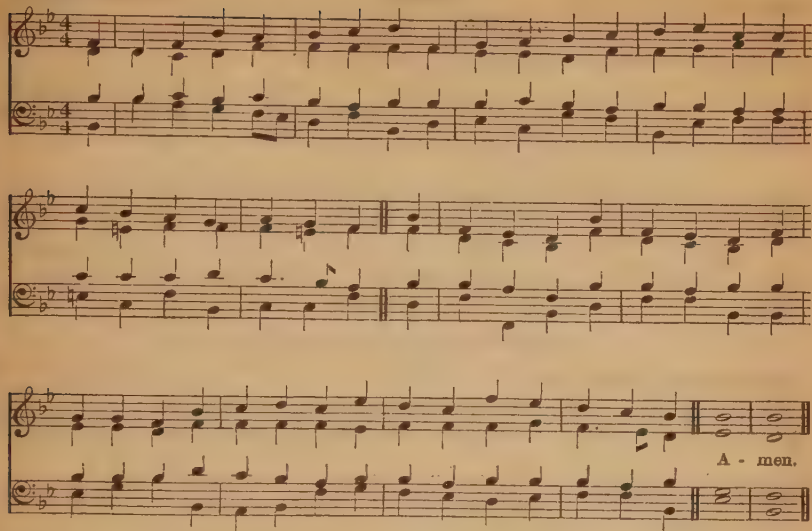
p 6 For all He did our souls to save,
And guide us in Thy heavenly ways;
For His dear life, His cross, His grave,
Thy power we praise.

f 7 Illimitable is Thy love,
Thy mercy endless as Thy days;
Nor shall we cease in realms above
Thy power to praise.

G. T. Coster.

Swiss Tune.

8.8.8.8.8.8.



45

PSALM cxlvi.

f 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

mf 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; He made the sky
 And earth and seas, with all their train :
 His truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
 And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace :
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

f 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

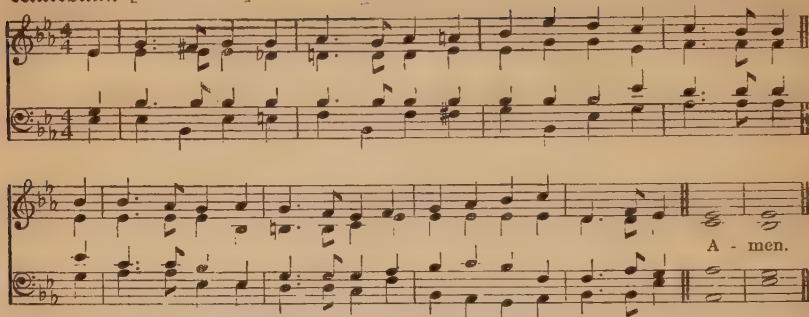
I. Watts.

GOD THE FATHER.

Waltham. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

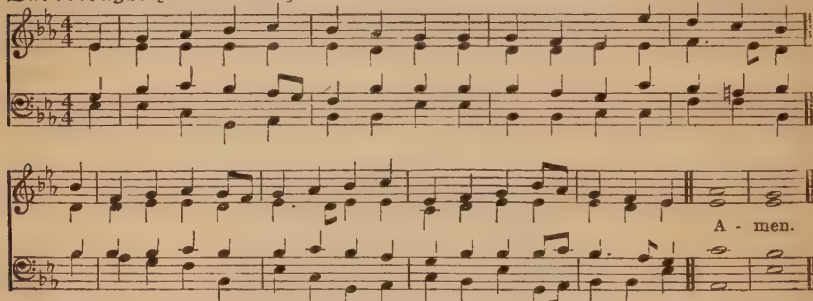


(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Ludborough. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

(2) CREATION.

46

How unsearchable are His judgments.—ROM. xi. 33.

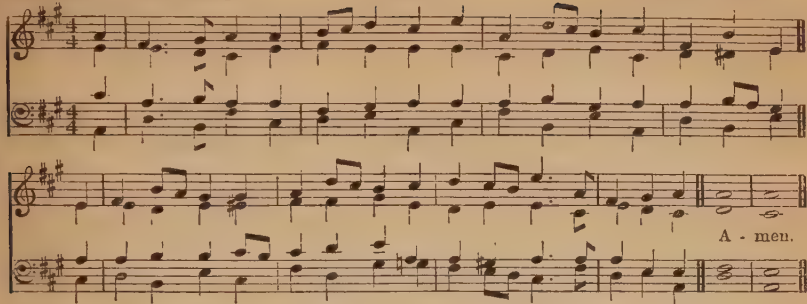
- 1 **L**ORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound ;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's utmost bound.
- 2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.
- 3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.
- 4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,—
That so it seemeth good to Thee.
- 5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will ;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

Ray Palmer.

Kenley. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

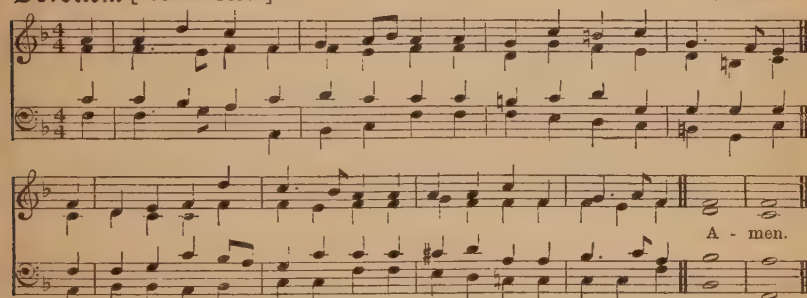
ROWLAND BRIANT.



Devotion. [FOURTH TUNE.]

L.M.

J. BOOTH.

47 The heavens declare the glory of God.
—Ps. xix. 1.

- f* 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- p* 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- p* 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
- f* 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is Divine.'

Joseph Addison.

48 The Lord is good to all.—Ps. cxlv. 9.

- f* 1 YES, God is good,—in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading
wood,
Ten thousand voices ever cry,
'God made us all, and God is good.'
- mf* 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling host, all join to say,
In accents clear, that 'God is good.'
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed;
- p* And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, 'God is good.'
- mf* 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
- cr* The echoing sky, and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, 'God is good.'
- 5 Yes, 'God is good,' all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
- f* And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that 'God is good.'
- 6 For all Thy gifts I bless Thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening
word: [good.]
These prompt our song that 'God is

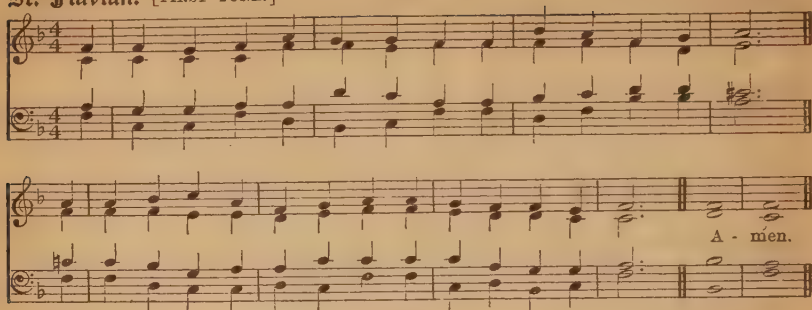
J. Hampden Gurney.

GOD THE FATHER.

St. Flavian. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

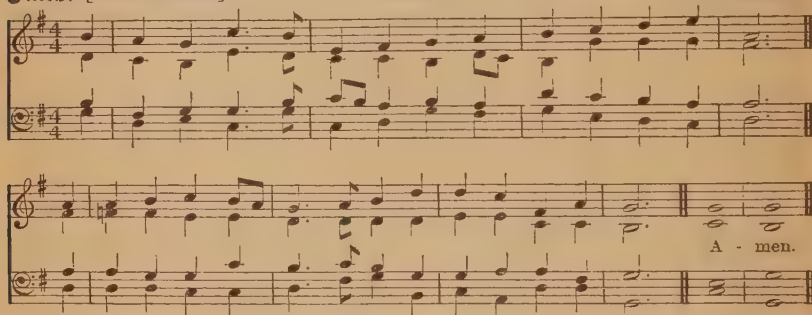
DAY'S Psalter, 1563.



Faith. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

J. B. DYKES.



49 *Invisible things . . . understood by the things that are made.—ROM. i. 20.*

mf 1 **T**HERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

cr 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

f 4 One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

p 5 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace:
It steals in silence down;
But, where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

6 Thou who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble.

50 *O that I knew where I might find Him!*—JOB xxiii. 3.

1 **W**HERE art Thou, Lord? With anxious eyes
We pierce the vaulted night;
World after world we see, but Thou
Art veiled from mortal sight.

2 Where art Thou, Lord? The riven rock
Its fossil store displays;
Age after age we track, but Thou
Dost shun our lingering gaze.

3 Where art Thou, Lord? The mind of man
Each secret law unfolds,
On eagle wing Thy world surveys,
Yet Thine, not Thee, beholds.

4 Where art Thou, Lord? We wait Thy word,
Speak, and Thy presence prove:
Yea, now we feel that Thou art near;
We know Thee when we love!

W. D. Bushell.

Salzburg.

7s., eight lines.

T. ROSENMÜLLER.

51 Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

f 1 LORD of earth, Thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath
planned;
Woods that wave and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in its power:
dim Yet, amid this scene so fair
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
p What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but Thee?

mf 2 Lord of heaven, beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in love's eternal reign,
Parted hands shall meet again;
O that world is passing fair!
dim Yet, shouldst Thou be absent there,
p What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

p 3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest;
I was lost, Thy accents mild
cr Homeward lured Thy wandering child;
dim O should once Thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
p What were heaven or earth to me?
Whom have I in each but Thee?

R. Grant.

GOD THE FATHER.

Allballows.

8.6., six lines.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

A - men.

52

I dwell in the high and holy place.—ISA. lvii. 15.

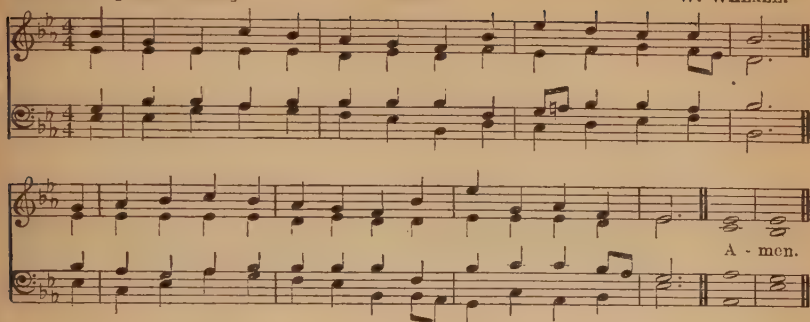
- f* 1 **B**EYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Further than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high ;
p Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That Thou, my God, art nigh ;—
- cr* 2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
 Feels after Thee in vain ;
 Thee in these works of power to find,
 Or to Thy seat attain :
 Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
 Thy path, the trackless main :
- f* 3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim,
 They thunder forth Thy praise,
 The glorious honour of Thy name,
 The wonders of Thy ways :
p But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
 Nor in day's glorious blaze.
- f* 4 I hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air ;
 The waves obey Thy dread control ;
p Yet still Thou art not there :
cr Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
 Who yet is everywhere ?
- p* 5 O not in circling depth or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight
 There doth His Spirit rest :
cr O come, Thou Presence Infinite,
 And make Thy creature blest !

Josiah Conder.

Bedford. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

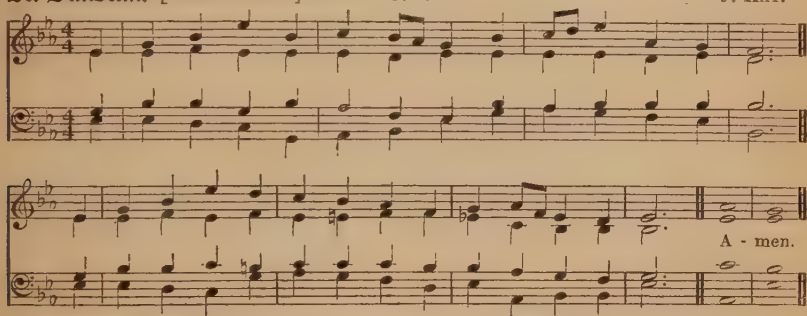
W. WHEALE.



St. Dunstan. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

J. HAY.



(3) PROVIDENCE.

53

I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.—GEN. xxviii. 15.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this earthly pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide :
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge.

54

One generation shall praise Thy works to another, and shall declare Thy mighty acts.—Ps. cxlv. 4.

- f* 1 LONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, my God of love ;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
And let His praise be great ;
I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways ;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.
- 5 The world is governed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love :
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

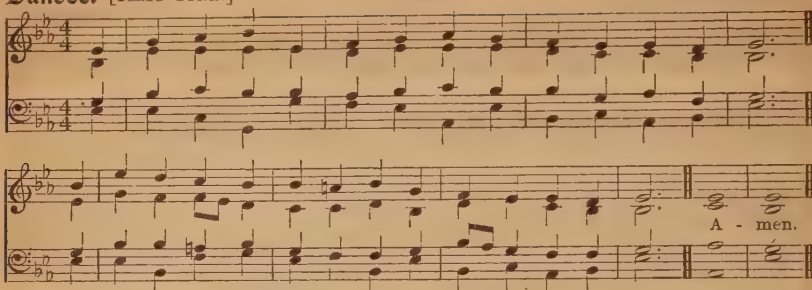
I. Watts.

GOD THE FATHER.

Dundee. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

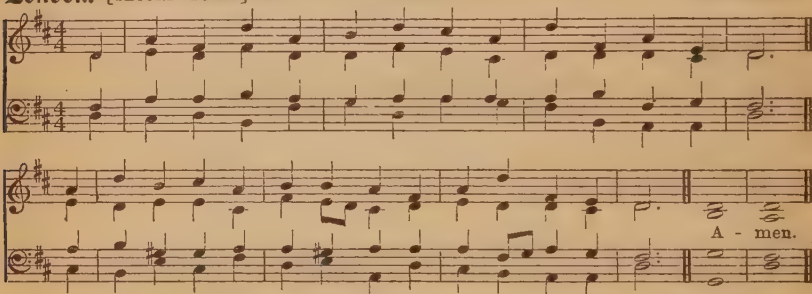
Scotch Psalter.



London. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

W. CROFT.



55 The multitude of His mercies.— L.A.M. iii. 32.

f 1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my thankful heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

mf 3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

p 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

mf 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

f 8 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

56 Commit thy way unto the Lord. —Ps. xxxvii. 5.

1 **A**LL as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

2 Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That whoso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

3 That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

4 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

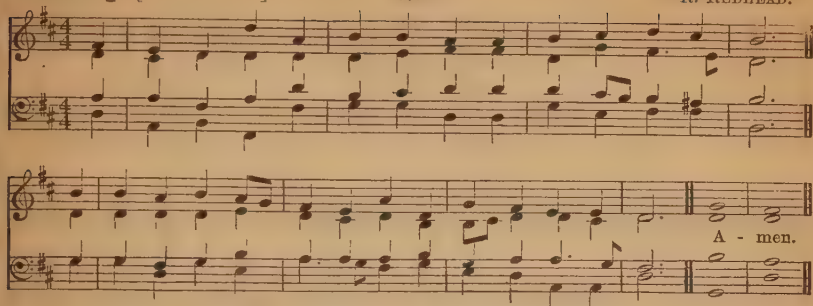
5 No longer forward nor behind
I look, in hope or fear;
But grateful, take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

J. G. Whittier.

Waveney. [THIRD TUNE.]

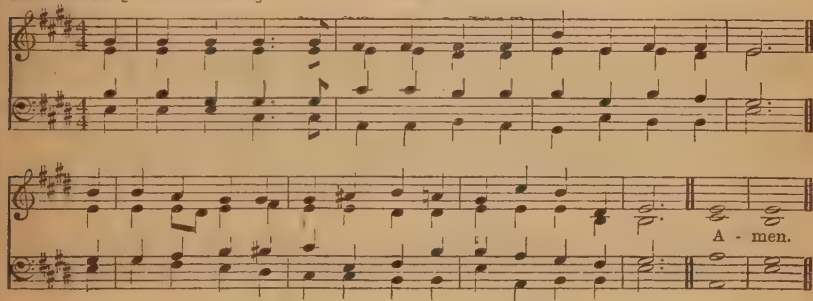
C.M.

R. REDHEAD.



Burmah. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.



57 The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind
and in the storm.—NAHUM i. 3.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper.

58 I hid My face from thee for a moment,
but with everlasting kindness will I
have mercy on thee.—ISA. liv. 8.

- p* 1 **T**HE Lord hath hid His face from us,
Whereby our hearts are sad;
f The Lord hath done great things for us,
Whereby He makes us glad.
- mf* 2 Yet, Lord, we know in doing good
Unchangeable Thou art;
The change is in our wayward mood,
And in our faithless heart.
- p* 3 And if at times our sorrow makes
A cloud before Thy face,
cr Yet through the cloud Thy glory breaks
And from the cloud Thy grace.
- mf* 4 And love is in the falling rain,
As in the shining hour,
And worketh from a life of pain
A life of noble power.
- 5 Yea, when the light is overcast,
The love doth more abound;
And every sorrow, being past,
A mercy shall be found.
- 6 Then help us, Lord, to walk with Thee
By faith and not by sight;
So shall we find no change in Thee,
But change of love and light.

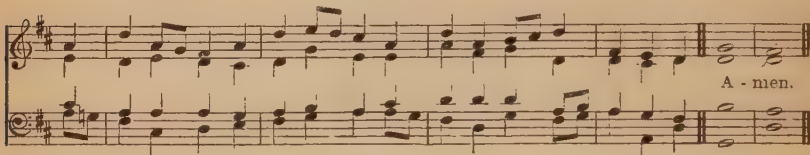
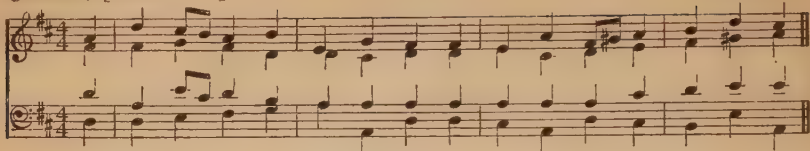
W. C. Smith.

GOD THE FATHER.

Festus. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

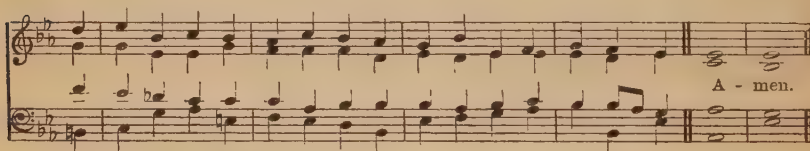
German.



St. Sepulchre. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

G. COOPER.



59

PSALM cxxxviii.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue

I'll praise my Maker in my song :
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels, who make Thy Church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there ;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To Thy fair temple in the skies.

3 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord ;
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word :
Not all Thy works and names below
So much Thy power and glory show.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins ;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

I. Watts.

60

Ask . . . the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee.—JOB xii. 7.

1 THERE'S not a bird with lonely nest,
In pathless wood or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
O God, in Thy paternal care.

2 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude ;
And Thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.

3 In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.

4 And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing :
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity.

5 And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all the years, in every place,
Will bless Thee for Thy boundless grace.

Baptist W. Noel.

Breslau. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

German.



Rivault. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



61

Herein is love.—1 JOHN iv. 10.

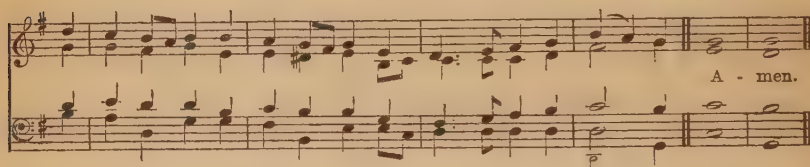
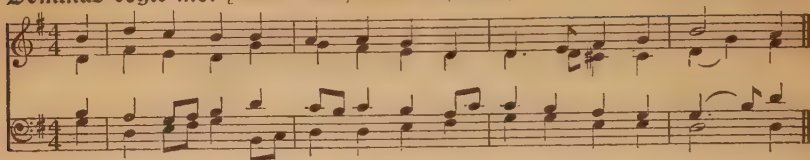
- p* 1 **O** LOVE divine, that stooped to share
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
 On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
 We smile at pain while Thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrow crown each lingering year,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
 Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.
- 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
 O Love Divine, for ever dear;
 Content to suffer, while we know,
 Living and dying, Thou art near!

O. W. Holmes.

GOD THE FATHER.

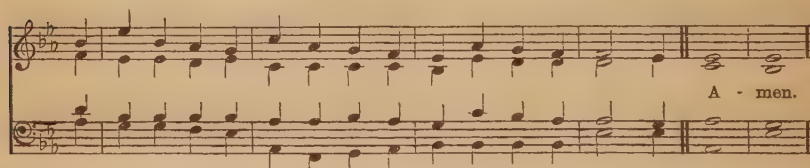
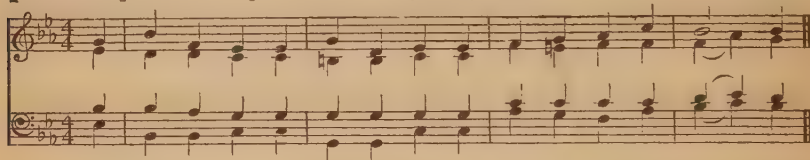
Dominus regit me. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. (iambic).

J. B. DYKES.



Perivale. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. (iambic).

C. E. KETTLE.



62

He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd.—ISA. xl. 11.

1.

mf **T**HE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

2.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3.

p Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
cr But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4.

mf In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
f And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6.

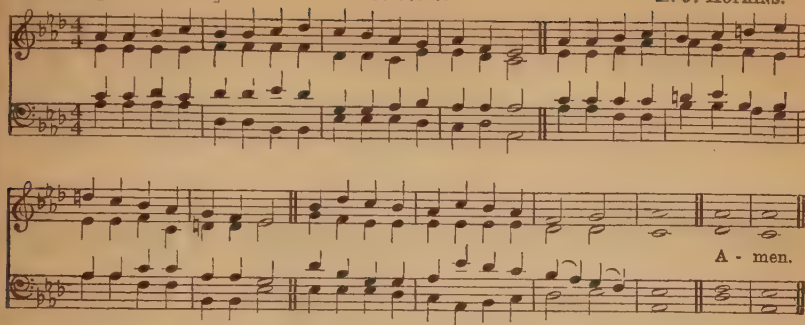
mf And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
f Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

H. W. Baker.

Heber. [FIRST TUNE.]

87.87.47.

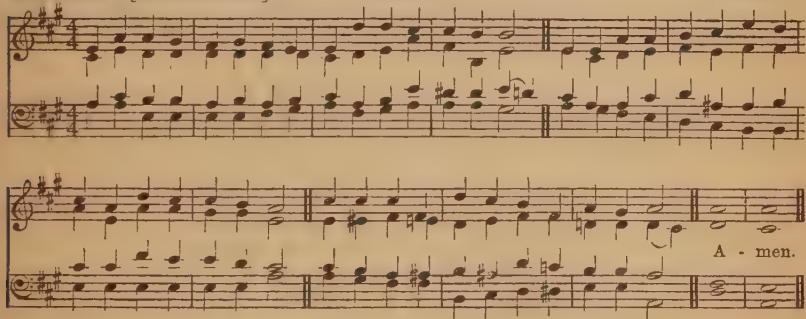
E. J. HOPKINS.



Kelvedon. [SECOND TUNE.]

87.87.47.

W. BLOW.



63

Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself.—ISA. xlv. 15.

- 1 MOUNTAINS by the darkness hidden
Are as real as in the day ;
Be, then, unbelief forbidden
In a dreary hour to say,
' God hath left us,
O why hath He gone away ?'
- 2 When He folds the cloud about Him,
Firm within it stands His throne ;
Wherefore should His children doubt Him,—
Those to whom His love is known ?
God is with us,
We are never left alone.
- 3 Travellers at night, by fleeing,
Cannot run into the day ;
God can lead the blind and seeing,
On Him wait, and for Him stay ;
Be not fearful,
They who cannot sing can pray.

- 4 O, the bright, the vast creation
Can be terrible and stern :
From its stroke be no salvation,
Though on every side we turn :
Lord of nature,
Then to Thee our spirits yearn.
- 5 Calm and blest is our composure,
When the secret is possessed,
That our God, in full disclosure,
Hath to us His heart expressed :
Thou, O Saviour,
Hast been given to give us rest.
- 6 Space and time, O Lord, that show Thee
Oft in power veiling good,
Are too vast for us to know Thee
As our trembling spirits would :
But in Jesus,
Father ! Thou art understood.

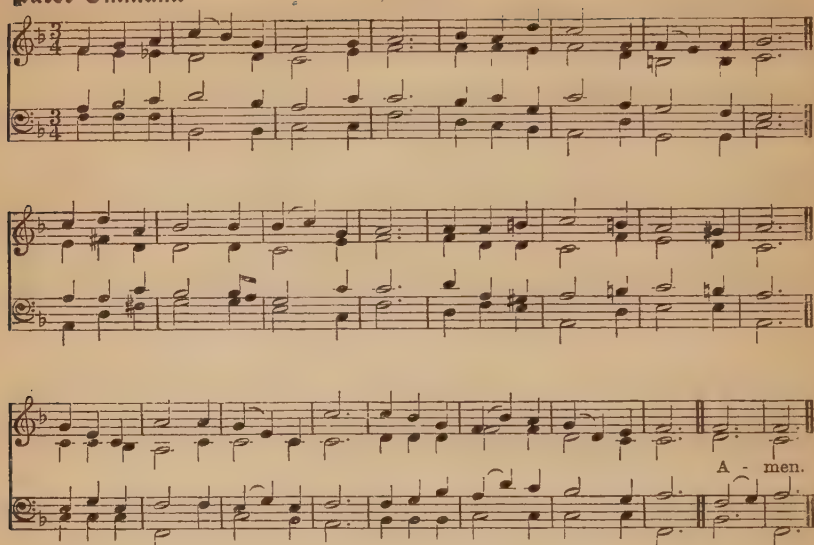
T. T. Lynch.

GOD THE FATHER.

Pater Omnium.

8s., six lines.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



64

Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and . . . not evil?—JOB ii. 10.

- 1 **G**OD sendeth sun, He sendeth shower;
 Alike they're needful for the flower;
 And joys and tears alike are sent
 To give the soul fit nourishment:
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove,
 With murmurs, those they trust and love?
 Creator! I would ever be
 A trusting, loving child to Thee:
 As comes to me or cloud or sun.
 Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

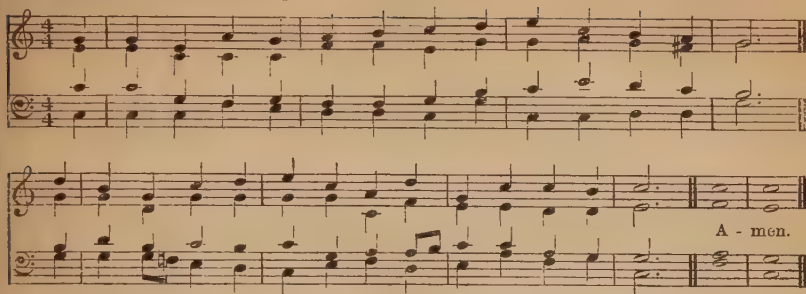
- 3 O ne'er will I at life repine;
 Enough that Thou hast made it mine;
 When falls the shadow cold of death,
 I yet will sing with parting breath,
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

St. Leonard. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

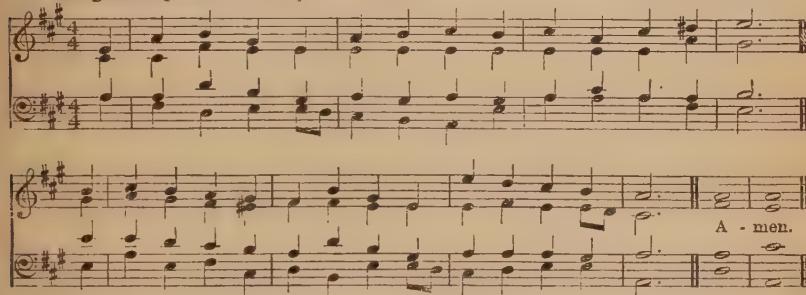
HENRY SMART.



St. Magnus. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.



(4) REDEMPTION.

He is faithful that promised.
—HEB. x. 23.

65

f 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,

And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
For wretched, dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

mf 6 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper 'Thou art mine,'
cr Those gentle words should raise my song
f To notes almost divine.

I. Watts.

66

So great salvation.—HEB. ii. 3.

f 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

p 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
cr But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

f 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

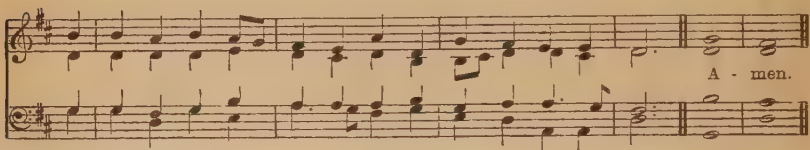
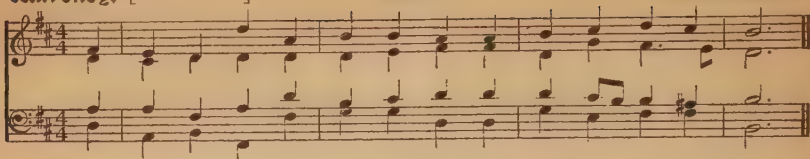
I. Watts.

GOD THE FATHER.

Waveney. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

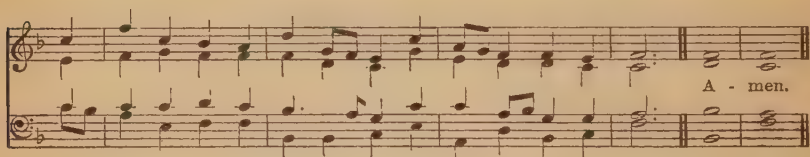
R. REDHEAD.



St. Angelus. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



67

The second man is the Lord from heaven.—1 COR. xv. 47.

f 1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

mf 2 O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight,
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,—
God's presence, and His very self,
And essence all-Divine.

dim 5 O generous love ! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo ;

p 6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die !

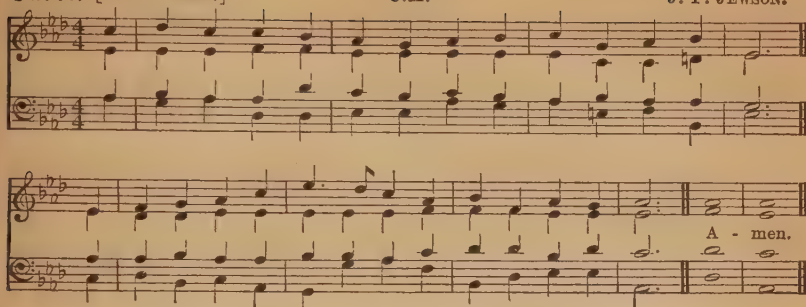
f 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

J. H. Newman.

Tudor. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

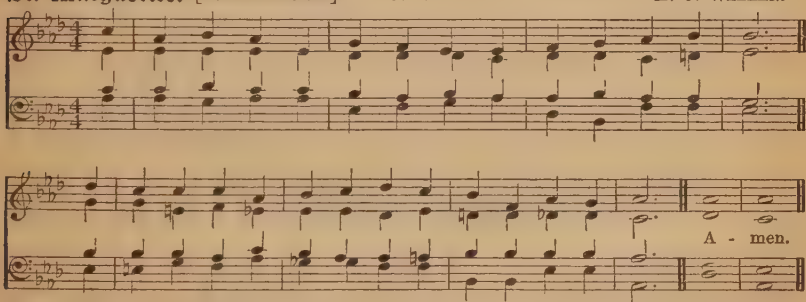
J. P. JEWSON.



St. Marguerite. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

E. C. WALKER.



68 His mercy is everlasting.—Ps. c. 5.

- 1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
Thou dost with sinners bear ;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound ;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move ;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains,
Thy goodness must endure.

C. Wesley.

69 By the grace of God I am what I am.—
1 Cor. xv. 10.

- p* 1 **A**LL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own ;
mf All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.
- p* 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine ;
mf The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- p* 3 The darkness of my former night,
The bondage, all was mine ;
mf The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace that made me feel my sin,
Bade me in Christ believe :
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now in Christ I live.
- 5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

H. Bonar.

GOD THE FATHER.

Newcastle. [FIRST TUNE.]

86.886.

H. L. MORLEY.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the text "A - men." written below the final measure.

St. Bernard. [SECOND TUNE.]

86.886.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the text "A - men." written below the final measure.

Rest. [THIRD TUNE.]

86.886.

F. C. MAKER.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the text "A - men." written below the final measure.

70

God is Light.—1 JOHN i. 5.

- p* 1 **E**THERNAL Light ! Eternal Light !
 How pure the soul must be,
 When, placed within Thy searching sight,
 It shrinks not, but with calm delight
 Can live, and look on Thee.
- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
 May bear the burning bliss ;
 But that is surely theirs alone,
 Since they have never, never known
 A fallen world like this.
- 3 O how shall I, whose native sphere
 Is dark, whose mind is dim,
 Before the Ineffable appear,

And on my naked spirit bear
 The uncreated beam ?

- 4 There is a way for man to rise
 To that sublime abode ;—
 An offering and a sacrifice,
 A Holy Spirit's energies,
 An Advocate with God.

- mf* 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
 Of Majesty above ;
- cr* The sons of ignorance and night
 Can dwell in the Eternal Light,
 Through the Eternal Love.

T. Binney.

Angel's Hymn.

L.M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS.

A - men.

71

Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.—MATT. ix. 2.

- f* 1 **F**ORGIVENESS ! 'tis a joyful sound
To rebel sinners doomed to die ;
Publish the bliss the world around :
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.
- mf* 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine :
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime :
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins, unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honour shall we show ?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour glow.
- 5 By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crowned :
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
In all abide, in all abound.
- T. Gibbons.*

Cambridge.

S.M.

R. HARRISON.

A - men.

72

By grace ye are saved.—EPH. ii. 5.

- 1 **G**RACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge.

GOD THE FATHER.

Epbratab.

8s., six lines.

S. MART.

73

Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity?—MICAH vii. 18.

f 1 GREAT God of wonders, all Thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More godlike and unrivalled shine:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

mf 2 Such dire offences to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share:

f Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

p 3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
cr Pardon for sins of deepest dye,
A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood:

f Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

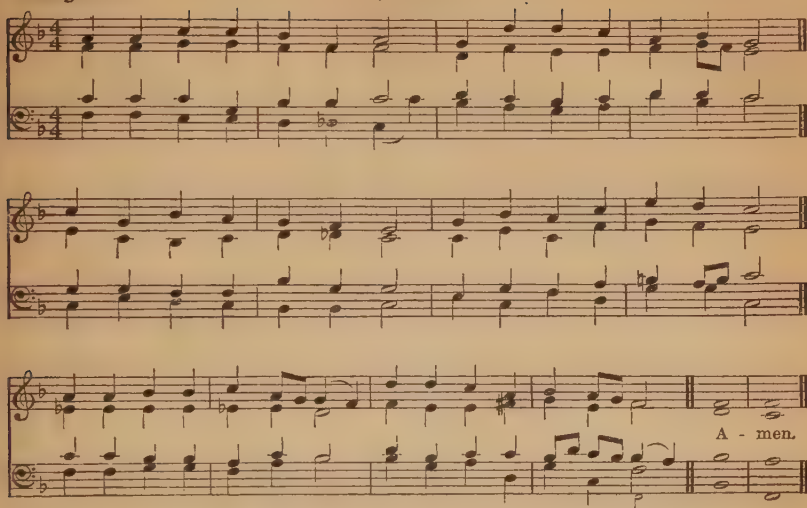
f 4 O may this strange, this wondrous grace,
This matchless miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise
And all the angelic choirs above:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Samuel Davies.

Wangford.

7s., six lines.

C. E. SMITH.



74

Then shall I know even as also I am known.—1st COR. xiii. 12.

mf 1 **W**HEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When I stand with Christ on high,
 Looking o'er life's history,
cr Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
 Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
 Dressed in beauty not my own,
 When I see Thee as Thou art,
 Love Thee with unsinning heart,
cr Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
 Not till then, how much I owe.

f 3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
 Loud as thunders to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
cr Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
 Not till then, how much I owe.

mf 4 E'en on earth, as through a glass,
 Darkly, let Thy glory pass :
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
 Make Thy Spirit's help so meet ;
cr E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
 Something of how much I owe.

5 Chosen, not for good in me,
 Wakened up from wrath to flee,
 Hidden in the Saviour's side,
 By the Spirit sanctified ;
cr Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
 By my love, how much I owe.

R. M. M'Cheyne.

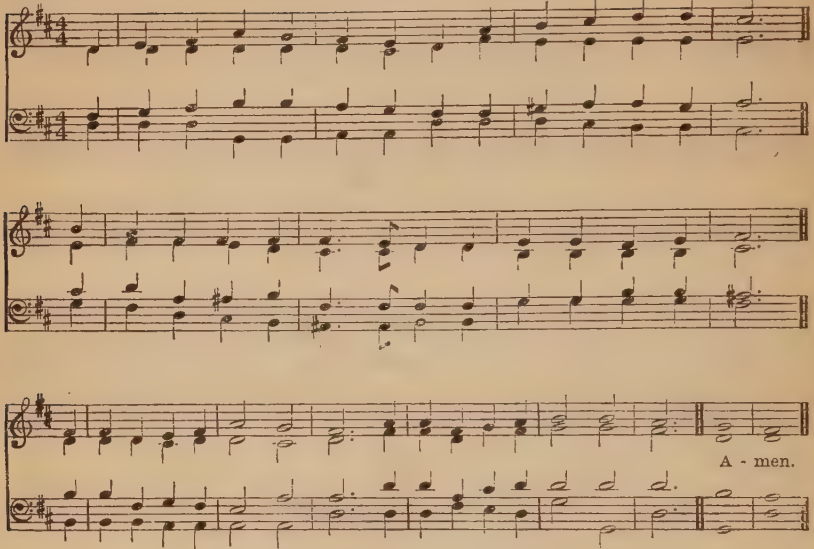
Section 4.

GOD THE SON.

Palmyra.

86.86.88.

J. SUMMERS.



(1) THE ETERNAL WORD.

75

The Image of the invisible God.—COL. i. 15.

f 1 **T**HOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son ;
God manifestly seen and heard,
And Heaven's beloved One :
ff Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That every knee to Thee should bow.

2 In Thee most perfectly expressed
The Father's glories shine ;
Of the full Deity possessed,
Eternally Divine :
ff Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That every knee to Thee should bow.

3 True image of the Infinite,
Whose essence is concealed ;
Brightness of uncreated light ;
The heart of God revealed :
ff Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That every knee to Thee should bow.

4 But the high mysteries of Thy name
An angel's grasp transcend ;
The Father only—glorious claim !
The Son can comprehend :
ff Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That every knee to Thee should bow.

5 Throughout the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and sun ;
The eternal theme of praise is this,
To Heaven's beloved One :
ff Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That every knee to Thee should bow.

Josiah Conder.

Corde Matius.

87.87.877.

Plain-Song.

UNISON.

The musical score is written in a plain-song style, consisting of four systems of staves. Each system has a treble and a bass staff. The notes are simple, with some rests and ties. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score ends with the text 'A - men.' written below the final staff.

76

The beginning of the creation of God.—REV. iii. 14.

mf 1 **O**F the Father's love begotten
 Ere the worlds began to be,
 He the Alpha and Omega,
 He the source, the ending He,
 Of the things that are, that have been,
 And that future years shall see,
 Evermore and evermore.

2 He is here, whom seers in old time
 Chanted of, while ages ran;
 Whom the faithful word of prophets
 Promised since the world began;
 Long foretold, at length appearing;
 Praise Him, every child of man,
 Evermore and evermore.

f 3 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens!
 Praise Him, angels in the height!
 All dominions bow before Him,
 And exalt His boundless might:
 Let no tongue of man be silent,
 Let each heart and voice unite,
 Evermore and evermore.

4 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
 Thee let boys in chorus sing;
 Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
 With glad voices answering:
 Let their guileless song re-echo,
 And their heart its praises bring,
 Evermore and evermore.

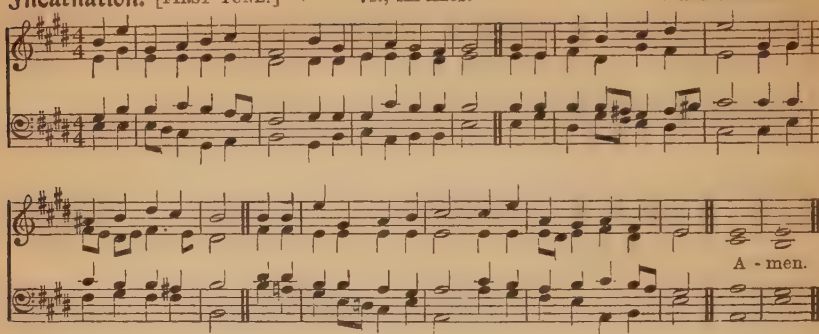
f 5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
 And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
 Hymn and chant, and high thanksgiving,
 And unwearied praises be;
 Honour, glory, might, dominion,
 And eternal victory,
 Evermore and evermore.

Aurelius Prudentius, tr. Neale and Baker.

Incarnation. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

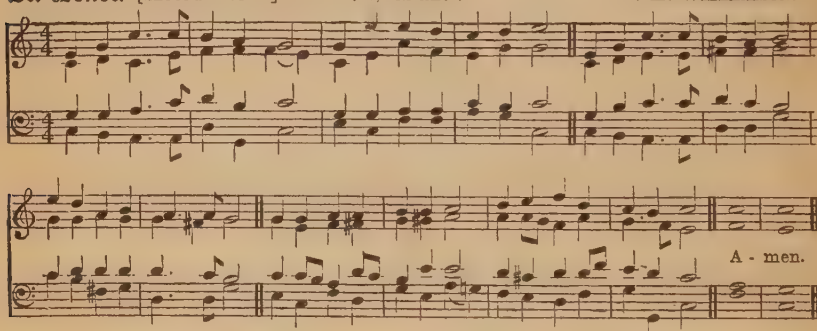
HENRY SMART.



St. Benet. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

W. H. WILLIAMSON.



77

All things were made by Him.—JOHN i. 3.

f 1 **F**OR the beauty of the earth,
For the splendour of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies ;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

mf 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light ;
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild ;
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven ;
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

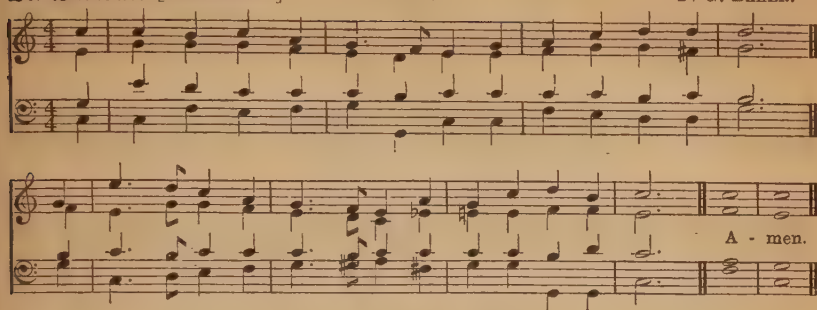
5 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love ;
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

F. S. Pierpoint.

St. Saviour. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

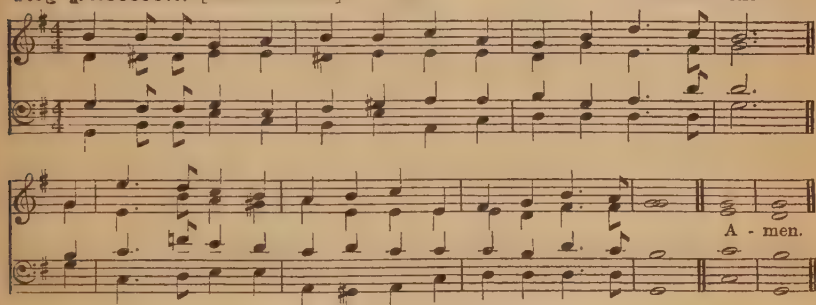
F. G. BAKER.



Hor Processit. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



(2) HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

78 The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings.—ISA. lxi. 1.

f 1 **H**ARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

mf 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

f 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

79 On earth peace, good will toward men.
—LUKE ii. 14.

f 1 **M**ORTALS, awake! with angels join
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

4 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious, heavenly throng.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
'Glory to God on high!'
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die!

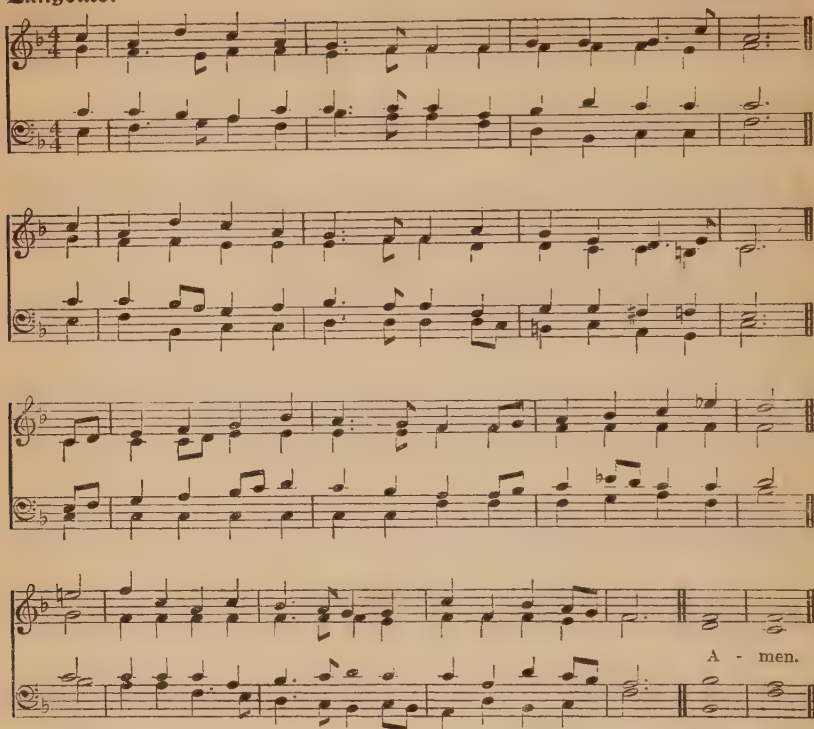
6 Hail, Prince of life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

S. Medley.

Langdale.

C.M. D.

THOMAS ADAMS.



80

When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son.—GAL. iv. 4.

f 1 **A** THOUSAND years have come and gone,
 And near a thousand more,
 Since happier light from heaven shone
 Than ever shone before ;
 And in the hearts of old and young
 A joy most joyful stirred,
 That sent such news from tongue to tongue
 As ears had never heard.

2 Then angels on their starry way
 Felt bliss unfelt before,
 For news that men should be as they
 To darkened earth they bore ;
 So toiling men and spirits bright
 A first communion had,
 And in meek mercy's rising light
 Were each exceeding glad.

3 And we are glad, and we will sing,
 As in the days of yore ;
 Come all, and hearts made ready bring,
 To welcome back once more
 The day when first on wintry earth
 A summer change began,
 And, dawning in a lowly birth,
 Uprose the Light of man.

p 4 For trouble such as men must bear
 From childhood to fourscore,
cr He shared with us, that we might share
 His joy for evermore ;
cr And twice a thousand years of grief,
 Of conflict and of sin,
f May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
 His patient love shall win.

T. T. Lynch.

Bethlehem.

C.M. D.

C. E. WILLING.

A - men.

81

Good tidings of great joy.—LUKE ii. 10.

mf 1 WHILE shepherds watched their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around :
'Fear not !' said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

2 'To you in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling
bands,
And in a manger laid.'

cr 3 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song :

f 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

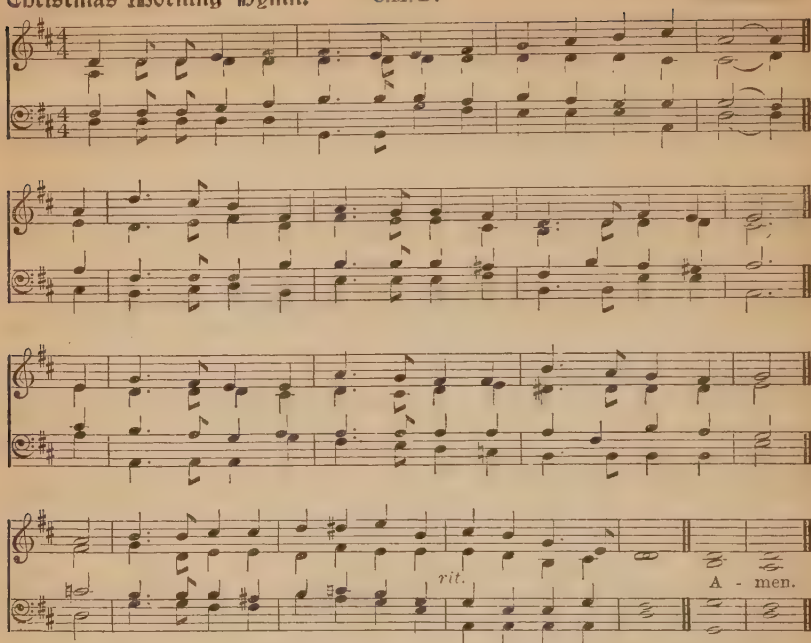
Tate and Brady.

GOD THE SON.

Christmas Morning Hymn.

C.M. D.

J. BARNBY.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

82 *The angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them.—LUKE ii. 9.*

p 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judæa stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

cr 3 'Glory to God!' The lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!

f 'Glory to God!' The sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
'Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!'

mf 4 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn:
cr And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple-spires,
Which first proclaim the new-born light,
Clothed with its orient fires.

mf 5 This day shall Christian lips be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
f O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph harps
The high and solemn lay,—
'Glory to God! on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!'

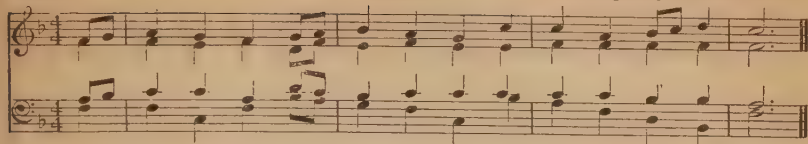
E. H. Sears.

HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

Noel.

C.M. D.

Arranged by A. SULLIVAN.



A little slower.



5. (And the whole world)

A - men.

83

Glory to God in the highest.—LUKE ii. 14.

p 1 IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold :
'Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King !'
pp rit The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

p 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
pp rit And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

mf 3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;

cr And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring :
pp rit O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

p 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
cr Look up ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
pp rit O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

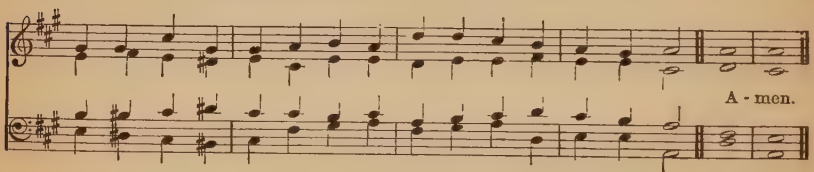
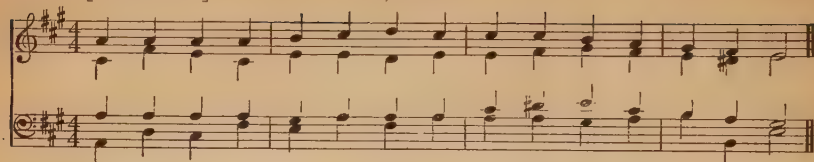
f 5 For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever circling years,
Comes round the age of gold ;
cr When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
ff rit And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing !

E. H. Sears.

GOD THE SON.

Oriel. [FIRST TUNE.]

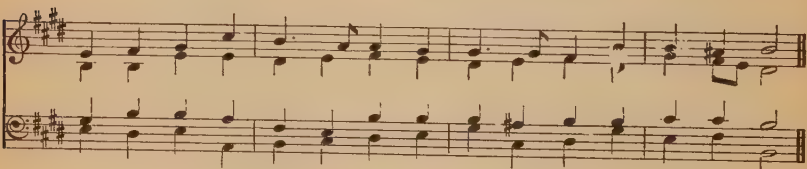
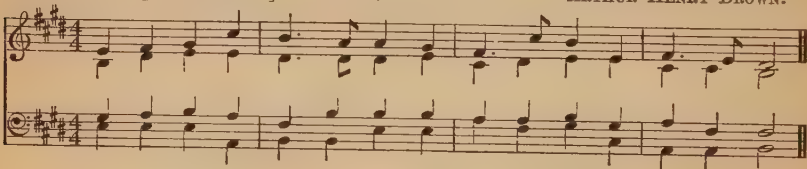
8.7., six lines.



Stapleford. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7., six lines.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



Waiting for the consolation of Israel.—LUKE ii. 25.

1.

EARTH was waiting, spent and restless,
 With a mingled hope and fear ;
 And the faithful few were sighing,
 ' Surely, Lord, the day is near ;
 The Desire of all the nations,
 It is time He should appear.'

2.

Still the gods were in their temples,
 But the ancient faith had fled ;
 And the priests stood by their altars
 Only for a piece of bread ;
 And the oracles were silent,
 And the prophets all were dead.

3.

In the sacred courts of Zion,
 Where the Lord had His abode,
 There the money-changers trafficked,
 And the sheep and oxen trod ;
 And the world, because of wisdom,
 Knew not either Lord or God.

4.

Then the Spirit of the Highest
 On a virgin meek came down,
 And He burdened her with blessing,
 And He pained her with renown ;
 For she bare the Lord's Anointed,
 For His cross and for His crown.

5.

Earth for Him had groaned and travailed
 Since the ages first began ;
 For in Him was hid the secret
 That through all the ages ran—
 Son of Mary, Son of David,
 Son of God, and Son of man.

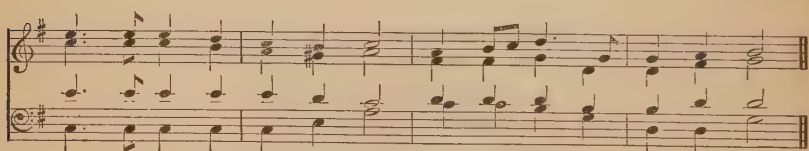
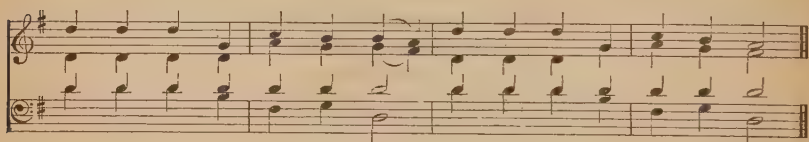
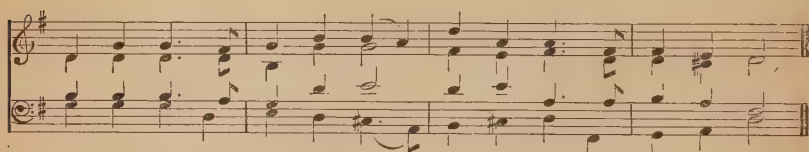
W. C. Smith.

GOD THE SON.

Christmas Hymn. [FIRST TUNE.] 7s., ten lines.

MENDELSSOHN.

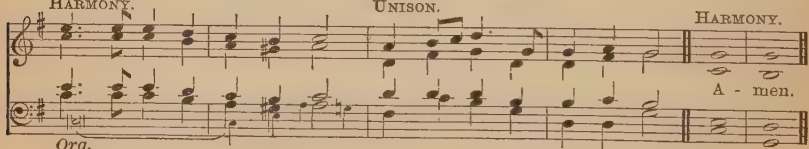
UNISON.



HARMONY.

UNISON.

HARMONY.



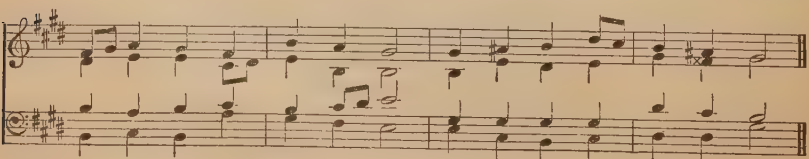
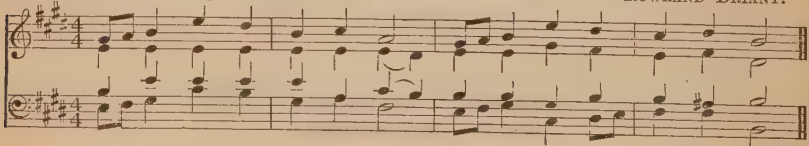
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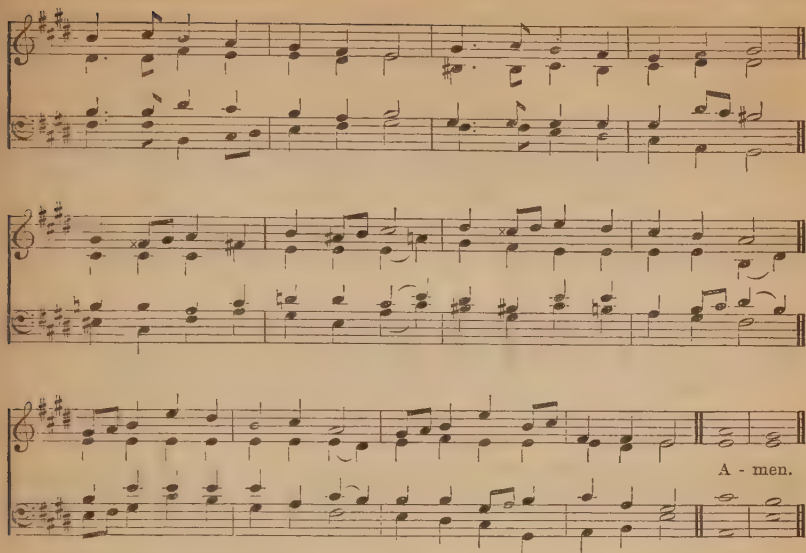
A - men.

Zion. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., ten lines.

ROWLAND BRIANT.





85

Unto you is born . . . a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—LUKE ii. 11.

f 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,
 'Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.'
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

ff Hark! the herald angels sing,
 'Glory to the new-born King.'

mf 2 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as man with men to appear,
 Jesus, our Immanuel, here.
 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!

f Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
 'Glory to the new-born King.'

mf 3 Mild, He lays His glory by;
 Born that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth;
 Born to give them second birth.
 Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's conquering Seed;
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.

f Hark! the herald angels sing,
 'Glory to the new-born King.'

4 Adam's likeness now efface;
 Stamp Thine image in its place:
 Second Adam, from above,
 Reinstate us in Thy love.

f Hark! the herald angels sing,
 'Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.'

ff Hark! the herald angels sing,
 'Glory to the new-born King.'

C. Wesley (alt.).

GOD THE SON.

86 Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass.—LUKE ii. 15.

Adeste Fideles.

Irregular.

J. READING.

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant ; O
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ult - a - tion,
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing ;

come ye, O come.. ye, to Beth - le - hem ;
 Sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of heaven a - bove :
 Je - sus, to Thee.. be . . glo - - ry given ;

Come and be - hold Him, Born the King of an - gels ; } Org.
 'Glo - ry to God . . In . . the . . high - est ; } O
 Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing ; }

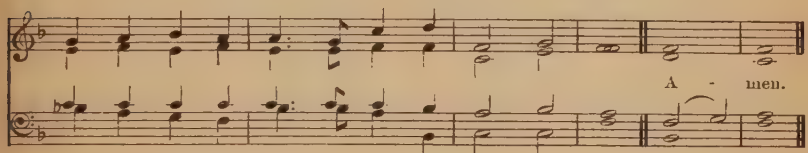
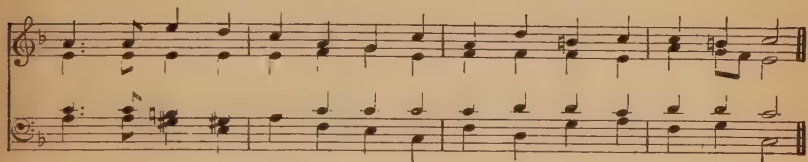
come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O

come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord. A - men.
 Bonaventura, tr. F. Oakeley.

Kenilworth.

87.87.47.

C. E. KETTLE.



87 They . . . fell down and worshipped Him.—MATT. ii. 11.

f 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

mf 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
 Brighter visions beam afar ;
 Seek the great Desire of nations ;
 Ye have seen His natal star :
f Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

p 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
cr God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the infant-light :
f Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

p 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
cr Suddenly the Lord descending
 In His temple shall appear :
f Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

p 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
cr Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you,—break your chains :
f Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

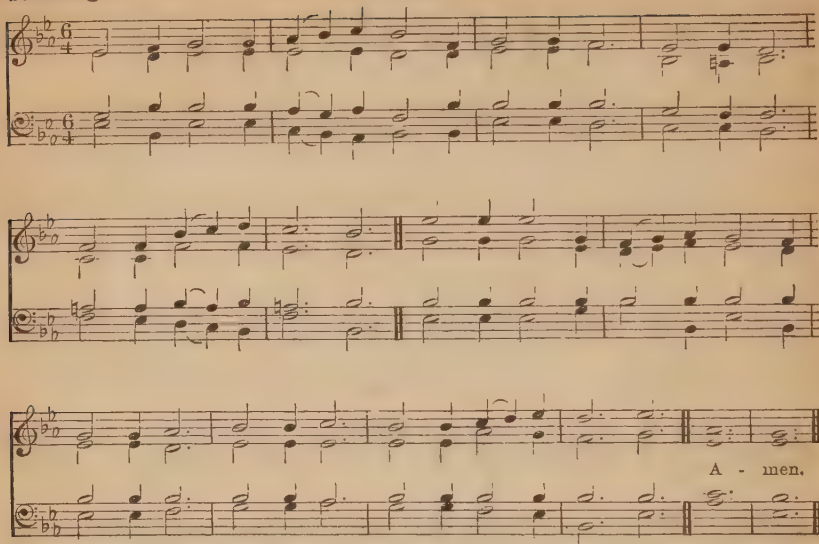
James Montgomery.

GOD THE SON.

Nativity.

866.866.

F. C. MAKER.



88 *And she brought forth her first-born Son . . . and laid Him in a manger.—LUKE II. 7.*

1.

f ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
'Christ is born !' their choirs are singing,
Till the air everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

2.

p Hark ! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat ;
'Flee from woe and danger ;
Brethren, come : from all that grieves you
You are freed : all you need
I will surely give you.'

3.

mf Come, then, let us hasten yonder ;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder ;
Love Him who with love is yearning ;
Hail the Star that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

4.

Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more, for the door
Now is found of gladness ;
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross, pain or loss
Can again betide you.

5.

Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee ;
Keep Thou me close to Thee ;
Cast me not behind Thee ;
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest on Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

6.

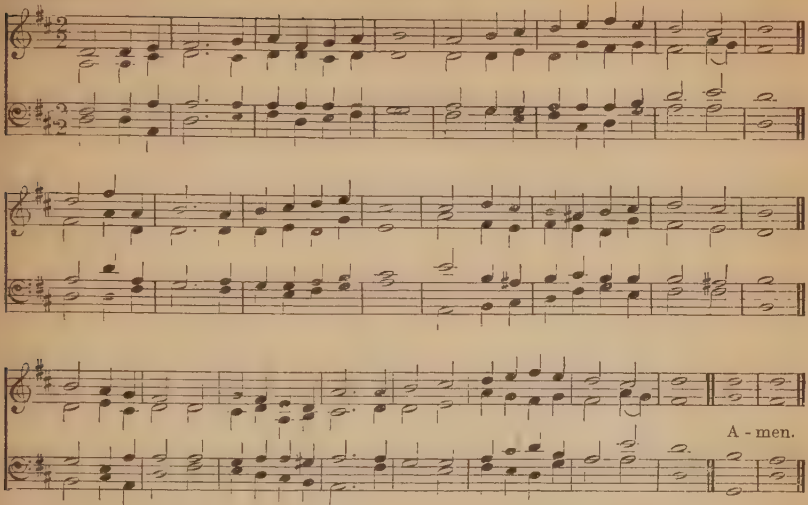
Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish,
cr But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

Paul Gerhardt, tr. by C. Winkworth.

Yorksire.

10s., six lines.

J. WAINWRIGHT.



89 *The angel said . . . I bring you good tidings of great joy.—LUKE ii. 10.*

f 1 **C**HRISTIANS, awake ! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above :
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate, of the Virgin's Son.

mf 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, 'Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth :
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

f 3 He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy unknown before conspire ;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
cr And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang :
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
'Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.'

mf 4 O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind ;
dim Trace we the Babe who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross ;
cr Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

f 5 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng :
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display ;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

John Byrom.

GOD THE SON.

Dir.

7s., six lines.

CONRAD KOCHER.

90

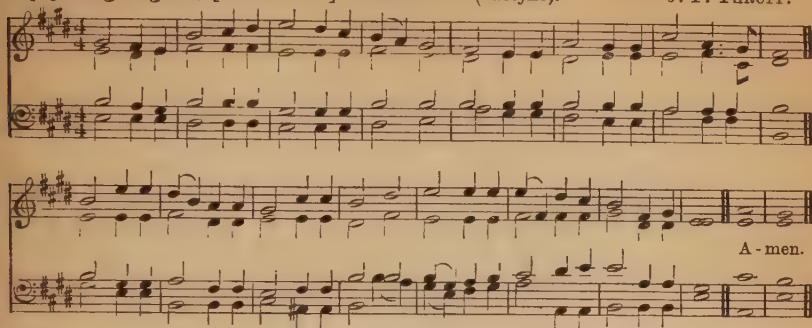
When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.—MATT. ii. 10.

- f* 1 **A**S with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold;
 As with joy they hailed its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright,
 So, most gracious God, may we
 Evermore be led to Thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped,
 Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
dim There to bend the knee before
 Him whom heaven and earth adore,
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
 At Thy cradle rude and bare,
cr So may we with holy joy,
 Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King.
- p* 4 Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And, when earthly things are past,
cr Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- f* 5 In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun, which goes not down.
 There for ever may we sing
 Hallelujahs to our King.

W. C. Dix.

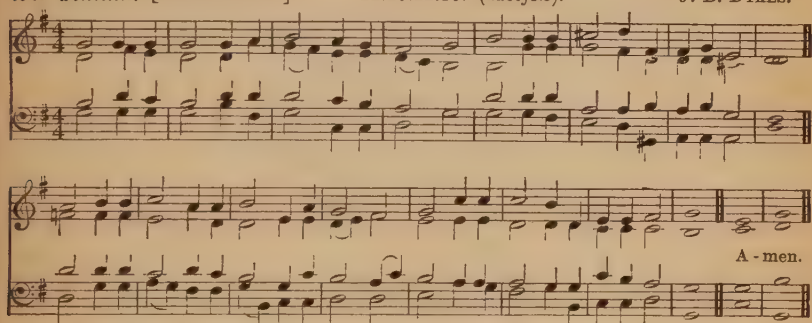
Epiphany Hymn. [FIRST TUNE.] 11.10.11.10. (dactylic).

J. F. THURPP.



St. Aintan. [SECOND TUNE.] 11.10.11.10. (dactylic).

J. B. DYKES.



91

We have seen His star in the east.—MATT. ii. 2.

f 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

p 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

p 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
cr Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

f 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

R. Heber.

GOD THE SON.

Albano. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

V. NOVELLO.

St. Hugh. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

E. J. HOPKINS.

92

One is your Master, even Christ.—MATT. xxiii. 8.

mf 1 IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea !

2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above ;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

p 4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee,

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
cr We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

p 6 Through Him the first fond prayers are
said
Our lips of childhood frame,
pp The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

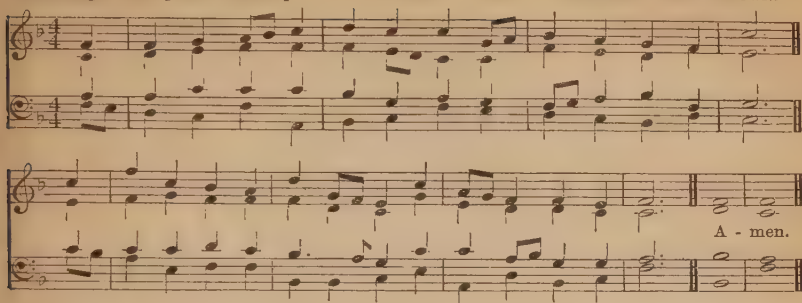
mf 7 O Lord and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. Whittier.

St. Angelus. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

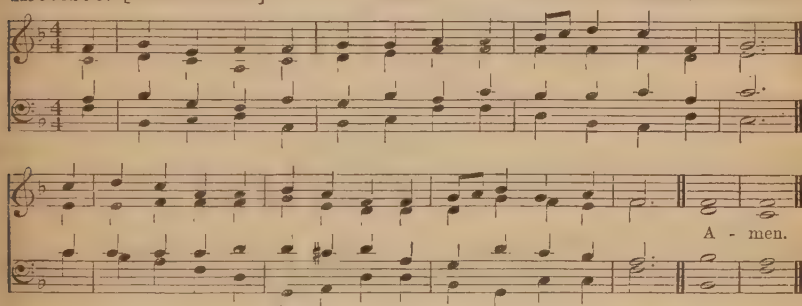
ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



Mortboe. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



93 *In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.—JOHN i. 4.*

- 1 **O** LORD and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.
- 2 Thou judgest us : Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn ;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.
- 3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight,
And naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.
- 4 Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own ;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.
- 5 To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys, and pains belong ;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.
- 6 Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most Divine,
The flower of man and God !

J. G. Whittier.

94 *I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—JOHN xiv. 6.*

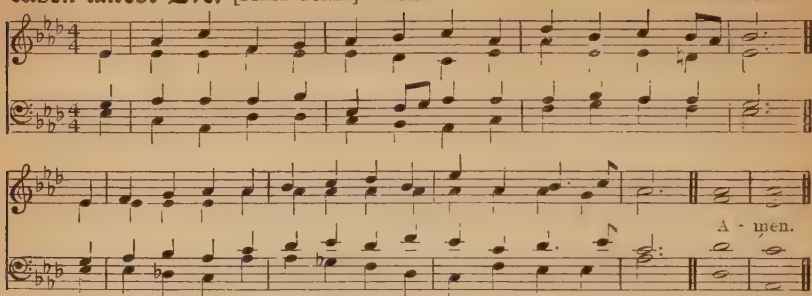
- 1 **W**E faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way !
- 2 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done ;
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.
- 3 Alone, O Love ineffable !
Thy saving name is given ;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven !
- 4 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be ?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.
- 5 Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude ;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.
- 6 The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise,
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise.

J. G. Whittier.

GOD THE SON.

When fairest Eve. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M.

E. G. MONK.

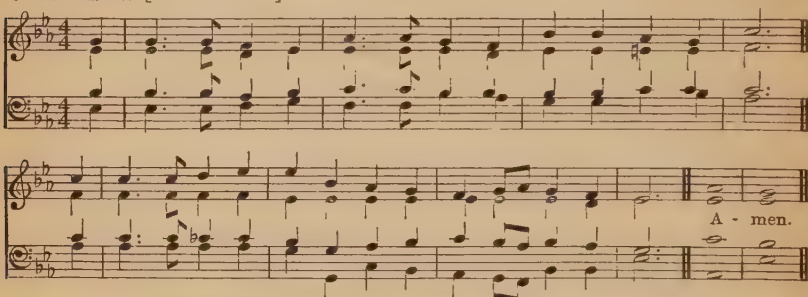


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Green Hill. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

A. L. PEACE.



95

As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.—1 COR. xv. 49.

- p 1 O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
 Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
 Yet here Immanuel trod.
- 2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
 This watch the Lord did keep;
 These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
 These tears the Lord did weep.
- 3 Our very frailty brings us near
 Unto the Lord of heaven;
 To every grief, to every tear,
 Such glory strange is given.
- 4 But not this robe of flesh alone
 Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
 Not only in the tear and groan
 Shall the dear kindred be.
- cr 5 Our own will be Thy life divine,
 Thine image we shall bear;
 With Thine own glory we shall shine,
 In Thine own bliss shall share.
- 6 O mighty grace, our life to live
 To make our earth divine!
 O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
 And lift our life to Thine!

T. H. GILL.

It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren.—HEB. II. 17.

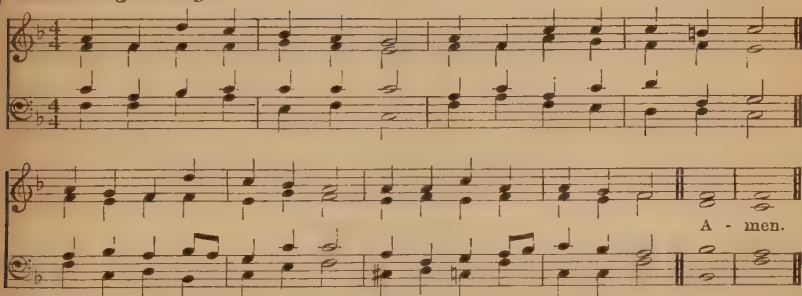
- p* 1 **I**N all things like Thy brethren, Thou
Wast made, yet free from sin;
But how unlike to us, O Lord!
Replies the voice within.
- 2 O holy God! yet frail weak man!
'Tis not for us to know
How spotless soul and body felt
Temptation, pain, and woe.
- 3 Our faith is weak;—O Light of Light!
Clear Thou our clouded view;
That, Son of Man, and Son of God,
We give Thee honour due.
- 4 O Son of Man! Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears;
Life's thankless toil, and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.
- cr* 5 O Son of God! in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne;
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,
Still succouring Thine own.
- 6 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge!
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Elect in earth and heaven.

Joseph Anstice.

University College.

7.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Call His name Immanuel.—ISA. vii. 14.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>f</i> 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name:
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.</p> <p>2 When He came, the angels sung
'Glory be to God on high!'
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?</p> <p>5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Guardian, Friend,
Every precious name in one,—
I will love Thee without end!</p> | <p>3 Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?</p> <p>4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak!</p> |
|---|---|

John Newton.

GOD THE SON.

Homeless. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.10.6.10.

J. BOOTH.

Slowly and tenderly.

Musical score for "Homeless" by J. Booth. The score is written for two staves in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo/mood is "Slowly and tenderly." The first system includes a "Ped." (pedal) marking. The second system concludes with the text "A - men."

Tollerton. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.10.6.10.

S. WEEKES.

Musical score for "Tollerton" by S. Weekes. The score is written for two staves in 2/2 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The second system concludes with the text "A - men."

Monsell. [THIRD TUNE.]

6.10.6.10.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

Slowly.

Musical score for "Monsell" by Rowland Briant. The score is written for two staves in 4/4 time, with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo/mood is "Slowly." The second system concludes with the text "A - men."

(3) HIS EARTHLY LIFE.

The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.—LUKE ix. 58.

1.

p **B**IRDS have their quiet nest,
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
 All creatures have their rest,
pp But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

2.

p And yet He came to give
 The weary and the heavy laden rest ;
 To bid the sinner live,
 And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

3.

 I, who once made Him grieve ;
 I, who once made His gentle Spirit mourn ;
 Whose hand essayed to weave
 For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn ;—

4.

 O why should I have peace ?
er Why, but for that unchanged, undying love,
 Which would not, could not cease
f Until it made me heir of joys above.

5.

mf Yes, but for pardoning grace,
 I feel I never should in glory see
 The brightness of that face,
dim That once was pale and agonised for me.

6.

p Let the birds seek their nest,
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
 Come, Saviour, in my breast
 Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.

7.

 On earth Thou lovest best
 To dwell in humble souls that mourn for sin ;
 O come and take Thy rest,
 This broken, bleeding, contrite heart within.

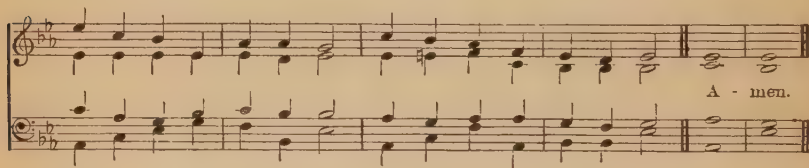
J. S. B. Monsell.

GOD THE SON.

Troy. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

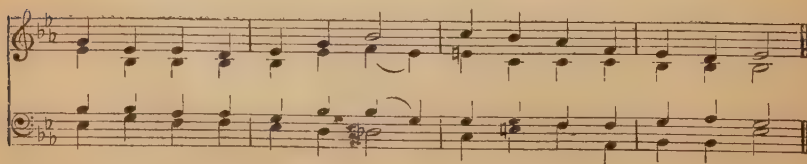
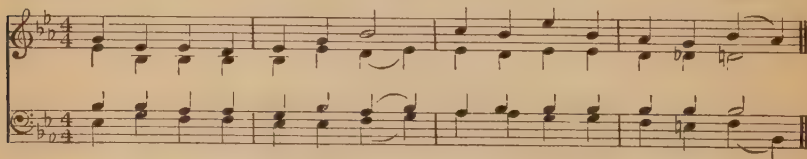
HENRY SMART.

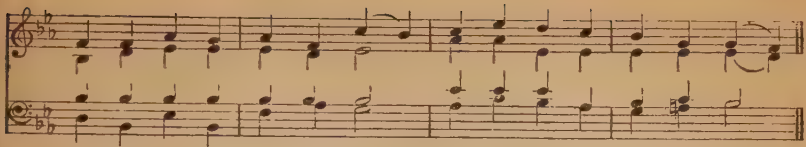


Burleigh. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

S. WEEKES.





99 *Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit
into the wilderness to be tempted of the
devil.—MATT IV. 1.*

p 1 **F** AINT and weary, Jesus stood
In the awful wilderness ;
Yet it was the Spirit good
Brought Him to that sore distress :
For the people whom He loved
Dark temptations Him befell ;
But His very weakness proved
Mightier than the powers of hell.

2 He was tempted that He might
Succour us when sorely tried ;
And He triumphed by the light
Which must also be our guide ;
He our enemy hath met,
He will give us victory :
Help us, Lord, when hard beset,
Still to look and learn of Thee.

3 Not by bread alone we live,
Thy good word our life shall be :
Not for all that earth can give
Shall we worship aught but Thee :
Nor the word of promise bend
E'er to tempt our God in heaven :
Never for unholy end
Was the gracious promise given.

Dr. W. C. Smith.

100 *Master, where abidest Thou?—
JOHN I. 38.*

p 1 **M** ASTER, where abidest Thou ?
Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek ;
For the wants which press us now
Other aid is all too weak.
Canst Thou take our sins away ?
May we find repose in Thee ?
From the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, breathes, 'Come and see.'

2 Master, where abidest Thou ?
We would leave the past behind :
We would scale the mountain's brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
Still a look is all our lore,
The transforming look to Thee :
From the Living Truth once more
Breathes the answer, 'Come and see.'

3 Master, where abidest Thou ?
How shall we Thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,
Stamp in love upon our breast ?
Still a look is all our might ;
Looking draws the heart to Thee ;
Sends us from the absorbing sight,
With the message, 'Come and see.'

4 Master, where abidest Thou ?
All the springs of life are low ;
Sin and grief our spirits bow,
And we wait Thy call to go.
From the depths of happy rest,
Where the just abide with Thee,
From the voice which makes them blest,
Falls the summons, 'Come and see.'

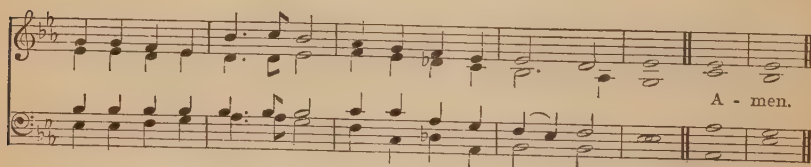
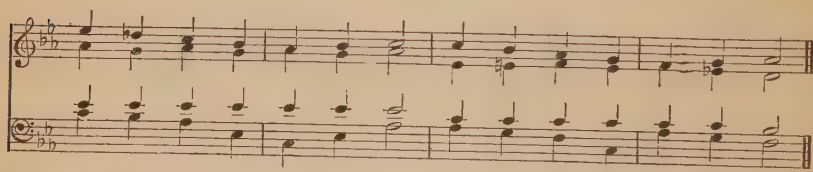
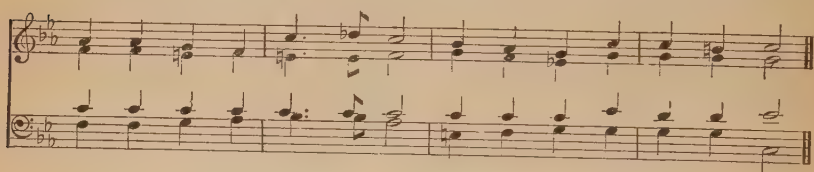
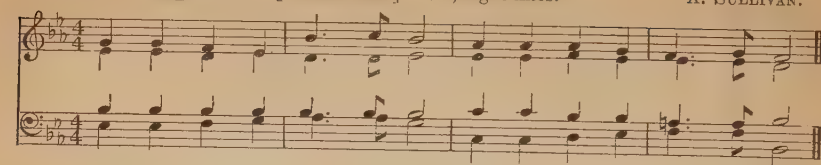
5 Christian, tell it to thy brother,
From life's dawning to its end ;
Every hand may clasp another,
And the loneliest bring a friend ;—
cr Till the veil is drawn aside
And, from where her home shall be,
f Bursts on the enfranchised Bride
The triumphant, 'Come and see !'

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.

GOD THE SON.

St. Mary Magdalene, [FIRST TUNE.] 7s., eight lines.

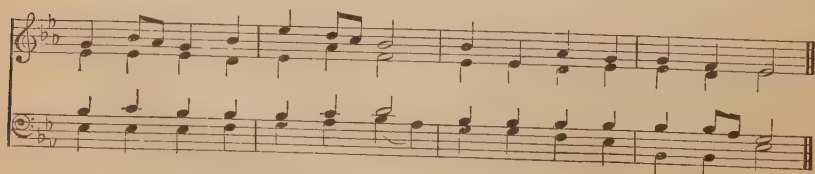
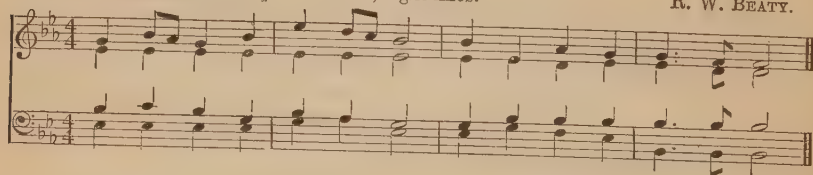
A. SULLIVAN.

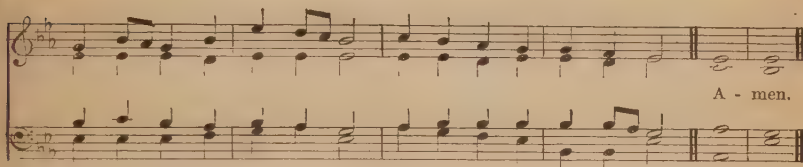


Titchfield. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

R. W. BEATY.





101

Who . . . offered up prayers . . . with strong crying and tears.—HEB. v. 7.

p 1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee ;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
 O by all Thy pains and woe,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness,
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power,
 Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
 Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred grief that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode ;
 By the anguished sigh that told
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold,
 From Thy seat above the sky,
 Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer ;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
 By the sad sepulchral stone,
 By the vault, whose dark abode
cr Held in vain the rising God ;
f O, from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
dim Listen, listen to the cry
p Of our solemn litany.

R. Grant.

GOD THE SON.

Staincliffe. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

R. W. DIXON.

Rivington. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

A. G. LEIGH.

102 *Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.*—MATT. xi. 28.

- 1 **H**OW sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!
- 2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come all ye weary ones, and rest':
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

J. Bowring.

103 *I have given you an example.*—
JOHN xiii. 15.

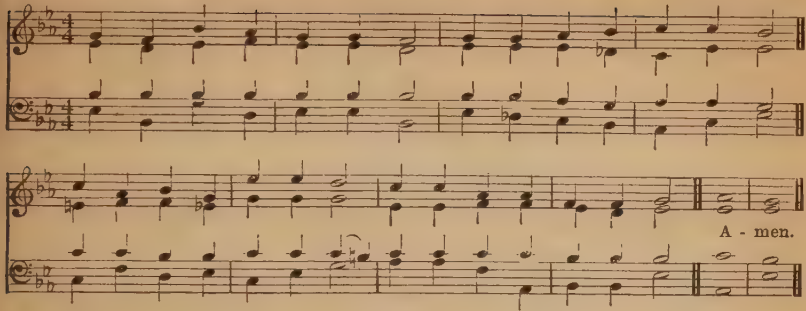
- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

I. Watts.

Kiel. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

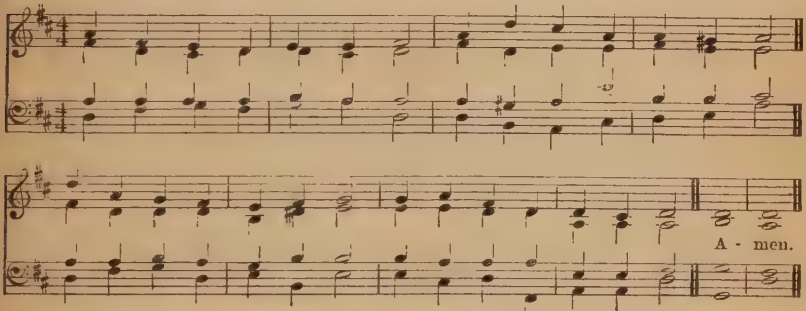
ROMBERG.



Buckland. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

L. G. HAYNE.



104 *And He healed them all.*—MATT. xii. 15.

- 1 **W**HEN the Saviour dwelt below,
Pity in His bosom reigned ;
Sympathy He loved to show,
Nor the meanest suit disdained.
- 2 Round Him thronged the blind, the lame,
Deaf, and dumb, diseased, possessed ;
None in vain for healing came,
All the Saviour freely blessed.
- 3 He could make the leper whole ;
Thousands at a meal He fed ;
Winds and waves He could control ;
By a word He raised the dead.
- 4 Lord, to me Thy blessing give ;
Hungering, sick, and faint, I come ;
Let me in Thy presence live,
Lead me to my heavenly home.
- 5 Be Thy love to me revealed,
Be Thy grace by me possessed ;
Touch me, and I shall be healed ;
Bless me, and I shall be blessed.

John Ryland (alt.).

105 *The glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father.*—JOHN i. 14.

- 1 **W**HEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Hermon's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away :
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary !

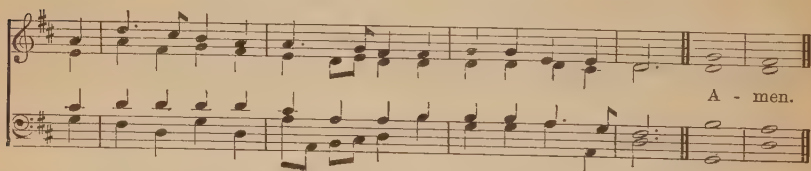
James Montgomery.

GOD THE SON.

Petersham. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.D.

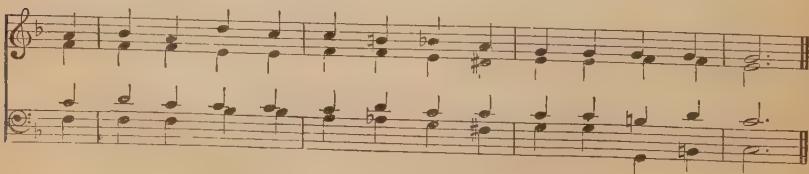
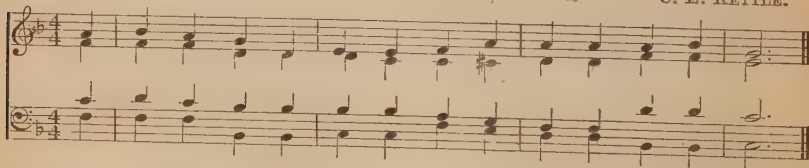
C. W. POOLE.

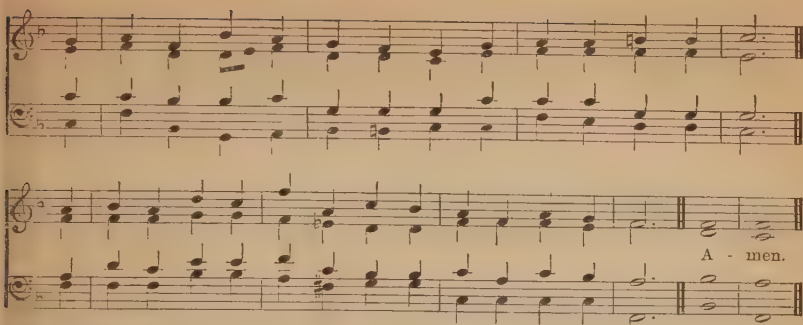


Blendon, [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.D.

C. E. KETTLE.





106 *Miracles . . . which God did by Him
in the midst of you.—Acts ii. 22.*

f 1 **O** WHERE is He that trod the sea?

O where is He that spake,—
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break?
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.

2 O where is He that trod the sea?

O where is He that spake,—
And piercing words of liberty
The deaf ears open shake?
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire;
And strong ones heal the weak, who
waste
Their life in sad desire.

mf 3 O where is He that trod the sea?

O where is He that spake,—
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take?
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, 'Tis He can save!

4 O where is He that trod the sea?

'Tis only He can save:
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave:
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when He blest the
bread,

cr And harvest when He brake.

f 5 O where is He that trod the sea?

p My soul, the Lord is here!
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
And leap, and look, and hear:

cr Thine utmost needs He'll satisfy;
Art thou diseased or dumb,
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?—
'I come,' saith Christ, 'I come!'
T. T. Lynch.

107 *Without Me ye can do nothing.—
JOHN xv. 5.*

p 1 **T**HE Galilean fishers toil

All night, and nothing take;
f But Jesus comes,—a wondrous spoil
Is lifted from the lake.

mf Lord, when our labours are in vain,
And vain the help of men,
When fruitless is our care and pain,
Come, blessed Jesus, then!

f 2 The night is dark, the surges fill

The bark, the wild winds roar;
p But Jesus comes; and all is still,—
The ship is at the shore.

mf O Lord, when storms around us howl,
And all is dark and drear,
In all the tempests of the soul,
O blessed Jesus, hear!

3 A frail one, thrice denying Thee,
Saw mercy in Thine eyes;
The penitent upon the tree
Was borne to paradise.

p In hours of sin and deep distress,
O show us, Lord, Thy face;
In penitential loneliness,
O give us, Jesus, grace!

4 The faithful few retire in fear

To their closed upper room,
cr But suddenly, with joyful cheer,
They see their Master come.

mf Lord, come to us, unloose our bands,
And bid our terrors cease;
Lift over us Thy blessed hands,
Speak, holy Jesus, peace.

C. Wordsworth.

GOD THE SON.

Euroclydon, [FIRST TUNE.]

6.4., eight lines.

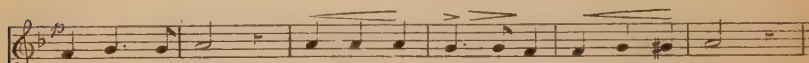
G. W. TORRANCE.

Moderato.

UNISON. *Briskly.*



- f* 1. Fierce was the wild bil - low,
p 2. Ridge of . . the mountain wave,
 3. Je - su, . . De - liv - er - er,



Dark was the night, Oars la-bour'd hea - vi - ly, Foam glimmer'd white.
 Low - er thy crest; Wail of Eu - roc - ly - don, Be thou at rest;
 Come Thou to me; Soothe Thou my voy - ag - ing O - ver life's sea;



Trem - bled the ma - ri - ners, Pe - ril was high; Then said the
 Sor - row can nev - er be, Dark - ness must fly, Where saith the
 Thou, when the storm of death Roars, sweep - ing by, Whis - per, O



Adagio.
Peace!

God of God,
Light of Light,
Truth of Truth,

'Peace, it is I! . . . peace, it is I!' A - men.

pp

Adagio.

pp

Tempest. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.4., eight lines. F. HUXTABLE.

A - men.

108 *Peace, be still . . . and there was a great calm.—MARK iv. 39.*

<i>f</i> 1 FIERCE was the wild billow, Dark was the night, Oars laboured heavily, Foam glimmered white. Trembled the mariners, Peril was high; Then said the God of God, <i>pp</i> 'Peace, it is I!'	<i>p</i> 2 Ridge of the mountain wave, Lower thy crest; Wail of Euroclydon, Be thou at rest; Sorrow can never be, Darkness must fly, Where saith the Light of Light, <i>pp</i> 'Peace, it is I!'
3 Jesu, Deliverer, Come Thou to me; Soothe Thou my voyaging Over life's sea; Thou, when the storm of death Roars, sweeping by, Whisper, O Truth of Truth, <i>pp</i> 'Peace, it is I!'	

Anatolius, tr. J M. Neale.

GOD THE SON.

Allwright, [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.

Clinton, [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

109

Peace, be still.—MARK iv. 39.

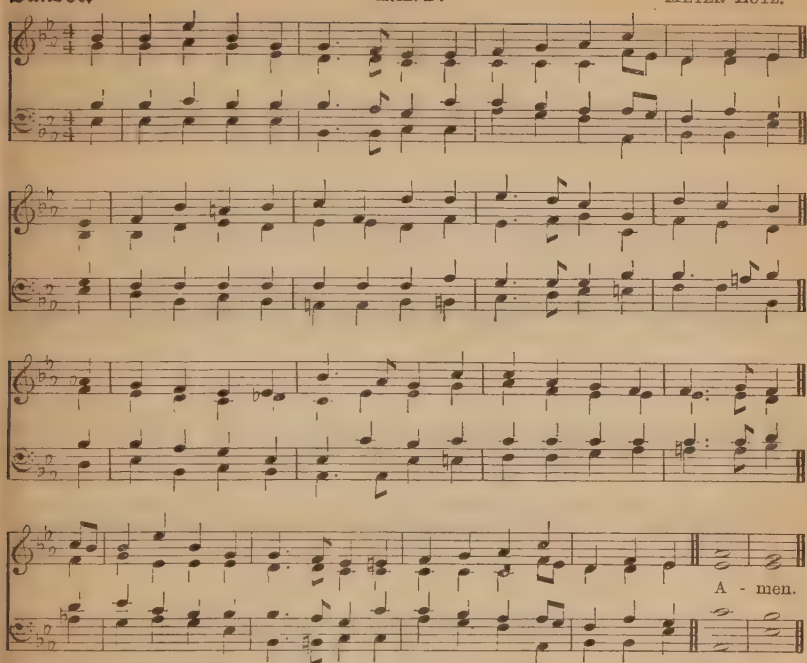
- f* 1 **F**EAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed ;
- mf* 2 And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill :
- f* But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea—' Be still.'
- p* 3 And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast :
- dim* They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep
When sultry day is past.
- mf* 4 O Thou, that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,
Send Thy meek spirit forth in power,
Soft on our souls to brood.
- 5 Thou, that didst bow the billows' pride,
Thy mandate to fulfil,
O speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, 'Peace be still.'

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

Sunset.

L. M. D.

MEYER LUTZ.



110

Master, it is good for us to be here.—MARK ix. 5.

- 1 O MASTER, it is good to be
 High on the mountain here with Thee,
 Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
 Those glorious saints of other days ;—
 Who once received on Horeb's height
 The eternal laws of truth and right,
 Or caught the still, small whisper, higher
 Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.
- 2 O Master, it is good to be
 With Thee, and with Thy faithful three ;—
 Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
 Is nerved against temptation's shock ;
 Here, where the son of thunder learns
 The thought that breathes, the word that
 burns ;
 Here, where on eagles' wings we move
 With Him whose last best creed is Love.
- 3 O Master, it is good to be
 Entranced, enwrapped, alone with Thee,
 And watch Thy glistening raiment glow
 Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,

The human lineaments that shine
 Irradiant with a light divine,
 Till we too change from grace to grace,
 Gazing on that transfigured face.

- 4 Lord, it is good for us to be
 In life's worst anguish close to Thee,
 Within the overshadowing cloud
 Which wraps us in its awful shroud :
 We wist not what to think or say,
 Our spirits sink in sore dismay ;
 They tell us of the dread 'decease' :
 But yet to linger here is peace.

- 5 O Master, it is good to be
 Here on the Holy Mount with Thee ;
 When darkling in the depths of night,
 When dazzled with excess of light,
 We bow before the heavenly Voice
 That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
 Though love wax cold and faith be dim ;—
 'This is My Son ! O hear ye Him !'

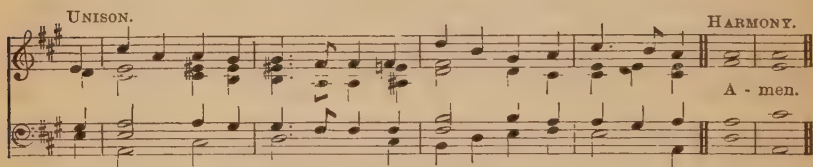
* A. P. Stanley.

GOD THE SON.

St. Mark.

8s., six lines.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



111

Blessed are they that have not seen.—JOHN xx. 29.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>p</i> 1 WE saw Thee not when Thou didst
come
To this poor world of sin and death ;
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home,
In that despised Nazareth ;
<i>f</i> But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 We saw Thee not upon the wave,
When Thou the stormy sea didst bind,
Nor marked the health Thy blessing gave
To lame and sick, to deaf and blind ;
<i>f</i> But we believe the Fount of light
Could give the darkened eyeball sight.</p> <p><i>p</i> 3 We were not with the faithful few
Who stood Thy bitter cross around,
Nor heard Thy prayer for them that slew,
Nor felt the earthquake rock the
ground ;
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side ;
<i>f</i> But we believe that Thou hast died.</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 4 We stood not by the empty tomb,
Where late Thy sacred body lay ;
<i>cr</i> Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way ;
<i>f</i> But we believe that angels said,
' Why seek the living with the dead ? '</p> <p>5 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds
ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
<i>dim</i> Then to the earth all prostrate bend ;
<i>f</i> Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld Thee rising to the skies.</p> <p>6 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness ;
<i>f</i> But we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and
prayer.</p> |
|---|---|

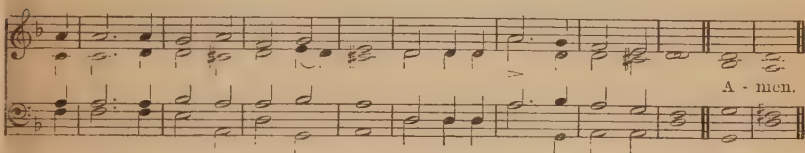
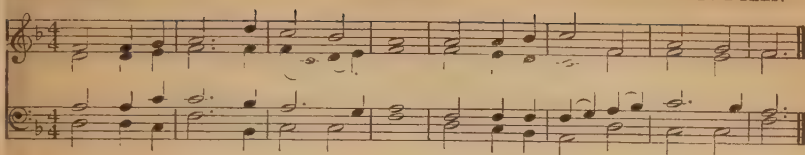
J. Hampden Gurney.

HIS DEATH.

St. Cross,

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



(4) HIS DEATH.

(See also Section VIII. (3), 'The Lord's Supper.')

112

All the people that came together to that sight . . . smote their breasts and returned.—LUKE xxiii. 48.

p 1 O COME and mourn with me awhile ;
See, Jesus calls us to His side :

O come, together let us mourn :

pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?

Ah ! look how patiently He hangs :

pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love ;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men :

pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 Come, let us stand beneath the cross ;
The fountain opened in His side
Shall purge our deepest stains away :

pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart love's offering is :

pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

f p 6 O love of God ! O sin of man !
In this dread act your strength is tried,

cr And victory remains with love,

dim For He, our Lord, is crucified.

F. W. Faber (alt.).

GOD THE SON.

Rockingham. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

E. MILLER.

When I survey. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. BARNBY.

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113

The blood of His cross.—COL. i. 20.

mf 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

p 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

f 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
cr Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

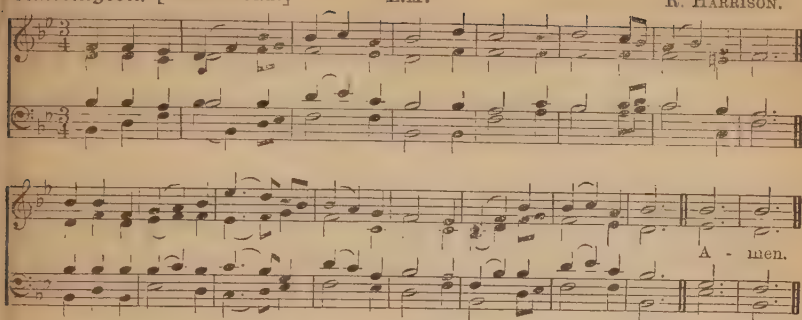
I. Watts,

HIS DEATH.

Warrington. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

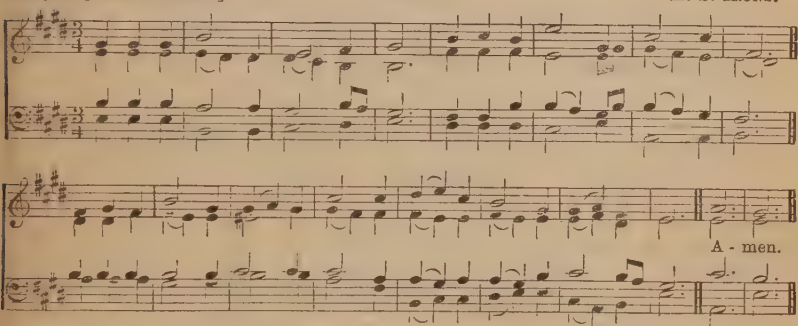
R. HARRISON.



Hope. [FOURTH TUNE.]

L.M.

H. S. IRONS.



114 The preaching of the cross.—1 COR. I. 18.

f 1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, 'God is love:'
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes the terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

T. Kelly.

115 Having made peace through the blood of His cross.—COL. I 20.

mf 1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of His hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
With precious blood, in crimson lines.

3 Here His whole Name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.

4 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where Christ my Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleedingside.

cr 5 I would for ever speak His name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
f With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

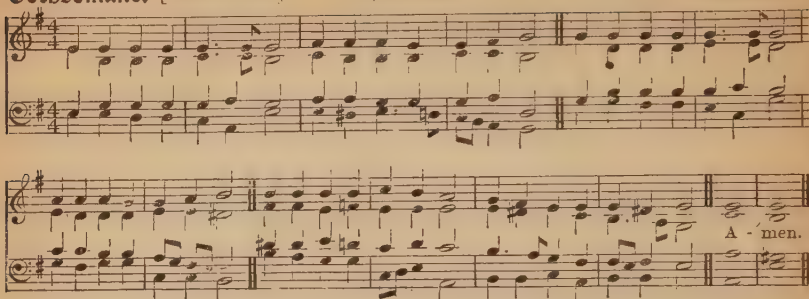
I. Watts,

GOD THE SON.

Gethsemane. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

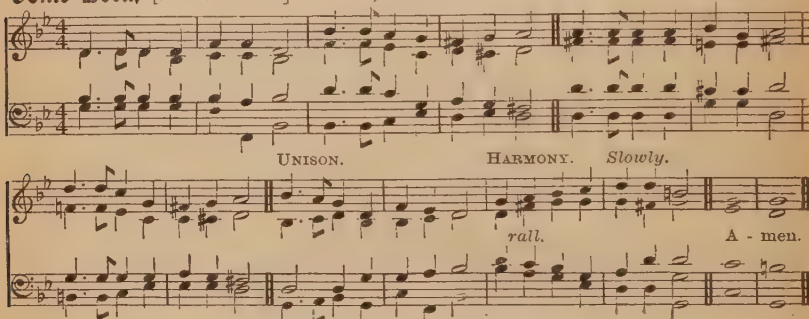
F. A. G. OUSELEY.



Venit Hora, [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

J. STAINER.



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116 *Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.*—PHIL. ii. 5.

- p* 1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
See the Lord of life arraigned:
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete!
'It is finished!' hear Him cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken Him away?
- f* Christ is risen; He seeks the skies:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery.

117 *My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*—MATT. xxvii. 46.

- p* 1 **T**HROWN upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee:
Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone.
- 2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.
- 3 Hark! that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—can it be?—
'Why hast Thou forsaken Me?'
- 4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry,
In the gloom to know Thee nigh!

J. Ellerton.

HIS DEATH.

St. Mary. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

PLAYFORD'S Psalter.



Southwold. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



118 *He hath made Him to be sin for us,
who knew no sin.—2 COR. v. 21.*

p 1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?

And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For sinners such as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, His creature's, sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears:
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
O Lord, I give myself away!
'Tis all that I can do.

I. Watts.

119 *A fountain opened . . . for sin and for
uncleanness.—ZECH. xiii. 1.*

1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

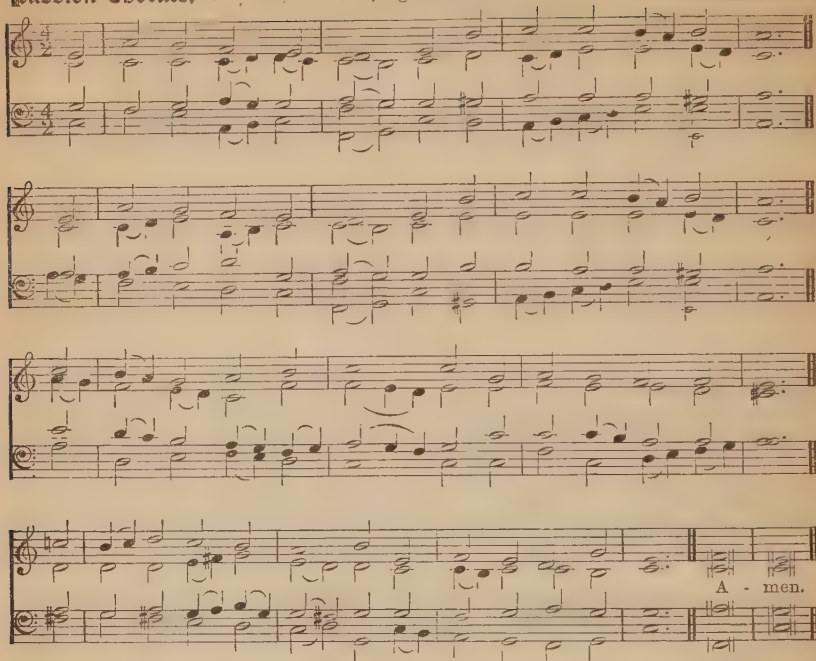
W. Cowper.

GOD THE SON.

Passion Chorale.

7.6., eight lines.

H. L. HASSLER.



120

And platted a crown of thorns and put it about His head.—MARK XV. 17.

- p* 1 **O** SACRED Head ! now wounded,
 With grief and shame bowed down,
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, Thy only crown !
 How pale art Thou with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn !
 How does that visage languish,
 Which once was bright as morn !
- 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
 Was all for sinners' gain :
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain :
 Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour ;
 'Tis I deserve Thy place ;
 Look on me with Thy favour,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end ?

O make me Thine for ever ;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love to Thee !

- 4 And when I am departing,
 Then part not Thou from me ;
 When mortal pangs are darting,
 Come, Lord, and set me free !
 And when my heart must languish
 Amidst the final throes,
 Release me from mine anguish
 By Thine own pain and woe !
- 5 Be near me when I'm dying,
 O show Thy cross to me ;
 And, for my succour flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free !
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move ;
 For he, who dies believing,
 Dies safely through Thy love.

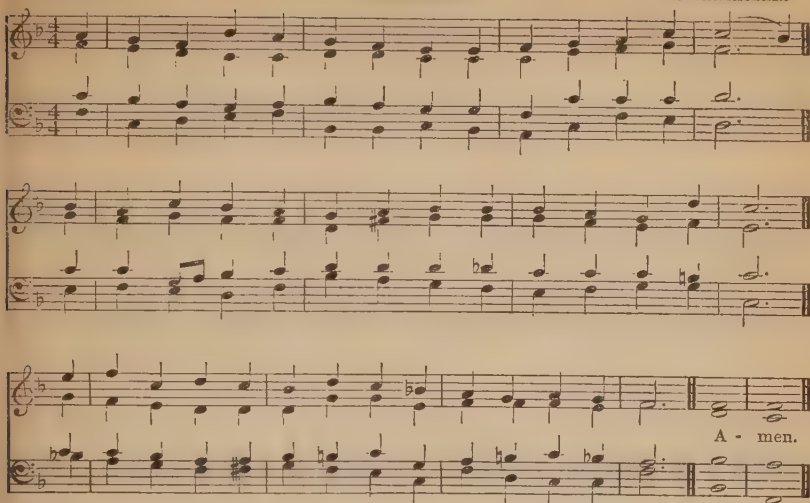
Bernard of Clairvaux ; P. Gerhardt ; tr. J. W. Alexander.

HIS DEATH.

St. Silas.

8.6., six lines.

J. LANCASTER.



121

Reconciled to God by the death of His Son.—ROM. v. 10.

p 1 O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head !
 Our load was laid on Thee ;
 Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
 Bearing all ill for me :
 A Victim led, Thy blood was shed ;
mf Now there's no load for me.

p 2 Death and the curse were in our cup ;
 O Christ, 'twas full for Thee !
 But Thou hast drained the last dark drop ;
 'Tis empty now for me :
 That bitter cup—love drank it up ;
mf Now blessing's draught for me !

p 3 The Holy One did hide His face ;
 O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee !
 Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
 The darkness due to me :
mf But now that face of radiant grace
 Shines forth in light on me.

p 4 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
 And I have died in Thee ;
cr Thou'rt risen ; my bands are all untied,
 And now Thou liv'st in me.
 When purified, made white, and tried,
f Thy glory then for me !

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin.

GOD THE SON.

Wareham. [FIRST TUNE.]

5.5.11 : 5.5.11.

W. KNAPP.

Moriab. [SECOND TUNE.]

5.5.11 : 5.5.11.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

122

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?—LAM. i. 12.

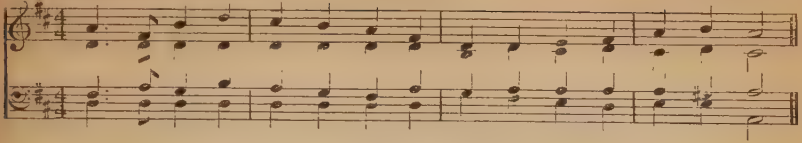
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh ;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.</p> | <p>3 For you and for me
He prayed on the tree :
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
The sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.</p> |
| <p>2 He dies to atone
For sins not His own,
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He
hath done :
Ye all may receive
The peace He did leave,
Who made intercession, ' My Father,
forgive.'</p> | <p>4 His death is my plea ;
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answered
for me :
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace ;
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in my
place !</p> |

C. Wesley.

St. Oswald. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

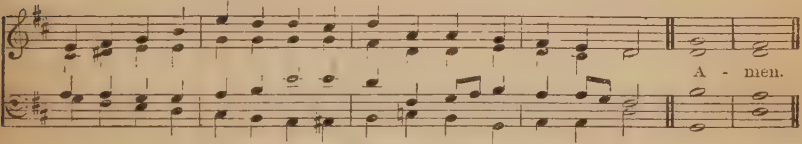
J. B. DYKES.



All for Jesus. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

123 *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—GAL. vi. 14.*

f 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

p 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
cr Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

f 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

J. Bowring.

GOD THE SON.

Martyrdom.

C.M.

HUGH WILSON.

124

Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.—HEB. vii. 21.

mf 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of Thee;
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

f 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the ransomed throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

J. Cennick.

St. Bride.

S.M.

S. HOWARD.

125

He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.—HEB. x. 14.

p 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain:

mf 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our guilt away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

cr 4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove,
f We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

I. Watts.

Trentbam. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

R. JACKSON.



Springfield. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

A. G. LEIGH.



126

It is finished.—JOHN xix. 30.

p 1 O PERFECT life of love !
All, all is finished now,—
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed ;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share,
But He has felt its smart ;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

5 In perfect love He dies ;
For me He dies, for me !
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne.
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought ;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

H. W. Baker.

GOD THE SON.

Elvey. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.6.10: 6.6.10.

G. J. ELVEY.

Crosthwaite, [SECOND TUNE.]

6.6.10: 6.6.10.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

127

He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death.—PHIL. ii. 8.

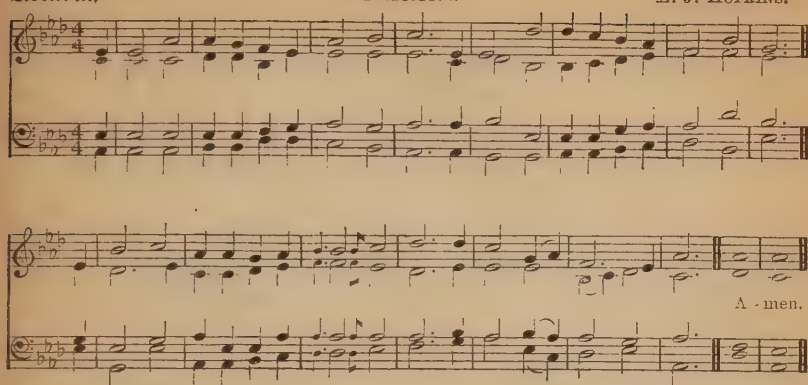
- p* 1 **T**HOU who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality ;
- cr* Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to Thy home on high.
- p* 2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, Thou didst tread ;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?
- 3 O Thou, who art our Life,
Be with us through the strife ;
Thine own meek head by rudest storms was bowed :
- cr* Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.
- mf* 4 E'en through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
- f* Our spirits shall not dread,
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Miles.

Artavia,

10.10.10.6.

E. J. HOPKINS.



128

The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 Cor. v. 14.

1.

AND didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee?
 And didst Thou take to heaven a human brow?
 Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea?
 Art Thou his kinsman now?

2.

O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough!
 O Man, with eyes majestic after death,
 Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
 Whose lips drawn human breath!

3.

By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
 By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
 By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine,
 To draw us sinners in;

4.

By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
 By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
 By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
 I pray Thee, visit me.

5.

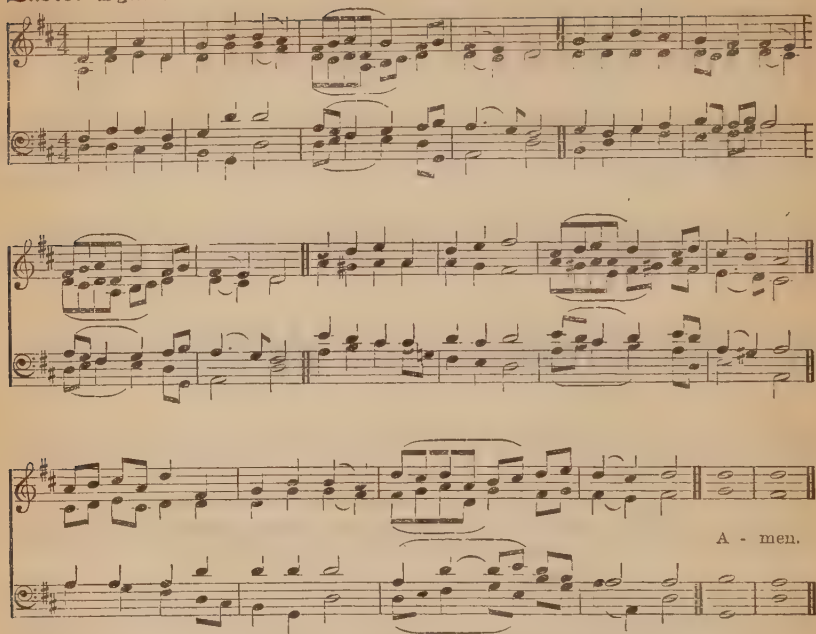
Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
 Die ere the Guest adored she entertain—
 Lest eyes that never saw Thine earthly day
 Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

Jean Ingelow,

Easter Hymn.

7.4., eight lines.

H. CAREY.



(5) HIS RESURRECTION.

129

The Lord is risen indeed.—LUKE xxiv. 34.

f 1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Hallelujah !
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah !
Who did once upon the cross
Hallelujah !
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah !

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Hallelujah !
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Hallelujah !
Who endured the cross and grave,
Hallelujah !
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah !

3 But the pain which He endured
Hallelujah !
Our salvation hath procured ;
Hallelujah !
Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah !
Where the angels ever sing,
Hallelujah !

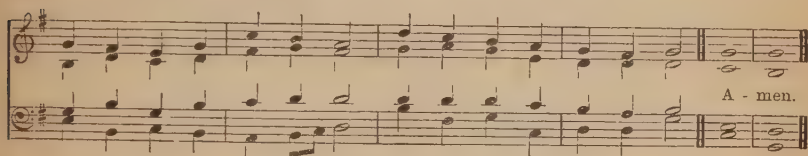
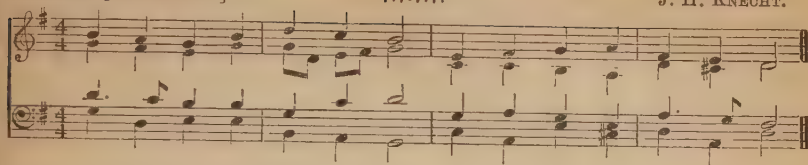
From the Latin of XV. century.

HIS RESURRECTION.

Vienna. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

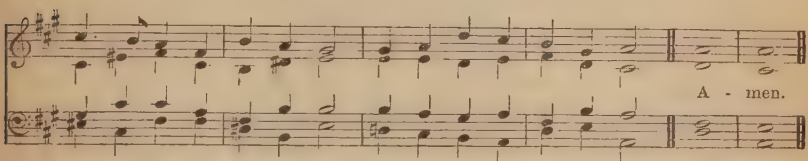
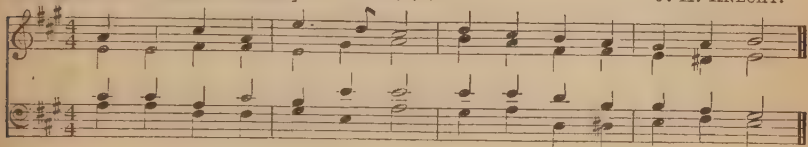
J. H. KNECHT.



St. Mildred. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

J. H. KNECHT.



130

Now is Christ risen from the dead.—1 COR. xv. 20.

f 1 'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day !'

Sons of men and angels say :
Raise your joy and triumph high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids His rise ;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King :
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where thy victory, O grave ?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 King of glory ! Soul of bliss !
Everlasting life is this :
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

C. Wesley.

GOD THE SON.

Deerhurst. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7., eight lines.

J. LANGRAN.



Sursum Voces. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7., eight lines.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.





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The first fruits of them that slept.—1 COR. xv. 20.

f 1 **H**ALLELUJAH! hallelujah!
 Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
 Sing to God a hymn of praise;
 He who, on the cross a victim,
 For the world's salvation bled,
 Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
 Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
 Of the holy harvest-field,
 Which will all its full abundance
 At His second coming yield;
 Then the golden ears of harvest
 Will their heads before Him wave,
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine
 From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen, we are risen;
 Shed upon us heavenly grace,
 Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
 From the brightness of Thy face;
 That we, with our hearts in heaven,
 Here on earth may fruitful be,
 And by angel hands be gathered,
 And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

4 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Glory be to God on high;
 Hallelujah to the Saviour,
 Who has gained the victory;
 Hallelujah to the Spirit,
 Fount of love and sanctity;
 Hallelujah! hallelujah
 To the Triune Majesty!

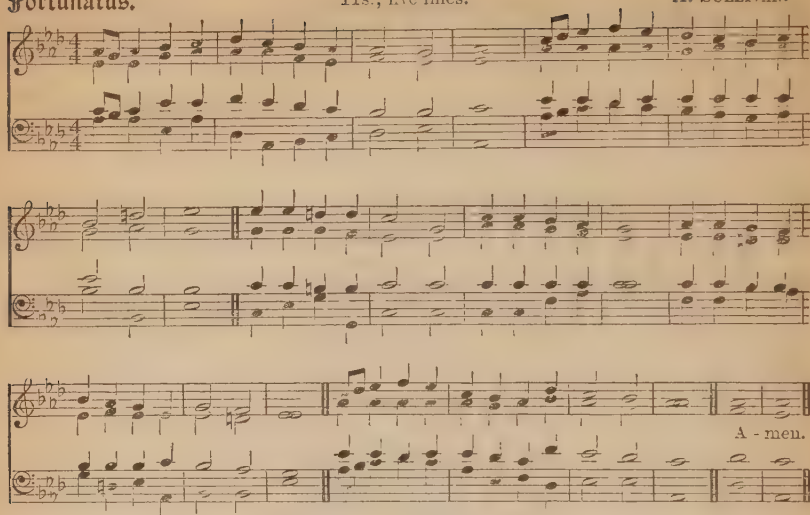
C. Wordsworth.

GOD THE SON.

Fortunatus.

11s., five lines.

A. SULLIVAN.



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132

Very early in the morning, the first day of the week.—MARK XVI. 2.

f 1 'WELCOME, happy morning!' age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.
'Welcome, happy morning!' age to age shall say.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts restored with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
'Welcome, happy morning!' age to age shall say.

4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

p 5 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show:
cr Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning! Rise, O buried Lord!
f 'Welcome, happy morning!' age to age shall say.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again,
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

Venantius Fortunatus, tr. J. Ellerton.

Morgenlied.

8.7., twelve lines.

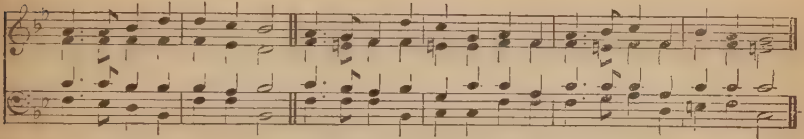
F. C. MAKER.

UNISON.

HARMONY.

UNISON.

HARMONY.



133

He is not here, for He is risen, as He said.—MATT. xxviii. 6.

f 1 CHRIST is risen ! hallelujah !
Risen our victorious Head ;
Sing His praises ; hallelujah !
Christ is risen from the dead.
Gratetully our hearts adore Him,
As His light once more appears ;
Bowing down in joy before Him,
Rising up from griefs and tears.
Christ is risen ! hallelujah !
Risen our victorious Head ;
Sing His praises ; hallelujah !
Christ is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen ! all the sadness
Of His earthly life is o'er ;
Through the open gates of gladness
He returns to life once more ;
Death and hell before Him bending,
He doth rise the Victor now,
Angels on His steps attending,
Glory round His wounded brow.
Christ is risen ! hallelujah !
Risen our victorious Head ;
Sing His praises ; hallelujah !
Christ is risen from the dead.

3 Christ is risen ! henceforth never
Death nor hell shall us enthrall ;
We are Christ's, in Him for ever
We have triumphed over all ;
All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
'Tis His day of resurrection ;
Let us rise and keep the feast.
Christ is risen ! hallelujah !
Risen our victorious Head ;
Sing His praises ; hallelujah !
Christ is risen from the dead.

J. S. B. Monsell.

GOD THE SON.

Wattford.

9.6., eight lines.

German.

134

Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again.—ROM. viii. 34.

mf 1 **O** SHOW me not my Saviour dying,
 As on the cross He bled ;
 Nor in the tomb a captive lying,
cr For He has left the dead :
 Then bid me not that form extended
 For my Redeemer own,
f Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
 In glory fills the throne.

mf 2 Weep not for Him at Calvary's station ;
p Weep only for thy sins :
cr View where He lay with exultation ;
 'Tis there our hope begins :
 Yet stay not there, thy sorrow feeding,
 Amid the scenes He trod ;
cr Look up, and see Him interceding
 At the right hand of God.

mf 3 Still in the shameful cross I glory,
 Where His dear blood was spilt ;
 For there the great Propitiatory
 Abolished all my guilt :
 Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
 Shall strength and succour give ?
cr He lives, the Captain of Salvation ;
 Therefore His servants live.

mf 4 By death He death's dark king defeated,
 And overcame the grave ;
cr Rising, the triumph He completed ;
 He lives, He reigns to save :
f Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him ;
 He comes, the Judge of men ;
 These eyes shall see Him and adore Him ;
 Lord Jesus, own me then !

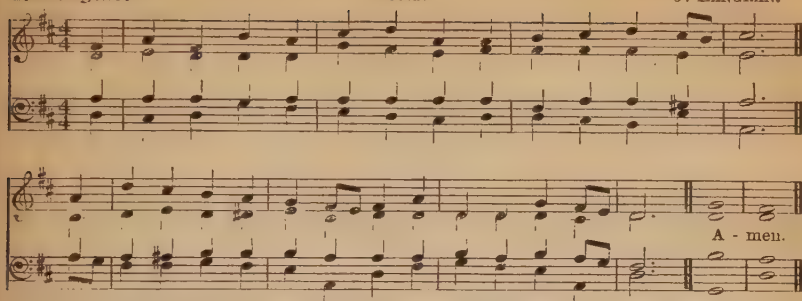
Josiah Conder.

HIS RESURRECTION.

Ravenglas.

C.M.

J. LANGRAN.



A - men.

135 And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God.—JOHN XX. 28.

p 1 **O** THOU who didst, with love untold,
Thy doubting servant chide,
And had'st the eye of sense behold
Thy wounded hands and side;

2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe
To own Thee God and Lord,
And from His hour of darkness draw
A fuller faith's reward.

3 And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
O let us only lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear;

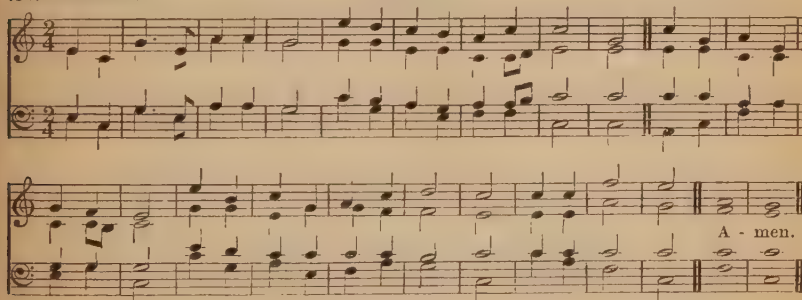
4 And pray that we may never dare
Thy Spirit so to grieve;
But at the last their blessing share
Who see not, yet believe.

Mrs. Emma L. Toke.

St. Albínus.

78.78.4.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



A - men.

136 Behold I am alive for evermore.—REV. I. 18.

f 1 **J**ESUS lives! thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Hallelujah!

dim 2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah!

mf 3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,

Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Hallelujah!

f 4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well,
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Hallelujah!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Hallelujah!

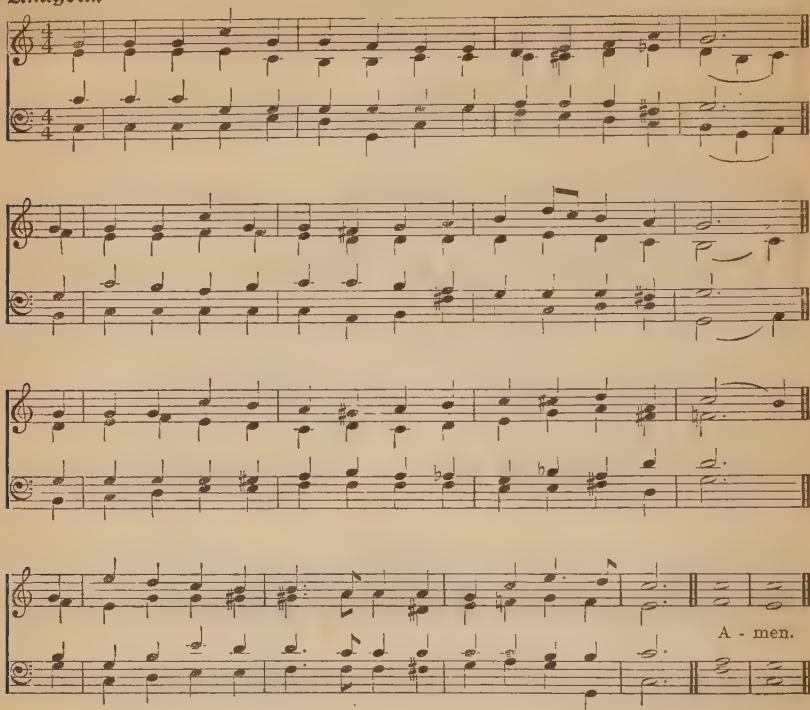
Christian F. Gellert, tr. by F. E. Cox.

GOD THE SON.

Anagola.

C.M. D.

T. H. H. CROSSLEY.



137

That I may know . . . the power of His resurrection.—PHIL. iii. 10.

mf 1 **D**EAR Saviour of a dying world,
Where grief and change must be,
In the new grave where Thou wast laid
My heart lies down with Thee :
O not in cold despair of joy,
Or weariness of pain,
cr But in the hope, that shall not die,
To rise and live again.

f 2 I would arise in all Thy strength
My place on earth to fill ;
To work out all my time of war
With love's unflinching will ;
Firm against every doubt of Thee
For all my future way :
To walk in heaven's eternal light
Throughout the changing day.

mf 3 And then, there shall be yet an end ;
An end how full to bless !
How dear to those who watch for Thee
With human tenderness !

Then shall the saying come to pass
That makes our hope complete :
And, rising from the conquered grave,
Thy parted ones shall meet.

4 Yes, they shall meet, and face to face,
By heart to heart be known,
Clothed with Thy likeness, Lord of Life,
And perfect in their own :
For this corruptible must rise,
From its corruption free,
And this frail mortal must put on
Thine immortality.

f 5 Shine then, Thou resurrection Light,
Upon our sorrows shine ;
The fulness of Thy joy be ours,
As all our griefs were Thine :
Now in this changing, dying life,
Our faded hopes restore,
Till, in Thy triumph perfected,
We taste of death no more.

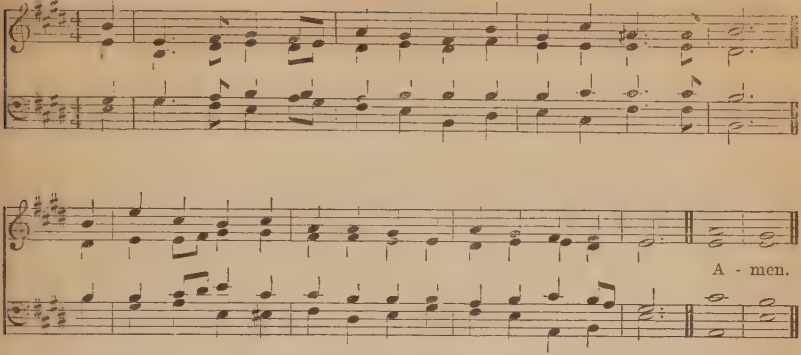
Anna L. Waring.

HIS ASCENSION AND EXALTATION.

St. Bernard. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

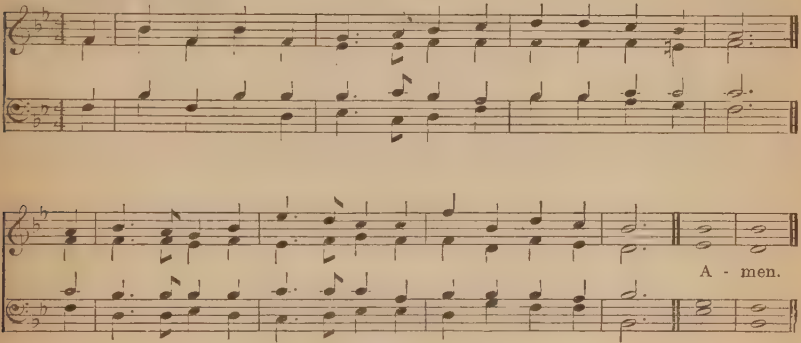
W. RICHARDSON.



Brent. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

S. WEEKES.



(6) HIS ASCENSION AND EXALTATION.

138

I go to prepare a place for you.—JOHN xiv. 2.

- f* 1 THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.
- 3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,

A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

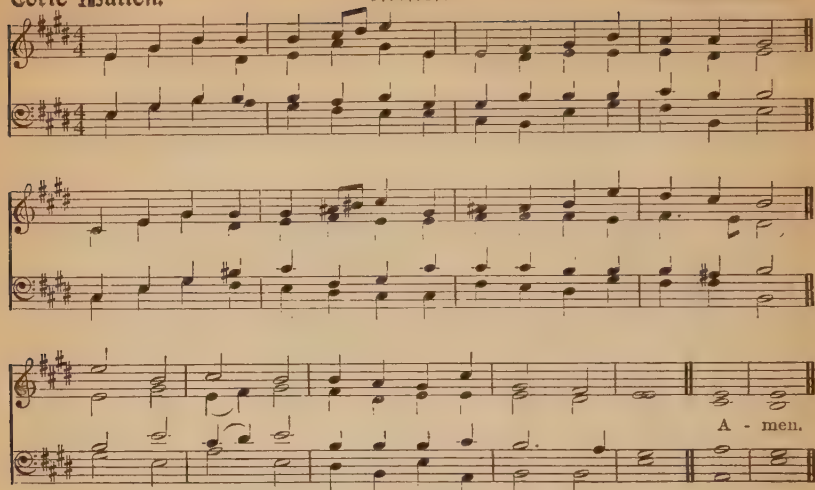
- 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds ;
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven.
- 5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be :
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Corfe Bullen.

87.87.47.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



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139

We see Jesus . . . crowned with glory.—HEB. ii. 9.

f 1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now
From the fight returned victorious !
Every knee to Him shall bow :
Crown Him, crown Him ;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him !
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings :
Crown Him, crown Him ;
Crown the Saviour King of kings !

mf 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
f Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name :
Crown Him, crown Him ;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame !

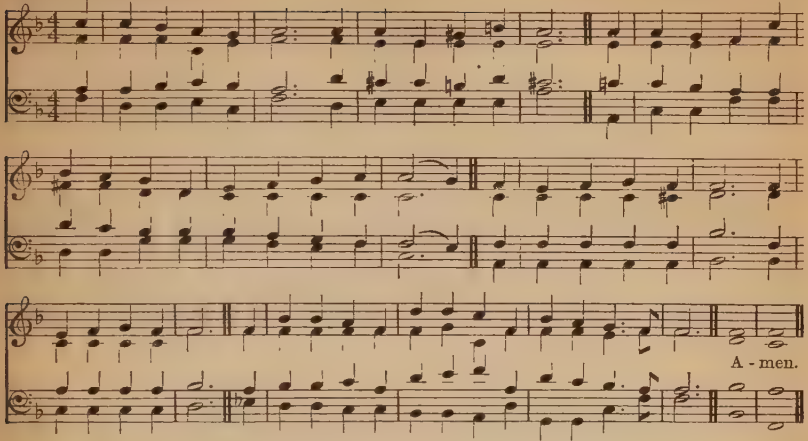
ff 4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station :
O, what joy the sight affords !
Crown Him, crown Him
King of kings, and Lord of lords !

T. Kelly.

Canice. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M. D.

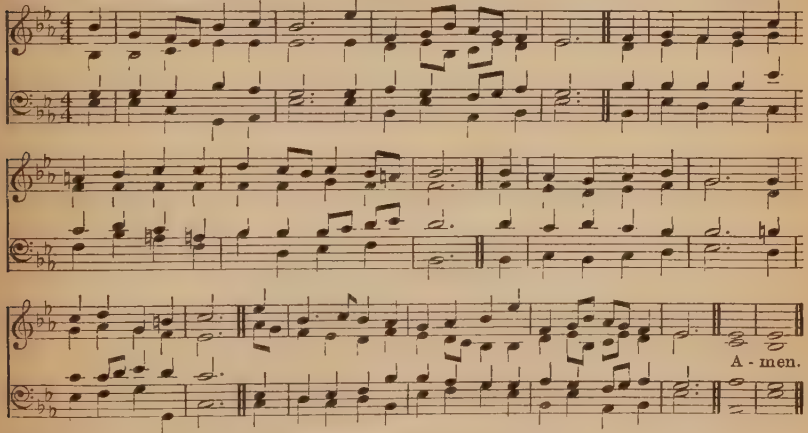
F. W. HOGAN.



Bach. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M. D.

German.



140

Ascended up far above all heavens.—EPH. iv. 10.

f 1 **T**HOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise ;
p But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed :
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

f 2 Thou art gone up on high ;
p But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown :

And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

f 3 Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
mf O by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high !

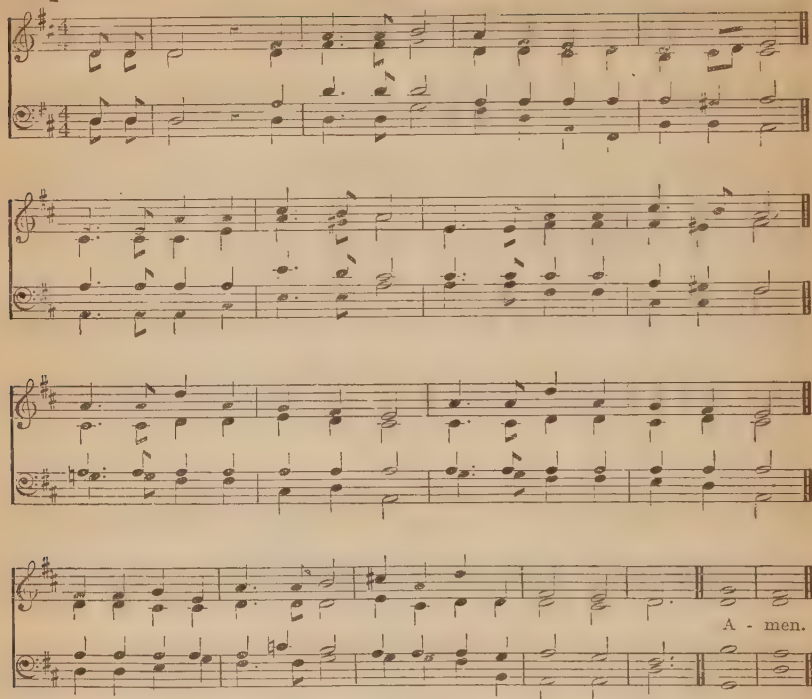
Mrs. Emma L. Toke.

GOD THE SON.

St. Patrick.

7s., eight lines.

A. SULLIVAN.



141 *This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner.—ACTS i. 11.*

1 CHRIST is gone—A cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight,
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken ;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone—Toward their goal
World and Church must onward roll :
Far behind we leave the past ;
Forward are our glances cast ;
Still His words before us range
Through the ages as they change :
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone—But we once more
Shall behold Him as before ;
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us He will prepare :
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

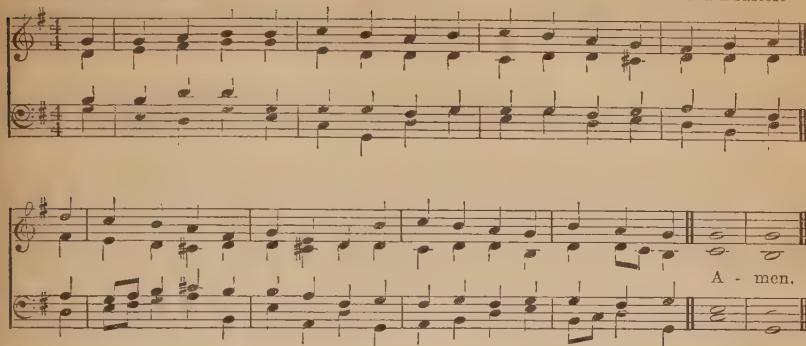
4 He is gone—But not in vain,
Wait until He comes again :
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere :
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find :
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

A. P. Stanley.

Commandments.

L.M.

Geneva Psalter.



His Priesthood and Intercession.

142

Having an high priest over the house of God.—HEB. x. 21.

1 **W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce.

GOD THE SON.

Allwright. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.

St. Stephen. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

W. JONES.

143 *The names of the children of Israel
in the breast-plate.—Ex. xxviii. 29.*

- 1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above ;
And celebrate His constant care,
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crowned,
- 3 The names of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart ;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

P. Doddridge.

144 *A bruised reed shall He not break.
—MATT. xii. 20.*

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
It overflows with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears ;
And, in His measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

I. Watts.

Barton.

7.6., eight lines.

E. H. THORNE.

A - men.

* Small notes required in verse 1.

145

He . . . hath an unchangeable priesthood.—HEB. vii. 24.

p 1 O JESUS, Lord most merciful,
Low at Thy cross I lie;
O sinners' Friend, most pitiful,
Hear my bewailing cry.
I come to Thee with mourning,
I come to Thee in woe,
With contrite heart returning,
And tears that overflow.

2 O gracious Intercessor,
O Priest within the veil,
Plead, for a lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
I spread my sins before Thee;
I tell them one by one;—
O, for Thy name's great glory,
Forgive all I have done.

3 O, by Thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary,
pp By all that untold suffering
Endured by Thee alone,
cr O Priest, O spotless Offering,
Plead, for Thou didst atone.

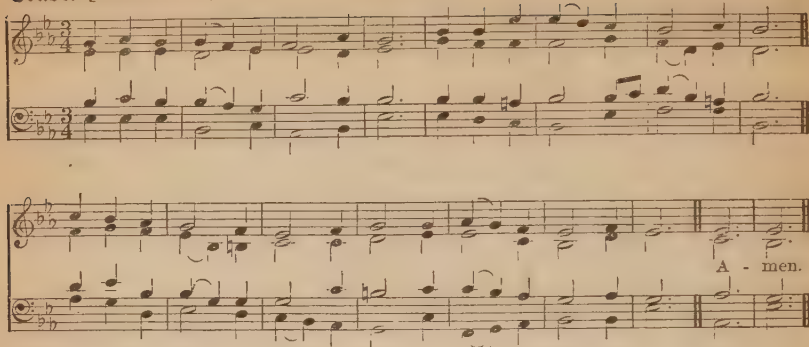
mp 4 And in this heart now broken
Re-enter Thou and reign;
And say, by that dear token,
I am absolved again;
cr And build me up, and guide me,
And guard me day by day;
And in Thy presence hide me,
And keep my soul alway.

J. Hamilton.

Trust. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.6.

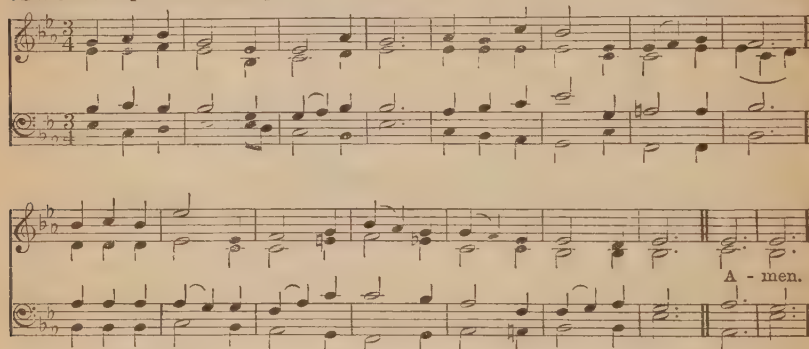
G. W. TORRANCE.



Ewburst. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.6.

J. A. CAPERN.



146

He ever liveth to make intercession.—HEB. vii. 25.

1.
p O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who, loving, lovest to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2.
When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3.
When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4.
When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

5.
dim And when my dying hours draw near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6.
cr When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say, Thou hast washed them all away;
Dear Saviour, plead for me.

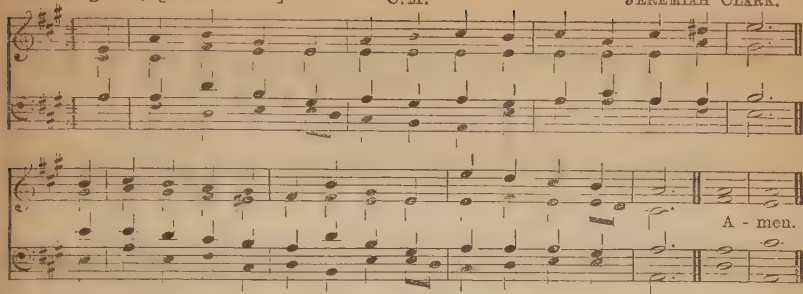
Charlotte Elliott,

JESUS THE KING.

St. Magnus. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

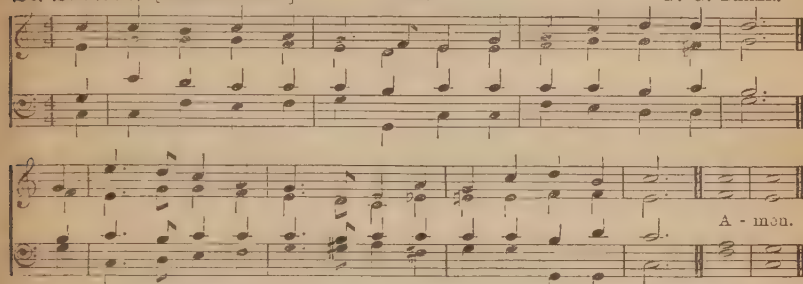
JEREMIAH CLARK.



St. Saviour. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

F. G. BAKER.



Jesus the King.

(See also Section VIII. (5), 'The Kingdom of Christ on Earth.')

147 *If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.—2 Tim. ii. 12.*

- f* 1 **T**HE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now :
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right :
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in perfect light.
- mf* 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given :
cr Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
- p* 5 They suffer with their Lord below ;
cr They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly.

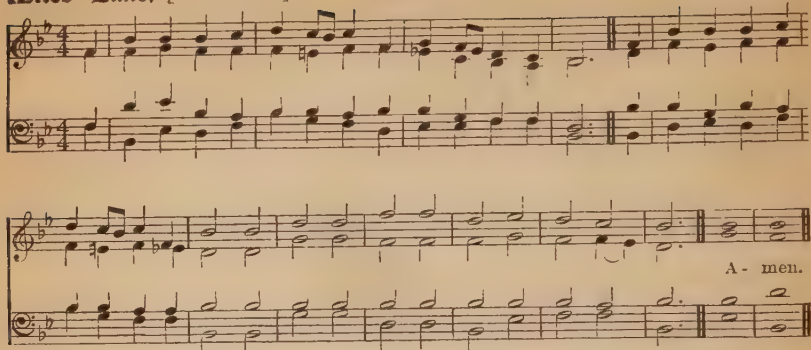
148 *King of kings, and Lord of lords.—*
REV. xix. 16.

- 1 **O** JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found !
- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine ;
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire :
- 4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore ;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.
- 6 Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
Illumine the soul's abyss ;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.
- Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Caswall,*

Miles' Lane. [FIRST TUNE.]

C M.

SHRUBSOLE.

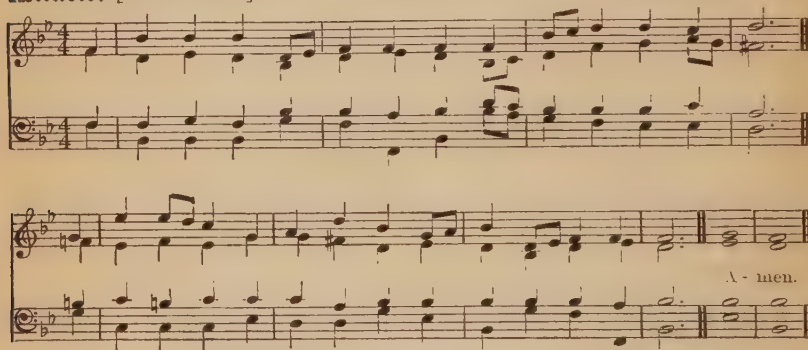


A - men.

Mirfield. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



A - men.

149

He is Lord of lords, and King of kings.—REV. xvii. 14.

f 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !

Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,

Who from His altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,

A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget

The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

ff 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,

On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng

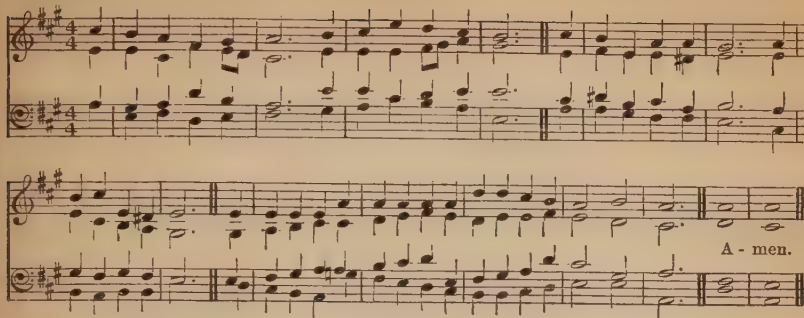
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

E. Perronet.

St. Godric. [FIRST TUNE.]

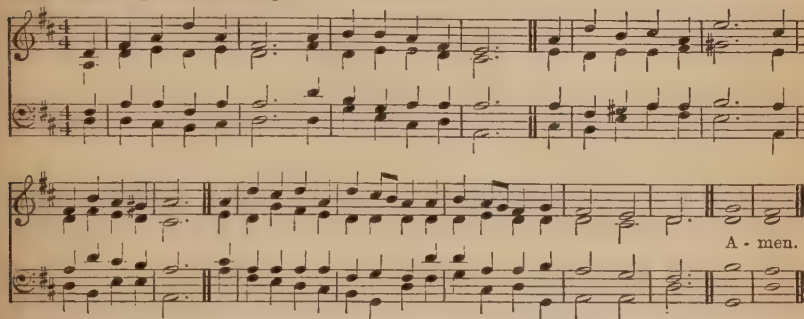
66.66.88.

J. B. DYKES.



Old 148th. [SECOND TUNE.]

66.66.88.



150

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Ps. cxlix. 2.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>f 1 REJOICE! the Lord is King:
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.</p> <p>2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.</p> <p>3 Rejoice in glorious hope:
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!</p> | <p>3 His kingdom cannot fail:
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.</p> <p>4 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.</p> |
|---|--|

C. Wesley.

GOD THE SON.

Diademata. [FIRST TUNE.]

S. M. D.

G. J. ELVEY.

151

On His head were many crowns.—REV. xix. 12.

f 1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne ;
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own :
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy chosen King
Through all eternity.

mf 2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began ;
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man,
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes, and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

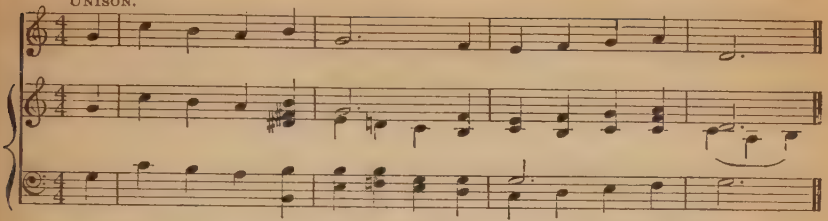
JESUS THE KING.

St. Ismael. [SECOND TUNE.]

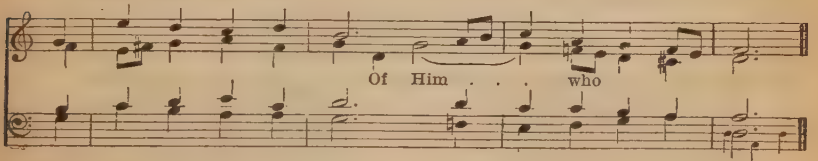
S.M. D.

CHARLES VINCENT.

UNISON.



HARMONY.



f 3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife,
For those He came to save:
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above ;
Crown Him the King to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love :
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall ;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all !

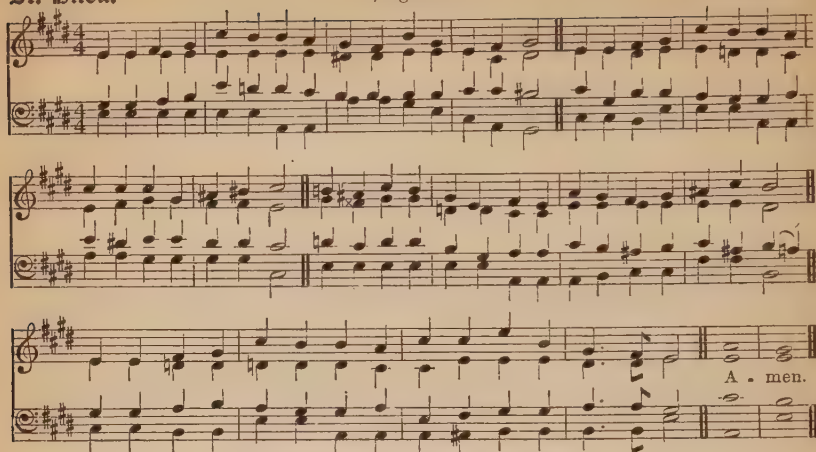
Matthew Bridges and G. Thring.

GOD THE SON.

St. Hilda.

8.7., eight lines.

J. BARNBY.



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152

Hail, King of the Jews!—MARK XV. 18.

mf 1 **H**AIL, Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail, Thou agonising Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Man is reconciled to God.

f 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

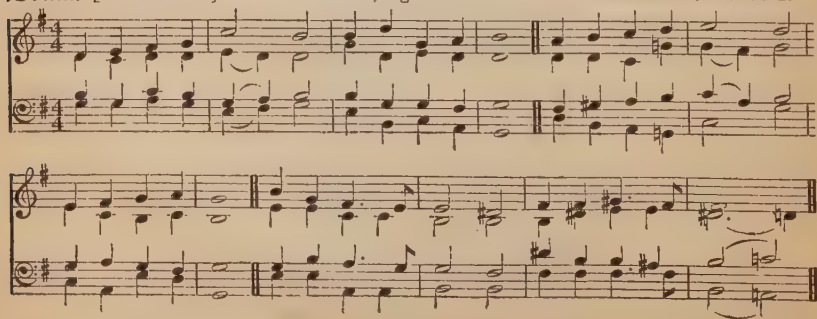
4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

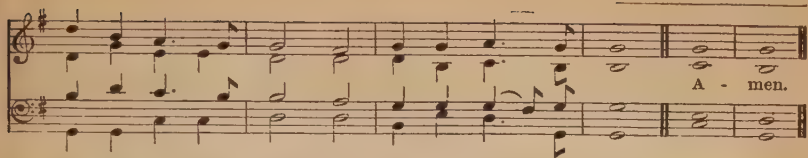
J. Bakewell.

Edina. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5., eight lines.

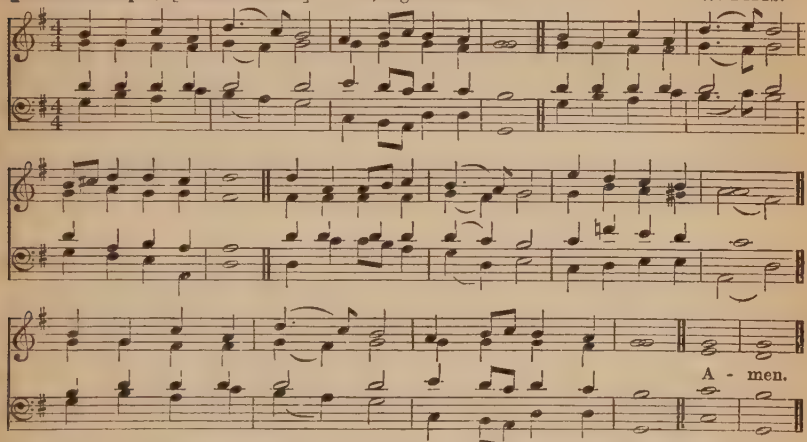
HERBERT S. OARELEY.





Princethorpe. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5., eight lines.

W. PITTS.



153

That the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and ye in Him.—2 THESS. 1. 12.

f 1 SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing ;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King :
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

p 2 Farther, ever farther,
From Thy wounded side,
Heedlessly we wandered,
Wandered far and wide ;
cr Till Thou cam'st in mercy,
Seeking young and old,
Lovingly to bear them,
Saviour, to Thy fold.

p 3 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee :
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die ;
cr Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

p 4 Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wintry past ;
cr Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast :

Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignèd,
Love that never dies.

cr 5 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven ;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within ;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

f 6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God ;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking,
Till the prize is won.

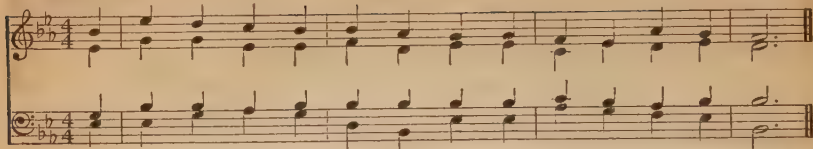
cr 7 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal ;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

GOD THE SON.

St. Peter, [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

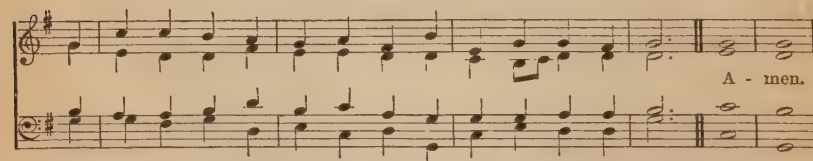
A. R. REINAGLE.



Farrant. [SECOND TUNE.]

C M.

R. FARRANT.



The Name of Jesus.

154

Thou shalt call His name Jesus.—MATT. i. 21.

1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

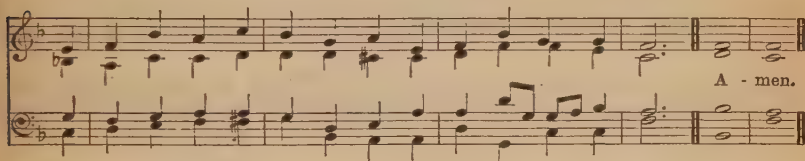
6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death !

J. Newton.

Midhurst. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.

155 *A name which is above every name.—*
PHIL. ii. 9.

f 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace !

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy name.

mf 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

f 6 Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto Him, ye nations ; own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

C. Wesley.

156 *Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for*
our sins.—GAL. i. 3, 4.

1 JESUS, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given ;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

2 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
Bruises the serpent's head ;
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.

3 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace !
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

4 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim ;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, ' Behold the Lamb ! '

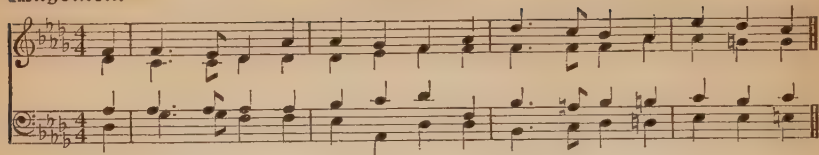
5 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name :
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
' Behold, behold the Lamb ! '

C. Wesley.

Magdalen.

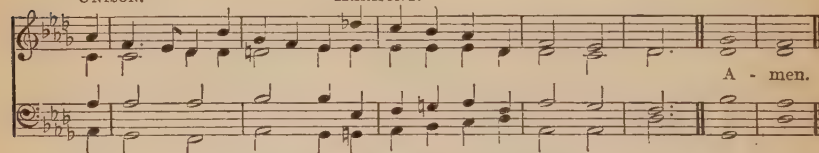
8s., six lines.

J. STAINER.



UNISON.

HARMONY.



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157

That the life of Jesus might be manifested in our mortal flesh.—2 COR. iv 11.

mf 1 **T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love Divine;
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am if Thou art mine;
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

f 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above;
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love;
 To me, with Thy dear name, are given
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

mp 3 Jesus, my all-in-all Thou art—
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
 The medicine of my broken heart,
 In war my peace, in loss my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
 In shame, my glory and my crown;

f 4 In want, my plentiful supply;
 In weakness, my almighty power;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty;
 My light in Satan's darkest hour;
 My help and stay whene'er I call;
 My life in death, my heaven, my all.

C. Wesley.

Vespers.

6.5., eight lines.

H. A. PROTHERO.

A - men.

158

That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow.—PHIL. ii. 10.

mf 1 IN the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of Glory now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word :—

2 Mighty and mysterious
In the highest height,
God from everlasting,
Very Light of Light.
In the Father's bosom,
With the Spirit blest,
Love, in Love eternal,
Rest, in perfect rest.

f 3 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light ;
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.

p 4 Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,

Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
cr Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed ;

f 5 Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height ;
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

mf 6 In your hearts enthrone Him ;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true :
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour,
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

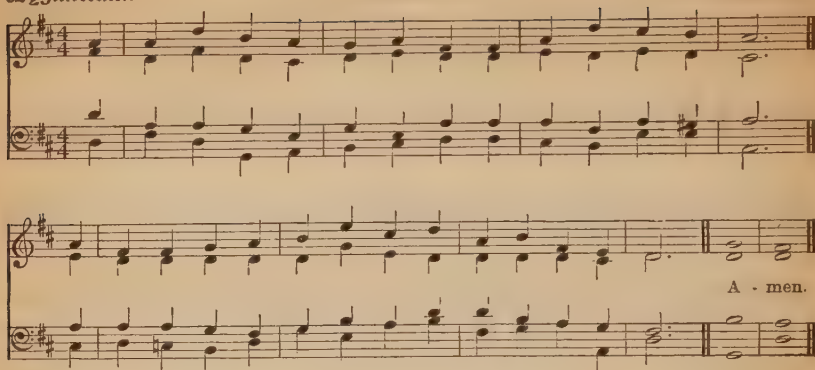
f 7 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel-train ;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

Caroline M. Noel.

Byzantium.

C.M.

W. JACKSON.



Titles and Emblems.

159

Ye are complete in Him.—COL. II. 10.

1.

f I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,
 My heart doth sing for joy;
 And sing I must, for Christ is mine,
 Christ shall my song employ.

2.

Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King:—
 My Prophet full of light,
 My great High Priest before the throne,
 My King of heavenly might.

3.

For He indeed is Lord of lords,
 And He the King of kings;
 He is the Sun of Righteousness,
 With healing in His wings.

4.

p Christ is my peace; He died for me,
 For me He gave His blood;
 And, as my wondrous sacrifice,
 Offered Himself to God.

5.

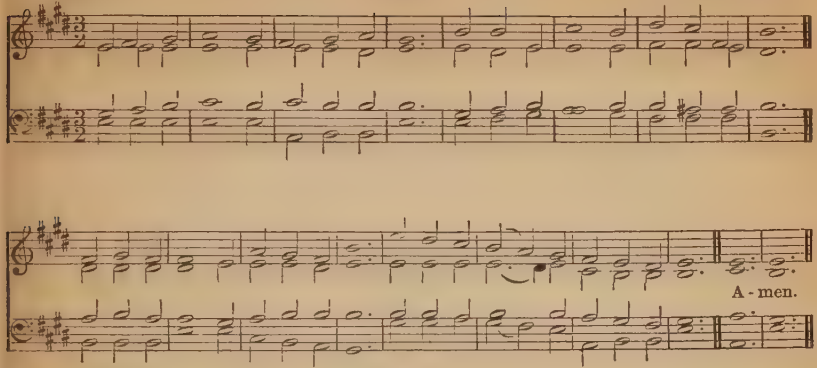
f Christ Jesus is my All-in-all,
 My comfort and my love;
 My life below; and He shall be
 My glory-crown above.

John Mason.

Theodora.

9.9.9.9.

ALFRED LEGGE.



160

Our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.—2 CoR. 1. 5.

1.

mf **R**EST of the weary, Joy of the sad ;
 Hope of the dreary, Light of the glad ;
 Home of the stranger, Strength to the end ;
 Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.

2.

Pillow where, lying, love rests its head ;
 Peace of the dying, Life of the dead ;
 Path of the lowly, Prize at the end ;
 Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

3.

When my feet stumble, I to Thee cry,
 Crown of the humble, Cross of the high ;
 When my steps wander, over me bend,
 Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

4.

f Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
 Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise :
 All my endeavour, world without end,
 Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

J. S. B. Monsell.

St. George's, Bolton. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

J. WALCH.



161

A friend loveth at all times.—PROV. xvii. 17.

mf 1 O JESUS, Friend unfailing,
 How dear Thou art to me !
 Are cares or fears assailing ?
 I find my strength in Thee.
 Why should my feet grow weary
 Of this my pilgrim way ?
 Rough though the path, and dreary,
 It ends in perfect day.

cr 2 What fills my soul with gladness ?
 'Tis Thine abounding grace ;
dim Where can I look in sadness,
 But, Jesus, on Thy face ?
 My all is Thy providing ;
 Thy love can ne'er grow cold ;
 In Thee, my Refuge, hiding,
 No good wilt Thou withhold.

mf 3 Why should I droop in sorrow ?
 Thou'rt ever by my side :
 Why trembling dread the morrow ?
 What ill can e'er betide ?
dim If I my cross have taken,
 'Tis but to follow Thee ;
 If scorned, despised, forsaken,
 Naught severs Thee from me.

mf 4 For every tribulation,
 For every sore distress,
 In Christ I've full salvation,
 Sure help and quiet rest.
cr No fear of foes prevailing,
 I triumph, Lord, in Thee ;
 O Jesus, Friend unfailing,
 How dear art Thou to me !

S. Küster, tr. Miss H. K. Burlingham

Warrenne, No. 36. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

O. R. BARNICOTT.

A - men.

162

Lo! I am with you alway.—MATT. xxviii. 20.

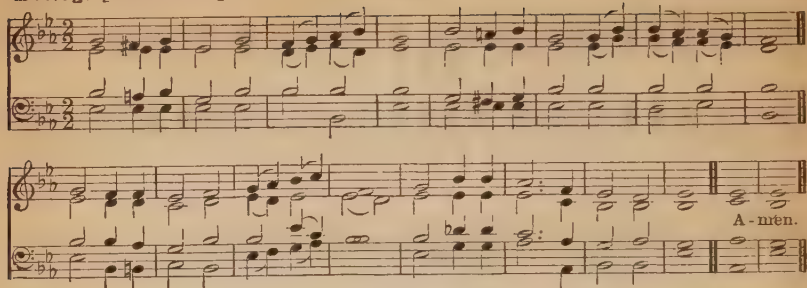
- 1 O JESUS, ever present,
 O Shepherd, ever kind,
 Thy very name is music
 To ear and heart and mind :
 It woke my wondering childhood
 To muse on things above ;
 It drew my harder manhood
 With cords of mighty love.
- 2 How oft to sure destruction
 My feet had gone astray,
 Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
 The Guardian of my way :
 How oft, in darkness fallen,
 And wounded sore by sin,
 Thy hand has gently raised me,
 And healing balm poured in.
- 3 O Shepherd good, I follow
 Wherever Thou wilt lead ;
 No matter where the pasture,
 With Thee at hand to feed :
 Thy voice, in life so mighty,
 In death shall make me bold ;
 O bring my ransomed spirit
 To Thine eternal fold !

L. Tuttle.

Holley. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

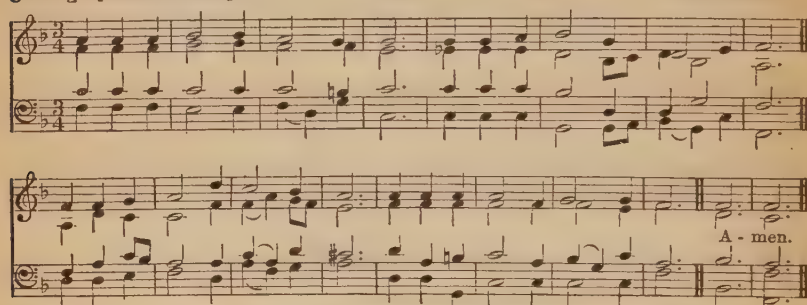
GEORGE HEWS.



Jikley. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



163 *He that cometh to Me shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.—JOHN vi. 35.*

1 **JESUS**, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men ;
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all !

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright,
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. Ray Palmer.

164 *There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—PROV. xviii. 24.*

1 **OTHOU**, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore :
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget Him not.

2 Jesus for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt ;
And canst thou e'er such love forget ?

3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief ;
Nor Him forget who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.

4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine :
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget ?

5 Ah ! no ; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

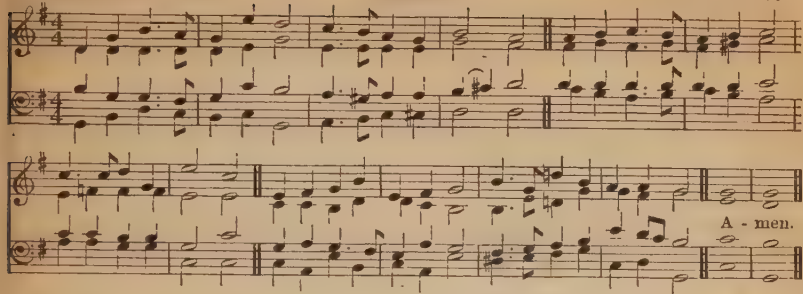
6 Ah ! no ; when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

Krishnu Pal, tr. J. Marshman.

Orwell. [FIRST TUNE.]

76.76.77.

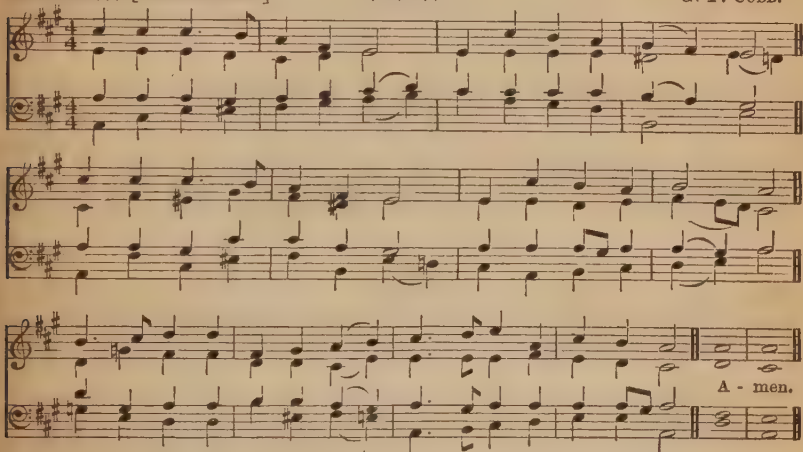
J. W. ELLIOTT.



Buildwas. [SECOND TUNE.]

76.76.77.

G. F. COBB.



165

Christ is all, and in all.—COL. III. 11.

f 1 JESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou,
Sun and Shield for ever !
Never canst Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us never :
Cheer our steps as on we go,
Come between us and the foe.

mf 2 Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,
Wine and Bread for ever !
Never canst Thou cease to feed,
Or refresh us, never :
Feed we still on bread divine,
Drink we still this heavenly wine.

3 Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,
Life and Love for ever !
Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us, never :
All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.

4 Jesus, Peace and Joy art Thou,
Joy and Peace for ever !
Joy that fades not, changes not,
Peace that leaves us never :
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.

f 5 Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,
Strength and Song for ever !
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth never :
Still to us this strength and song
Through eternal days prolong.

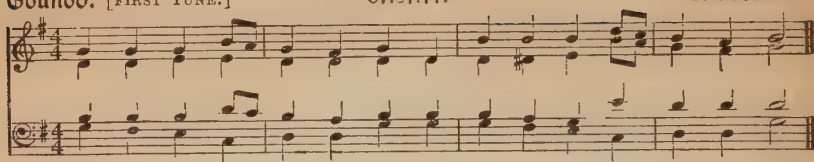
H Bonar.

GOD THE SON.

Gounod. [FIRST TUNE.]

87.87.77.

C. GOUNOD.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Easter Eve. [SECOND TUNE.]

87.87.77.

J. WHITEHEAD SMITH,



166

I have called you friends.—JOHN xv. 15.

mf 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend :
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
f They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his blood ?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God :
cr This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a Friend in need.

mp 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
'Friend of sinners' was His name ;
f Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

mf 4 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us ?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus ;
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

p 5 O for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love :
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above :
cr But, when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

John Newton.

Croft's 148th.

66.66.88.

W. CROFT.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a treble staff and a bass staff. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many whole and half notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system also ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written below the staff.

167

In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.—COL. ii. 3.

f 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

f 2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name :
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

mf 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

f 4 My Saviour and my Lord,
My Conqueror and my King !
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing :
Thine is the power : behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

I. Watts.

GOD THE SON.

Constance.

8.7., eight lines (iambic).

A. SULLIVAN.

168 *Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.*—JOHN xiii. 1.

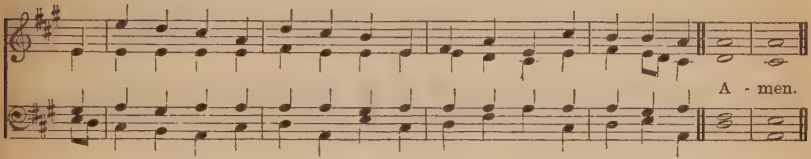
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>f</i> 1 I'VE found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 He loved me ere I knew Him ;
 He drew me with the cords of love,
 And thus He bound me to Him :
 And round my heart still closely twine
 Those ties which nought can sever,
 For I am His, and He is mine,
 For ever and for ever.</p> | <p><i>f</i> 3 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 All power to Him is given,
 To guard me on my onward course,
 And bring me safe to heaven :
 The eternal glories gleam afar,
 To nerve my faint endeavour ;
 So now to watch, to work, to war ;
 And then to rest for ever !</p> |
| <p><i>mf</i> 2 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 He bled, He died to save me ;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own self He gave me :
 Nought that I have my own I call,
 I hold it for the Giver ;
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His for ever.</p> | <p>4 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend,
 So kind, and true, and tender !
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
 So mighty a Defender !
 From Him who loves me now so well
 What power my soul can sever ?
 Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell ?
 No ! I am His for ever.</p> |

J. G. Small.

Ely. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

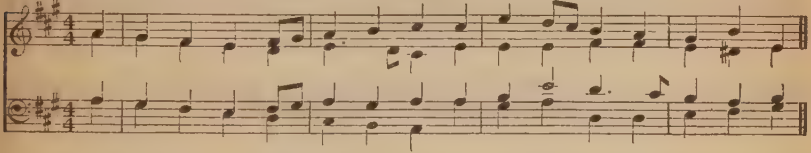
T. TURTON.



Rotherfield, [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



Ascriptions of Praise.

169

The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.—2 COR. iv. 6.

f 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul ! awake, my tongue !
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

mf 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace ;
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

f 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God ;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

mf 4 But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thy hands ;
The radiant lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound !
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !

cr 6 O may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face ;
There all His beauties to behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold !

I. Watts.

GOD THE SON.

Mainzer. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

J. MAINZER.

Quilton. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. HARRISON.

170

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power.—REV. v. 13.

1.

f WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord, our God the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?

2.

f Worthy is He who once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, who groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His Almighty Father's side.

3.

mf Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though He was charged with madness here.

4.

All riches are His native right,
Yet He sustained amazing loss;
cr To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the cross.

5.

f Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

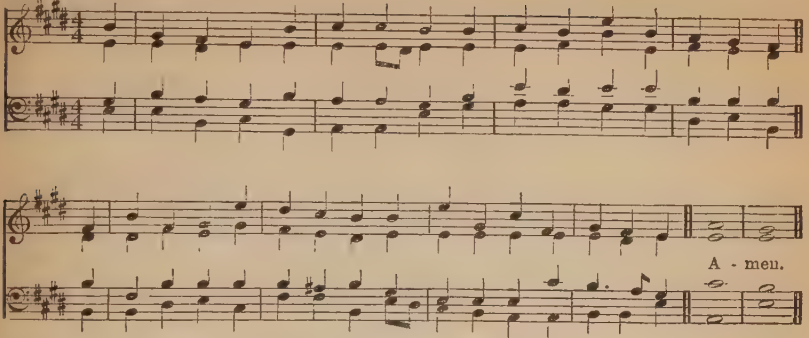
6.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

I. Watts.

Expectation, [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.



171

I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord.—ISA. lxiii. 7.

f 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, O how free!

dim 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
cr He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!

dim 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
cr He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

dim 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
cr He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!

p 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But, though I have Him oft forgot,
cr His loving-kindness changes not.

p 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
cr O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

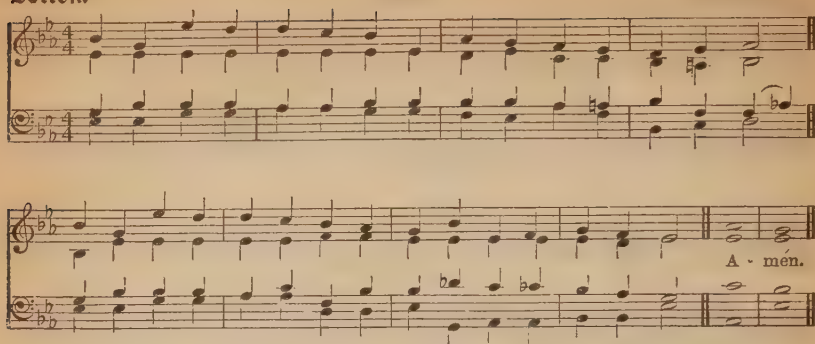
f 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

S. Medley.

Setton.

8.7.8.7.

H. A. CROSBIE.



172

The brightness of His glory . . . upholding all things.—HEB. i. 3.

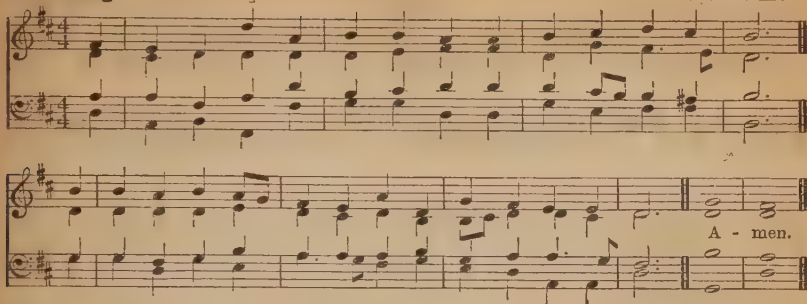
- f* 1 **M**IGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
 May a mortal sing Thy name?
 Lord of men as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme!
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days,
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be Thy just and lawful praise.
- mf* 3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For created works of power,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought:
- mf* 4 For Thy providence, that governs
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
 Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
- 5 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption
 Dark through brightness all along!
 Thought is poor, and poor expression;
 Who dare sing that awful song?
- mf* 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
- cr* Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
 Sing the Lord who came to die;
- f* 7 From the highest throne in glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe;
 All to ransom guilty captives;—
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
- 8 Go, return, immortal Saviour;
 Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
 Thence return, and reign for ever:
 Be the kingdom all Thine own.

Robert Robinson.

Waverley. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

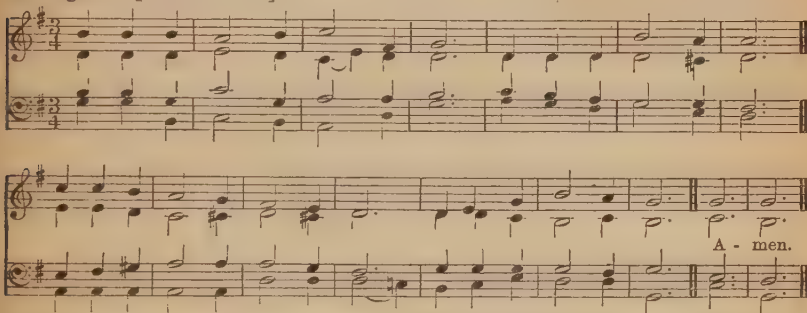
R. REDHEAD.



St. Agnes. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

J. B. DYKES.



173 As He is, so are we in this world.
1 John iv. 17.

mf 1 **L**ORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
Thou one with us upon the tree,
We one with Thee above!

p 2 Such was Thy grace that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
With us of flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love Divine
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

f 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life nor death, nor depth nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

mf 5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one
And we are one with Thee.

f 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one.

James G. Deck.

174 Unto you therefore which believe He
is precious.—1 PET. ii. 7.

mf 1 **J**ESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

cr 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

f 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.
Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Caswall.

GOD THE SON.

Matins. [FIRST TUNE.]

666.666.

CHARLES VINCENT.

A - like at work and pray'r To Je - sus I repair:

Laudes Christi. [SECOND TUNE.]

666.666.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

A - men.

175

Daily shall He be praised.—Ps. lxxii. 15.

f 1 **W**HEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair :
May Jesus Christ be praised !

2 To Thee, my God above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
The fairest graces spring
In hearts that ever sing,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

mf 3 Does sadness fill my mind ?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
Or fades my earthly bliss ?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

4 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

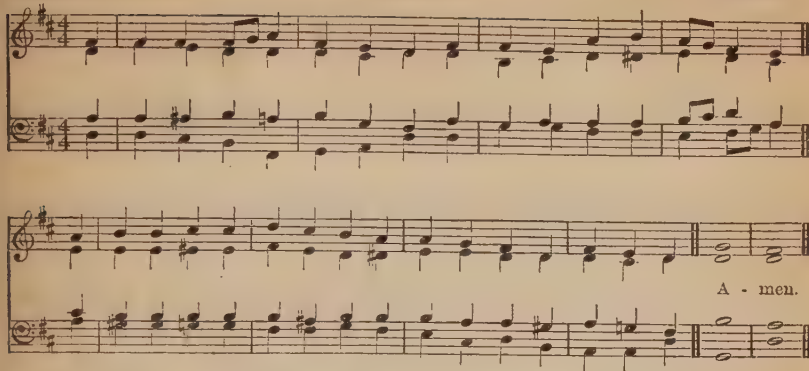
p 5 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
or The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

f 6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
From the German, tr. E. Caswall.

Orgford.

L.M.

J. STAINER.



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(7) HIS COMING TO JUDGMENT.

176

We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ.—Rom. xiv. 10.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus came to earth of old,
He came in weakness and in woe;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But took our nature, poor and low.
- 2 But when He cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.
- 3 O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead;
O Son of man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed;
- 4 Be with us in this darkened place,
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, O teach us by Thy grace
To struggle onward into light.
- 5 And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the Day of Judgment save.
- 6 And lead us on while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly home;
Till from our hearts we love to say,
'E'en so, Lord Jesus, quickly come!'

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

St. Mark.

8s., six lines.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

177

Behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be.—REV. xxii. 12.

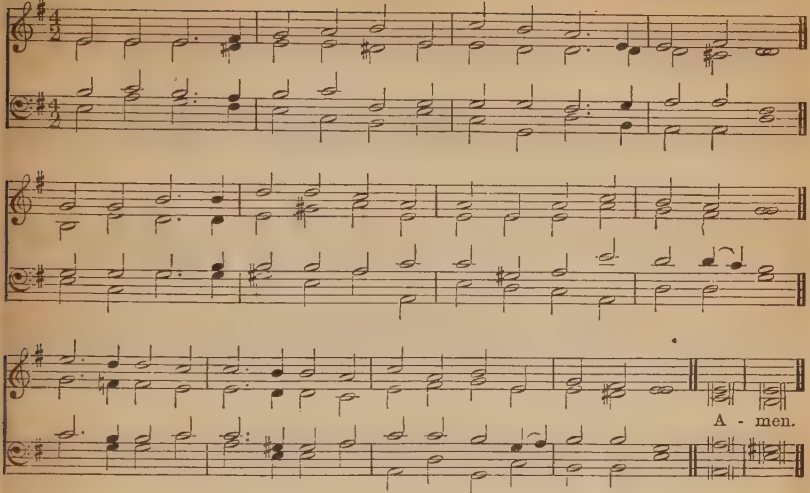
- p* 1 **O** QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all:
 For, awful though Thine advent be,
 All shadows from the truth will fall,
 And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
cr O quickly come; for doubt and fear
 Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.
- f* 2 O quickly come, great King of all:
 Reign all around us, and within;
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
 O quickly come; for Thou alone
 Canst make Thy scattered people one.
- mf* 3 O quickly come, true Life of all:
 For death is mighty all around;
dim On every home his shadows fall,
 On every heart his mark is found:
cr O quickly come; for grief and pain
 Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.
- mf* 4 O quickly come, sure Light of all:
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way,
dim And weakly souls begin to fall
 With weary watching for the day:
cr O quickly come; for round Thy throne
 No eye is blind, no night is known.

L. Trutti.

Ramab.

87.87.47.

Ancient Jewish Melody.



178

Behold, He cometh with clouds!—REV. i. 7.

f 1 **L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain:
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train:
 Hallelujah!
 Jesus now shall ever reign.

p 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty:
dim Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

p 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away!

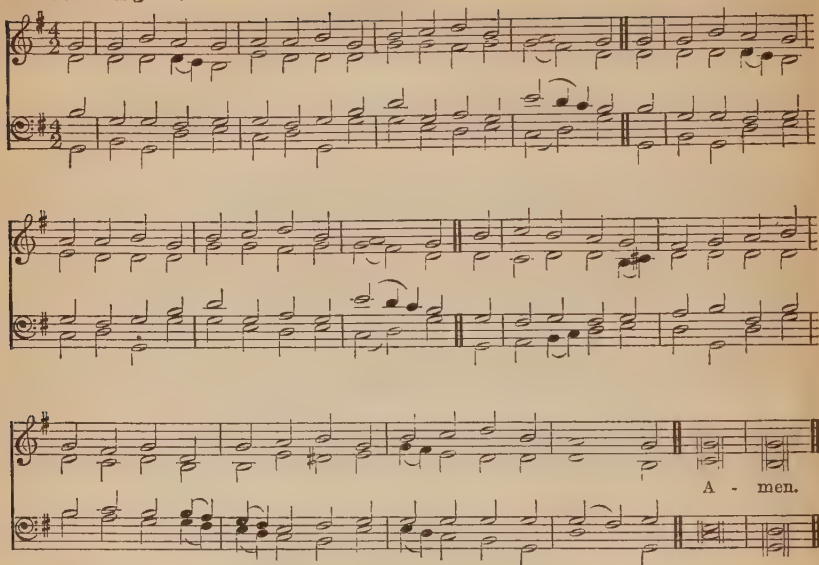
mf 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear:
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!

f 5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne:
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!
J. Cennick and C. Wesley.

Luther's Hymn.

87.87.887.

JOHANN KLUG.



179

I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.—REV. xx. 12.

f 1 **G**REAT God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created :
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated ;
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before :
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding ;
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding ;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

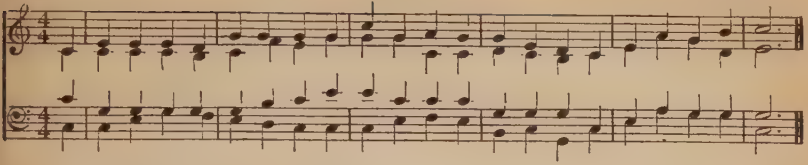
p 3 Great Judge ! to Thee our prayers we pour,
 In deep abasement bending ;
 O shield us through that last dread hour,
 Thy wondrous love extending :
cr May we, in this our trial day,
 With wakeful hearts Thy word obey,
 And thus prepare to meet Thee.

B. Ringwaldt, tr. W. B. Collyer.

Bull.

886.886.

S. CHANDLER.



A - men.

180

He cometh to judge the earth.—Ps. xvi. 13.

mp 1 **W**HEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
 To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all:
 But, can I bear the piercing thought?
 What if my name should be left out,
 When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent—prevent it by Thy grace;
 Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place
 In this the accepted day;
 Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

cr 4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see Thy smiling face;
f Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

Countess of Huntingdon.

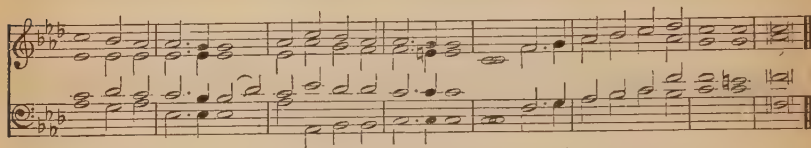
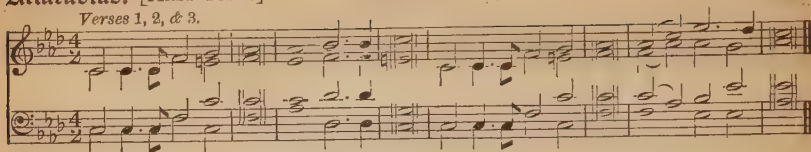
GOD THE SON.

Alfarabius. [FIRST TUNE.]

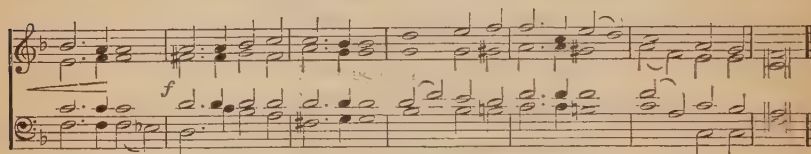
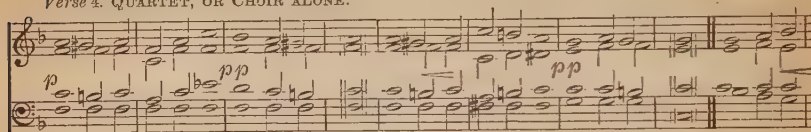
64.64.67.64.

A. H. MANN.

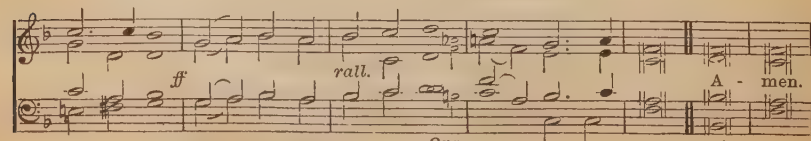
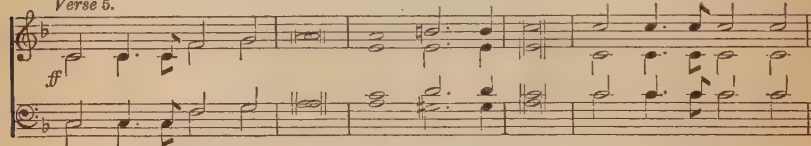
Verses 1, 2, & 3.



Verse 4. QUARTET, OR CHOIR ALONE.



Verse 5.



Org.

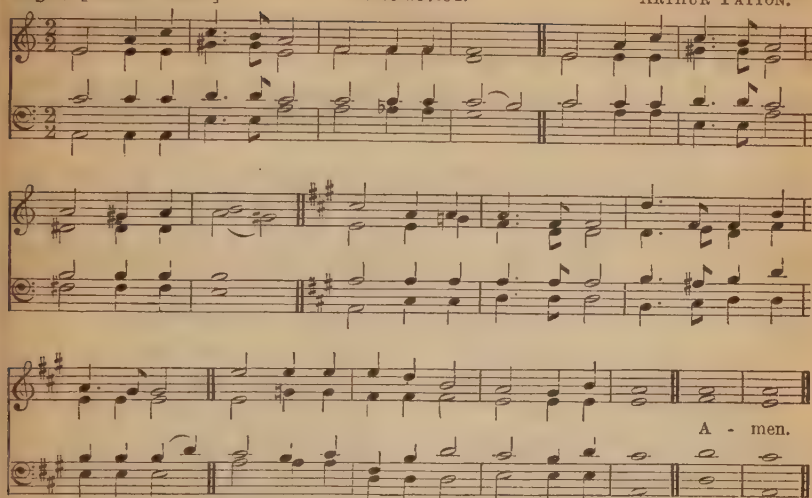
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HIS COMING TO JUDGMENT.

Vigil. [SECOND TUNE.]

64.64.67.64.

ARTHUR PATTON.



181

What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.—MARK xiii. 37.

f 1 **H**ARK ! 'tis the watchman's cry,
 'Wake, brethren, wake !'
 Jesus our Lord is nigh ;
 Wake, brethren, wake !
 Sleep is for sons of night,
 Ye are children of the light,
 Yours is the glory bright ;
 Wake, brethren, wake !

mf 2 Call to each waking band,
 'Watch, brethren, watch !'
 Clear is our Lord's command,
 Watch, brethren, watch !
 Be ye as men that wait
 Always at the Master's gate,
 E'en though He tarry late,
 Watch, brethren, watch !

3 Heed we the steward's call,
 'Work, brethren, work !'
 There's room enough for all,
 Work, brethren, work !
 This vineyard of the Lord
 Constant labour will afford,
 Yours is a sure reward ;
 Work, brethren, work !

p 4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
 'Pray, brethren, pray !'
 Would ye His heart rejoice ?
 Pray, brethren, pray !
 Sin calls for constant fear,
 Weakness needs the Strong One near,
 Long as ye struggle here ;
 Pray, brethren, pray !

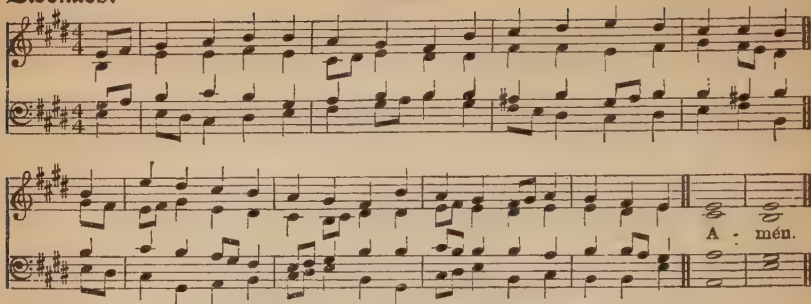
f 5 Now sound the final chord,
 'Praise, brethren, praise !'
 Thrice holy is our Lord,
 Praise, brethren, praise !
 What more befits the tongues ;
 Soon to join the angels' songs,
 While heaven the note prolongs ?
 Praise, brethren, praise !
 'Revival' Magazine, 1859.

GOD THE SON.

Eisenach.

L.M.

J. H. SCHEIN.



182

A crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.—2 TIM. iv. 8.

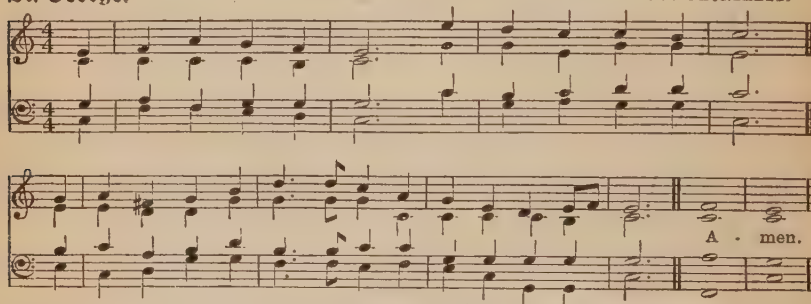
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.</p> <p>2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully, through these, absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.</p> | <p>3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea,
'Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.'</p> <p>4 O let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Bid, now, Thy banished ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.</p> |
|---|--|

N. L. von Zinzendorf, tr. J. Wesley.

St. George.

S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



183

Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching.—LUKE xii. 37.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>mf</i> 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.</p> <p>2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.</p> | <p>3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And, while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.</p> <p><i>f</i> 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.</p> <p>5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand;
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.</p> |
|---|---|

P. Doddridge.

HIS COMING TO JUDGMENT.

Ledbury. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

A. KING.

Angelus. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

ROBERT JACKSON.

184

Let us therefore come boldly unto the thrones of grace.—HEB. iv. 16.

- 1 **L**ORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
p Jesus, hear and save!
- 2 Great Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
p Jesus, hear and save!
- 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
p Jesus, hear and save!
- 4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then;
p Jesus, hear and save!

R. Heber.

Section 5.

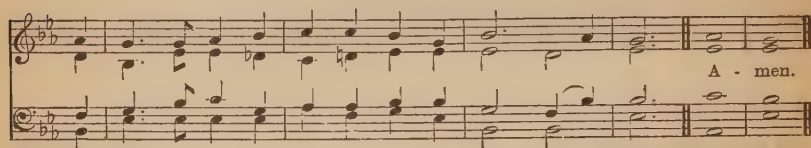
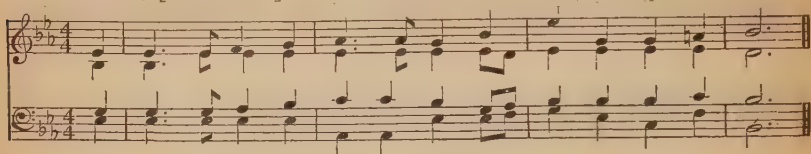
THE HOLY SPIRIT: HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

(See also Hymns in Section VI. on 'The Sacred Scriptures'; in Section VII. on 'The Christian Life'; and in Section VIII. (5) on 'The Kingdom of Christ'.)

St. Cutbert. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.6.8.4.

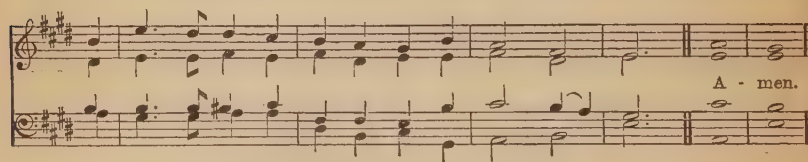
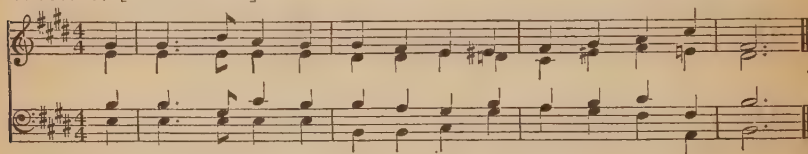
J. B. DYKES.



Wareford. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.6.8.4.

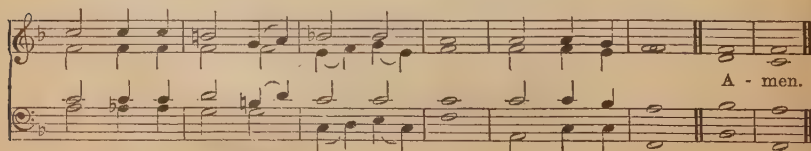
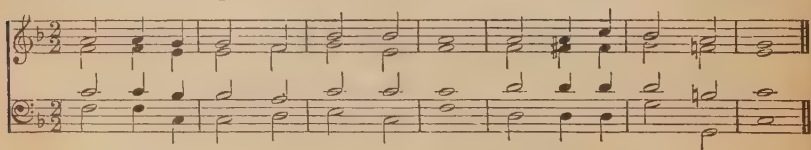
E. S. CARTER.



Linton. [THIRD TUNE.]

8.6.8.4.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



185

If I depart, I will send Him unto you.—JOHN xvi. 7.

p 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

4 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
Where He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each
fear,
And speaks of heaven.

mf 6 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

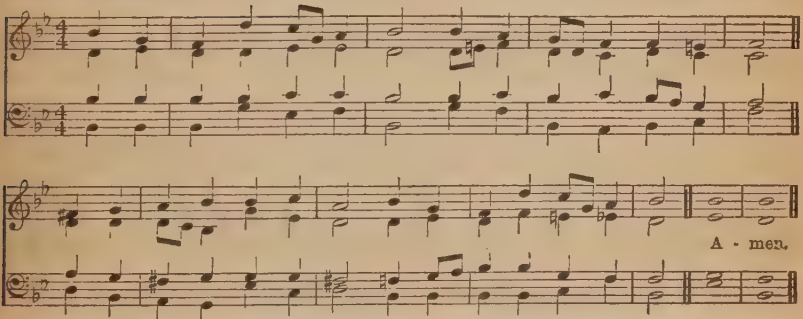
p 7 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber.

Christ Chapel.

7.7.7.7.

C. STEGGALL.



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186

The Comforter . . . whom I will send unto you.—JOHN xv. 26.

1 JESUS is gone up on high,
But His promise still is here:
'I will all your wants supply;
I will send the Comforter.'

2 Let us now His promise plead,
Let us to His throne draw nigh;
Jesus knows His people's need,
Jesus hears His people cry.

3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter,
Pledge and witness of Thy love;
Dwelling with Thy people here,
Leading them to joys above.

4 Till we reach the promised rest,
Till Thy face, unveiled, we see,
Of this blessed hope possessed,
Teach us, Lord, to live to Thee.

T. Kelly.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Antwerp. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

W. SMALLWOOD.

Pentecost. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

W. BOYD.

187 *As many as are led by the Spirit of God.*—ROM. viii. 14.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to heaven that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest.

Simon Browne (alt.).

188 *The Comforter, the Holy Ghost . . .* *He shall teach you.*—JOHN xiv. 26.

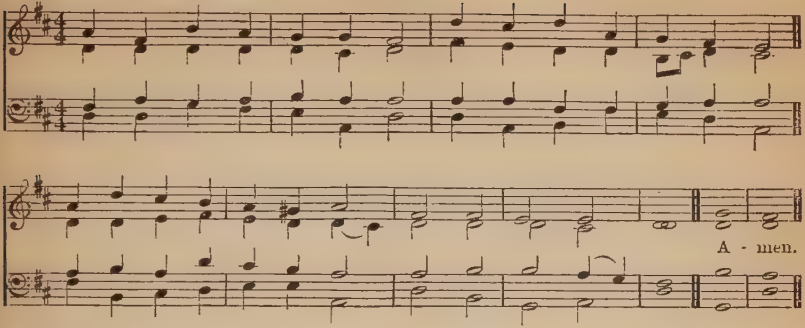
- 1 SPIRIT of Truth, indwelling Light,
For ever in our souls abide;
Open our eyes to see aright,
Into all truth our footsteps guide.
- 2 Spirit of Comfort and of Love,
Come to our hearts with soothing spell;
Our troubled thoughts, our fears remove,
With us for ever deign to dwell.
- 3 Sent from the Father by the Son,
Come forth, our Guide to Them to be,
For Thou, we know, with Them art One,
And we have Them in having Thee.
- 4 Peace that the world has not to give
Is theirs, who do the Saviour's will;
Help Thou us more to Him to live,
And with His peace our spirits fill.

J. E. Bode.

Capetown. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

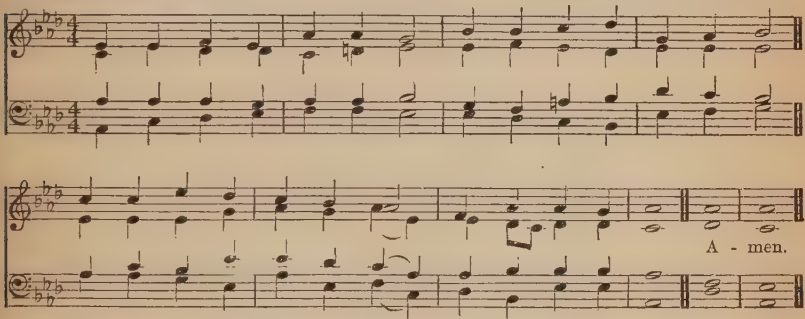
F. FILITZ.



Irene. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



189

The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.—Rom. viii. 26.

1 COME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord ;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford ;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3 Orphan are our souls, and poor ;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

4 Like the dew Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast ;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.

6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groaning plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

7 In us 'Abba, Father,' cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God ;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

G. Rawson.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Dir. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

CONRAD KOCHER.

St. Athanasius. [SECOND TUNE.] 7s., six lines.

E. J. HOPKINS.

190

He hath given us of His Spirit.—1 JOHN iv. 13.

mf 1 **G**RACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me :
I myself would gracious be ;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal ;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me :
I myself would truthful be ;
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear ;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

p 3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me :
I myself would tender be ;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour ;
cr Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

p 4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me :
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made ;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

f 5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me :
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail ;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

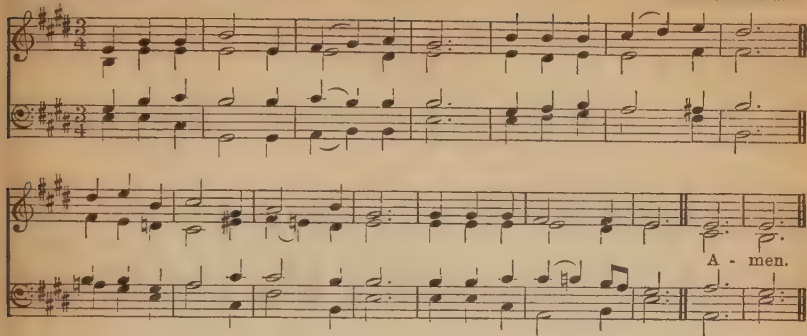
mf 6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me :
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

T. T. Lynch.

Waldrons. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

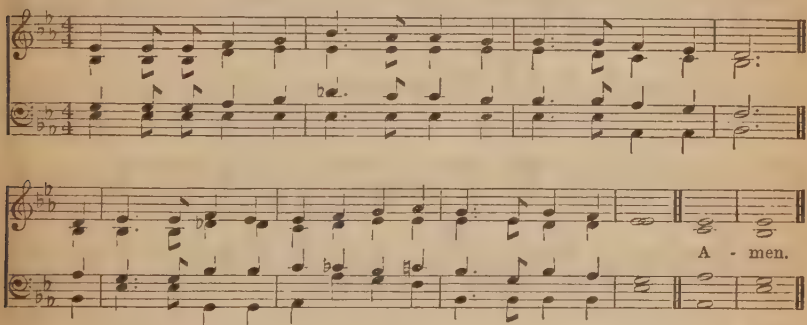
C. E. MILLER.



Brecon. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

NICHOLAS HEINS.

191 *I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter.*—JOHN xiv. 16.

1 **S**PIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew; and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.

5 Come as the dove; and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

6 Come as the wind; with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come.

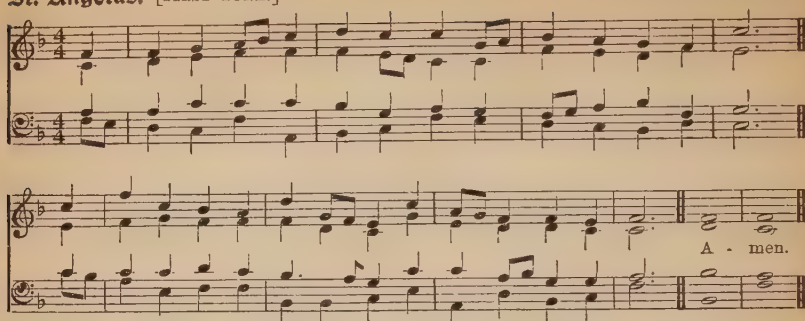
Andrew Reed.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

St. Angelus. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

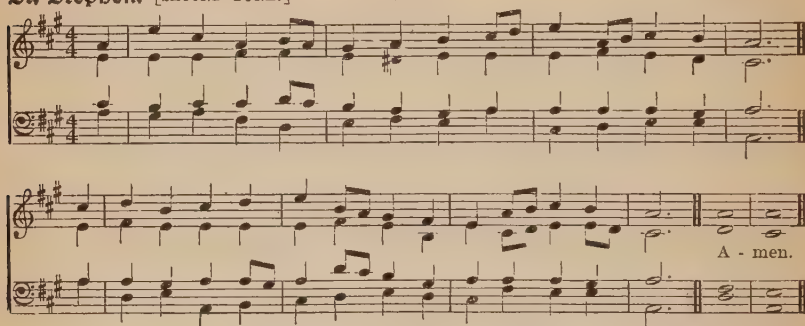
ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



St. Stephen. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

W. JONES.



192 *He will guide you into all the truth.*—JOHN xvi. 13.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ;
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
Thy prophets wrote and spoke ;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine ;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

C. Wesley.

193 *And behold, I send the promise of My Father upon you.*—LUKE xxiv. 49.

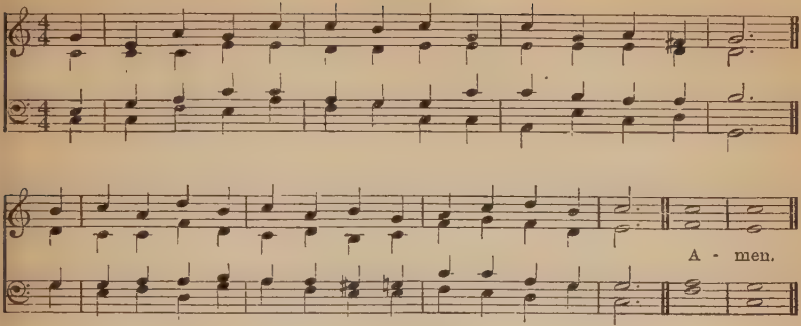
- 1 ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down ;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give :
Quicken our spirits from above,
That we in Christ may live.
- 4 To our benighted souls reveal
The glories of His grace ;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well ;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

T. Haweis.

St. Anne. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

W. CROFT.



194

I will pour out in those days of My Spirit.—ACTS II. 18.

f 1 **W**HEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

p 2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love,
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.

f 3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,

p Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

f 4 And as on Israel's awestruck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

cr 6 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;

p Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

mf 7 Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

John Keble.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Woolwich.

S.M.

C. E. KETTLE.

195

The breath of the Almighty hath given me life.—JOB xxxiii. 4.

- 1 **B**REATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.
- 2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

- 3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.
- 4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

E. Hatch.

Lubeck.

7.7.7.7.

German.

196

Ye are sanctified by the Spirit of our God.—1 COR. vi. 11.

- mf* 1 **H**OLY Spirit, Truth Divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

- f* 3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.
- p* 4 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

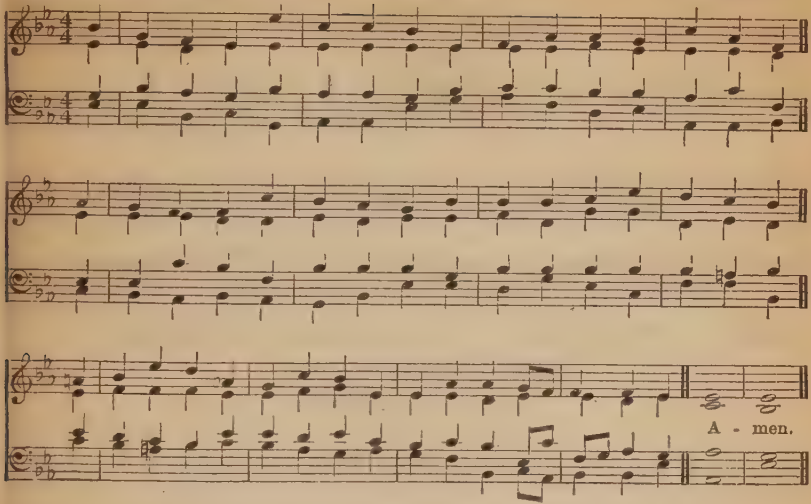
- f* 5 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I'll sing,
Spring, O Well, for ever spring!

S. Longfellow.

Silver Dove (St. Matbias).

8s., six lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



197

The promise of the Holy Ghost.—ACTS II. 33.

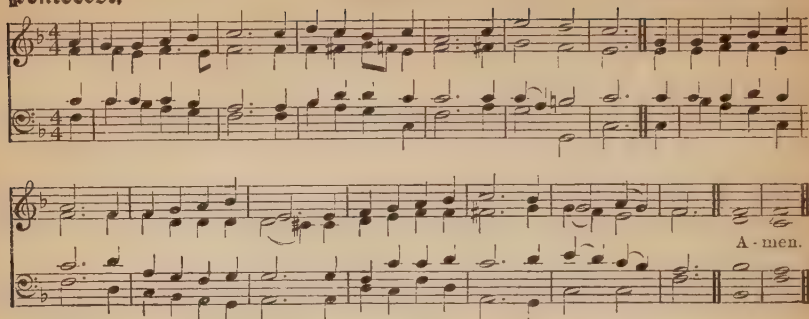
- 1 **C**REATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every waiting mind,
 Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make Thy temples worthy Thee.
 - 2 O Source of uncreated heat,
 The Father's promised Paraclete,
 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.
 - 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in Thy sevenfold energy:
 Thou Strength of His almighty hand
 Whose power doth heaven and earth command,
 Give us Thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son by Thee.
 - 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name;
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!
- Latin Hymn, VII. century, tr. by John Dryden.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Pentecost,

664.6664.

GEORGE LOMAS.



198

The Spirit of truth . . . He shall testify of me.—JOHN xv. 26.

mf 1 COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray :
Divinely good Thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart :
O come to-day.

p 2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power :
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
cr Cheer us this hour.

mf 3 Come, Light serene and still
Our inmost bosoms fill ;
Dwell in each breast :
We know no dawn but Thine ;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound :
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

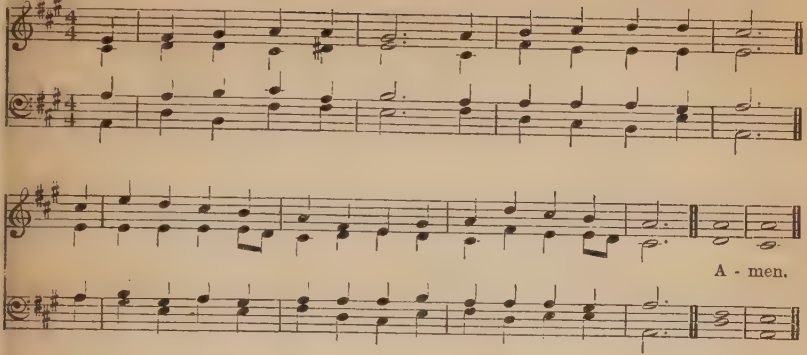
f 5 Come, all the faithful bless :
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ :
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

King Robert II. of France, tr, Ray Palmer.

Wensley. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

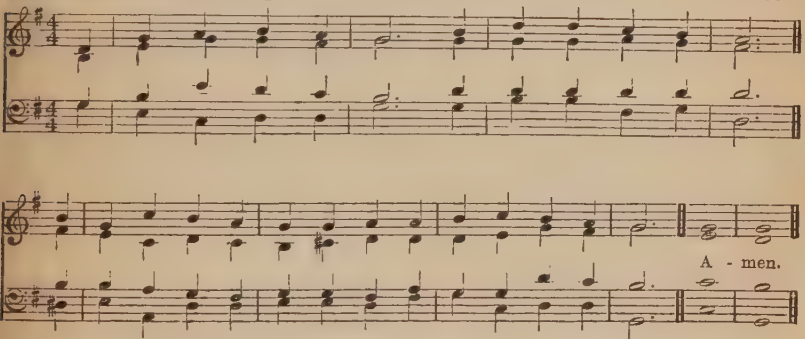
ROBERT JACKSON.



Augustine. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

German.



199

I will put My Spirit within you.—EZEK. xxxvi. 27.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
Let Thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete ;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

- 4 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.
- 6 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Joseph Hart.

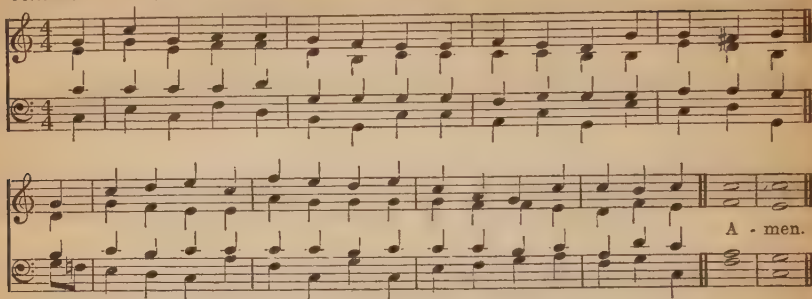
Section 6.

THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Winchester. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

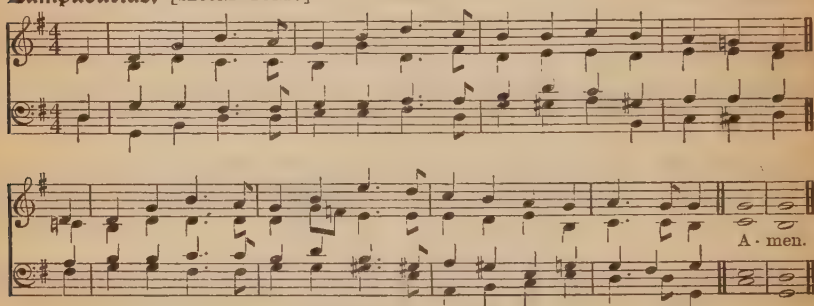
German.



Lampadarius. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

A. H. MANN.



(By permission of the Composer.)

200 *The heavens declare the glory of God.—Ps. xix. 1.*

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord ;
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 3 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, in sins forgiven :
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

I. Watts.

201 *The power of God unto salvation.—Rom. i. 16.*

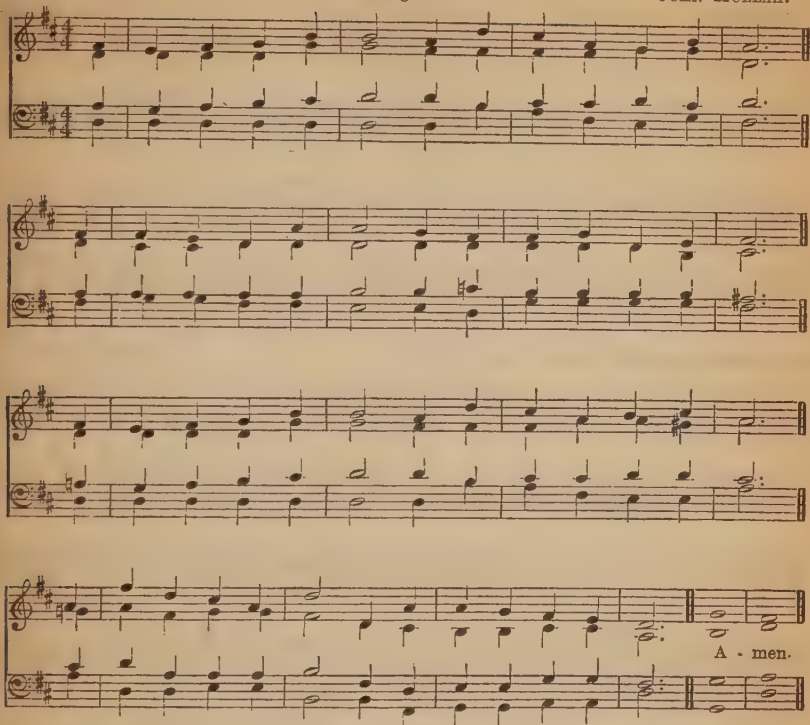
- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well Thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy Thy commands !
Thy promises how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands !
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart.

I. Watts.

Bentley.

7.6., eight lines.

JOHN HULLAH.



202

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.—COL. iii. 16.

f 1 **O** WORD of God incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky,
 We praise Thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our footsteps,
 Shines on from age to age.

mf 2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine:
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored;
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world:
 It is the chart and compass
 That, o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands
 Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old;
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
cr Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face!

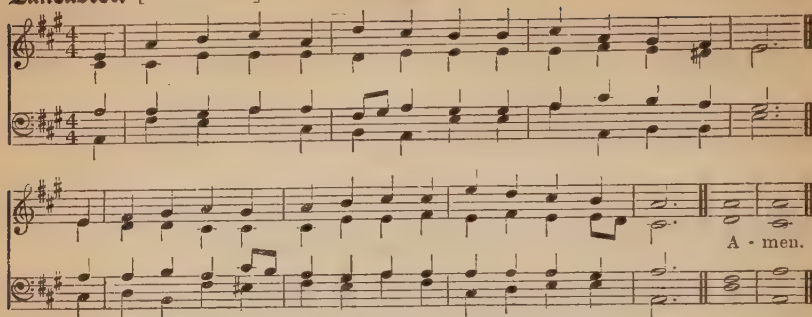
W. W. How.

THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Lancaster. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

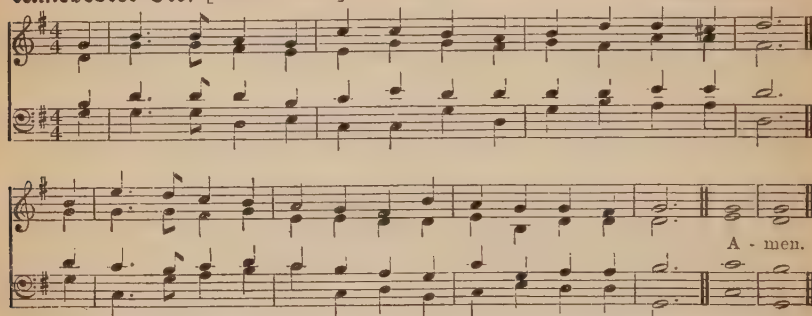
S. HOWARD.



Winchester Old. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

ESTE'S PSALTER.



203 *Better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.—Ps. cxix. 72.*

1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the blind and hungry come,
And light and food receive;
Here shall the lowliest guest have room,
And taste and see and live.

3 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsting souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near:
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele.

204 *Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever.—Ps. cxix. 111.*

1 **L**ORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight,
While through Thy promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

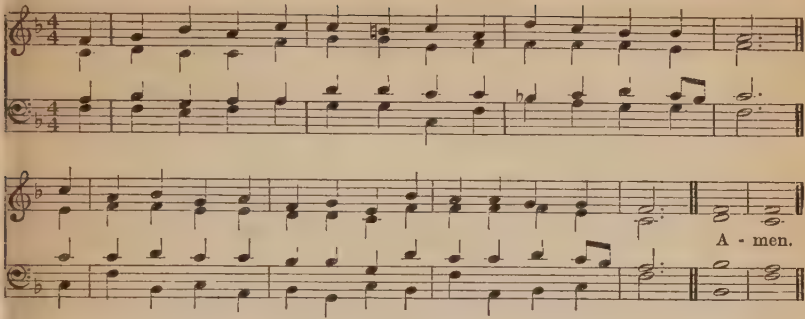
4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

I. Watts.

Salisbury. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

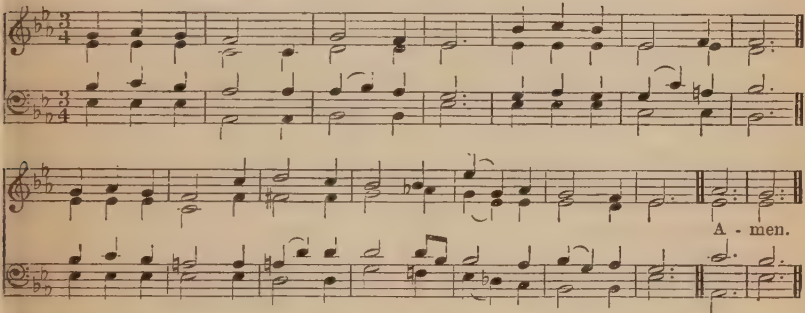
RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter.



Brocco Bank. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

H. COWARD.



205 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.—
Ps. cxix. 105.

- 1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way :
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high ;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky :
- 3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day ;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay :
- 4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son ;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won ?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts ;
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton.

206 The commandment is a lamp ; and
the law is light.—PROV. vi. 23.

- mf* 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun :
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
Its truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.
- f* 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

W. Cowper.

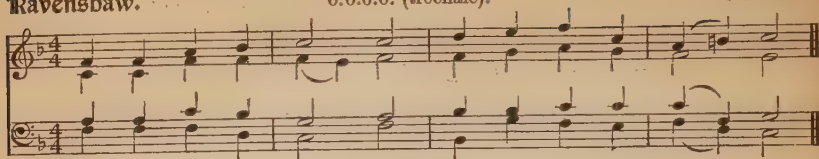
N

THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Ravensbaw.

6.6.6.6. (trochaic).

German.



207

For ever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven.—Ps. cxix. 89.

1 **L**ORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living ;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying !

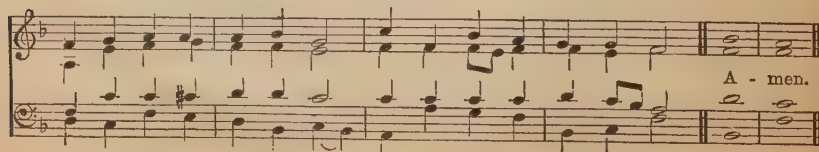
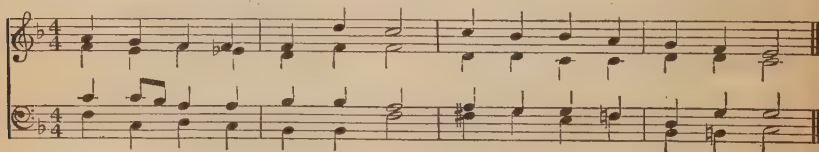
6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee !

H. W. Baker.

Ulverston.

7.7.7.7.

R. B. DANIEL.



208

The word of God is quick and powerful.—HEB. iv. 12.

1 **B**E Thy word with power fraught,
Many hearts in many ways
Blessing with new love and thought,
To religion's added praise.

2 Be it for the rash, restraint,
Ardour for the dull and cold;
Be it comfort for the faint,
Be it counsel for the bold.

3 Be it for the tempest-worn
Haven for a quiet stay;
May it, like the wakening horn,
Summon cheerful souls away.

4 May some saddened hearts arise,
And be blossoms in the light;
Some, like stars in clearing skies,
Trembling be, yet very bright.

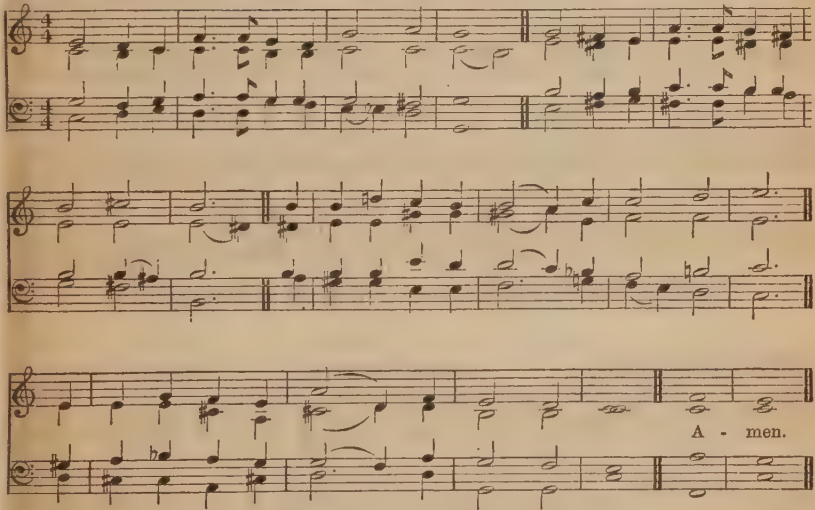
5 As in whisper or in shout,
Calming, rousing, Lord, be heard;
Such Thy voice, that even doubt
Cries, 'Tis He,' and 'Tis His word.'

T. T. Lynch.

Coniston.

6.4., eight lines.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



209

He shall eat the bread of his God.—LEV. xxi. 22.

1 **B**REAK Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea:
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee.
O living Word!

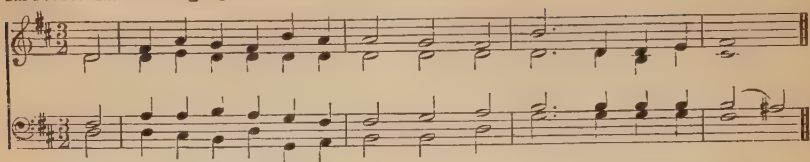
2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee:
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My all-in-all.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

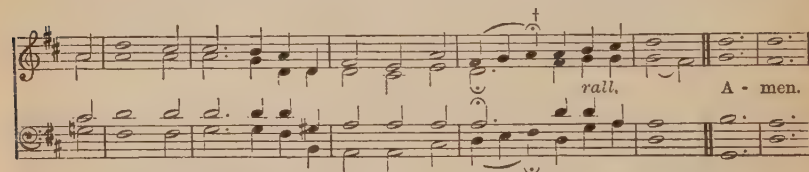
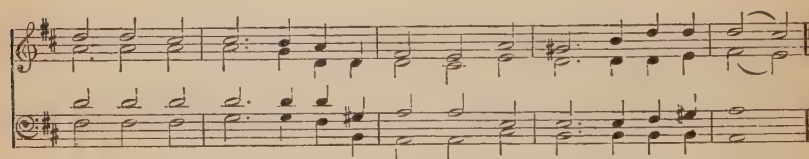
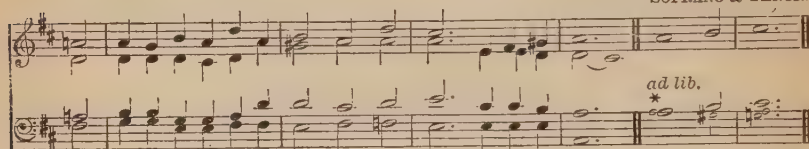
THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Melton Bowbray. [FIRST TUNE.] 96.96.3.96.96.

W. H. MONK.



SOPRANO & TENOR.

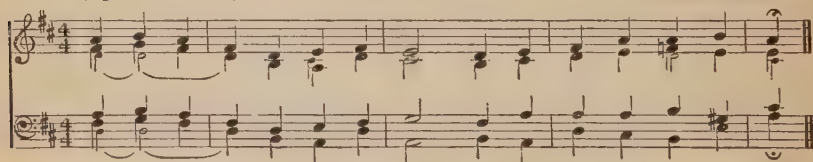


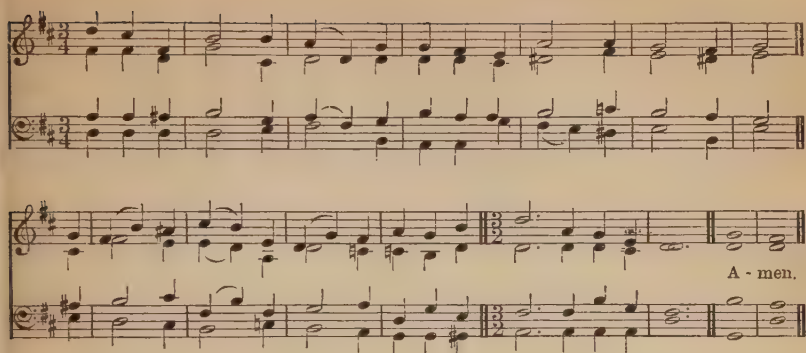
* Small notes on Org. without Octaves. † No pause in Verses 2 and 3.

Twells, [SECOND TUNE.]

96.96.3.96.96.

ROWLAND BRIANT.





210

The entrance of Thy words giveth light.—Ps. cxix. 130.

mp 1 **T**HE Voice of God's Creation found me
Perplexed 'midst hope and fear ;
For though His sunshine flashed around
me,
His storms at times drew near :
And I said—

dim O that I knew where He abideth !
For doubts beset our lot,
And lo ! His glorious face He hideth,
And men perceive it not.

2 The Voice of God's Protection told me
He loveth all He made ;
I seemed to feel His arms enfold me,
And yet was half afraid :
And I said—

dim O that I knew where I might find
Him !
His eye would guide me right :
He leaveth countless tracks behind
Him,
Yet passeth out of sight.

mf 3 The Voice of Conscience sounded
nearer,

It stirred my inmost breast :
But though its tones were firmer,
clearer,

'Twas not the voice of rest :
And I said—

O that I knew if He forgiveth !
My soul is faint within,
Because in grievous fear it liveth
Of wages due to sin.

f 4 It was the Voice of Revelation
That met my utmost need ;
The wondrous message of salvation
Was joy and peace indeed :
And I said—

O how I love the sacred pages
From which such tidings flow,
As monarchs, patriarchs, poets
sages,
Have longed in vain to know !

5 For now is life a lucid story,
And death a rest in Him,
And all is bathed in light and glory
That once was dark or dim :
And I said—

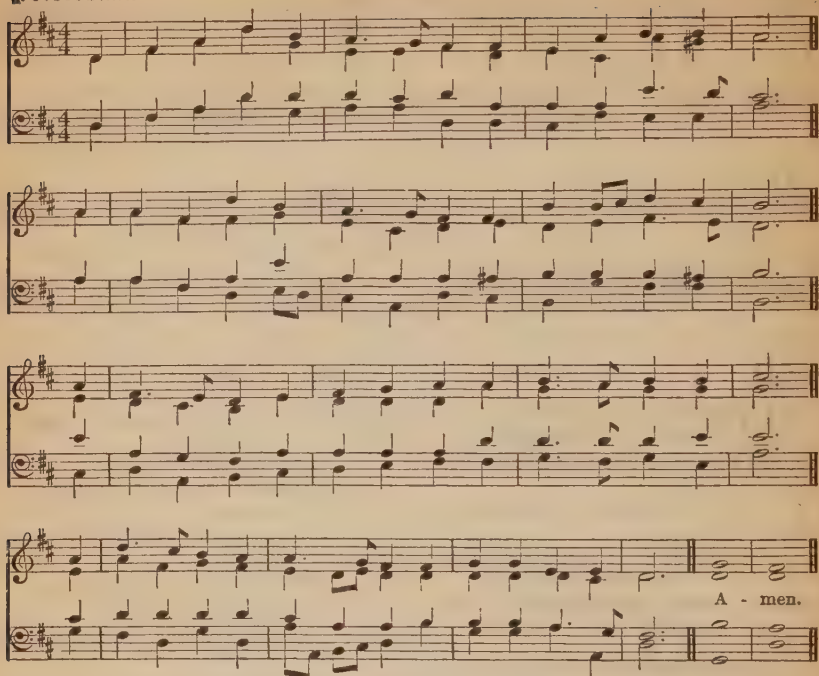
O Thou who dost my soul deliver,
And all its hopes uplift ;
or Give me a tongue to praise the Giver,
A heart to prize the gift !

H. Twells.

Petersham.

C.M. D.

C. W. POOLE.



211 *Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.—Ps. cxix. 18.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>mf</i> 1 WE limit not the truth of God
 To our poor reach of mind,
 By notions of our day and sect,
 Crude, partial, and confined ;
 <i>cr</i> No, let a new and better hope
 Within our hearts be stirred :
 <i>f</i> The Lord hath yet more light and truth
 To break forth from His word.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 Who dares to bind to his dull sense
 The oracles of heaven,
 For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
 And all the ages given ?
 That universe, how much unknown !
 That ocean unexplored !
 <i>f</i> The Lord hath yet more light and truth
 To break forth from His word.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 3 Darkling our great forefathers went
 The first steps of the way ;
 'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
 Into the perfect day.</p> | <p><i>cr</i> And grow it shall ; our glorious Sun
 More fervid rays afford :
 <i>f</i> The Lord hath yet more light and truth
 To break forth from His word.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 4 The valley's passed ; ascending still
 Our souls would higher climb,
 And look down from supernal heights
 On all the bygone time.
 <i>cr</i> Upward we press—the air is clear,
 And the sphere-music heard :
 <i>f</i> The Lord hath yet more light and truth
 To break forth from His word.</p> <p><i>f</i> 5 O Father, Son, and Spirit, send
 Us increase from above ;
 Enlarge, expand all Christian souls
 To comprehend Thy love :
 And make us to go on to know,
 With nobler powers conferred,
 The Lord hath yet more light and truth
 To break forth from His word.</p> |
|---|---|

G. Rawson.

Section 7.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

St. John.

66.66.88.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



A - men.

(1) THE GOSPEL CALL.

212

Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound.—LEV. xxv. 9.

f 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow !
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb :
Redemption by His blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

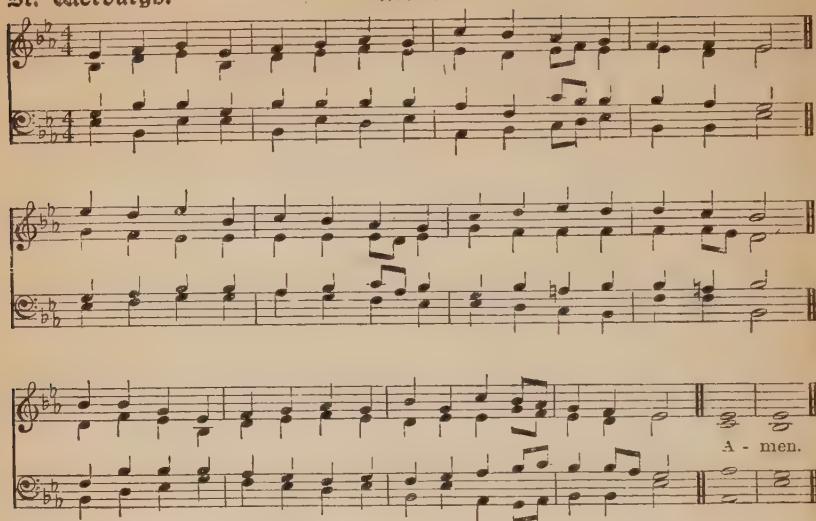
6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. Wesley.

St. Werburgh.

87.87.47.

S. WEBBE.



213

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.—MATT. xi. 28.

mp 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, joined with power:
He is able,
cr He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

p 5 Agonising in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!—
Bleeding on the tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry before He dies,
'It is finished!'
Sinner, will not this suffice!

mf 6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

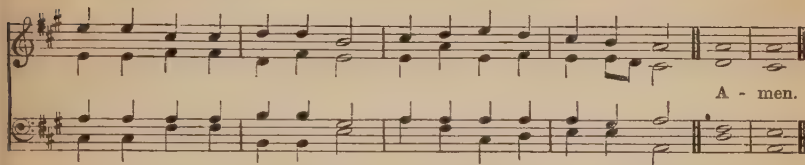
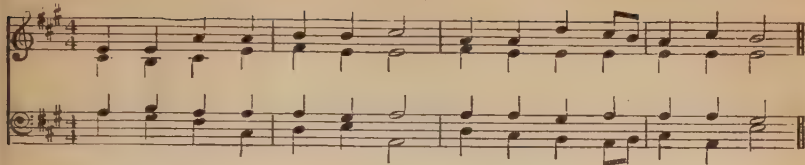
f 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

Joseph Hart.

Bart's.

7.7.7.7.

B. MILGROVE.



214

Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.—JOHN vi. 37.

1 **W**ELCOME, welcome! sinner, hear;
 Hang not back through shame or fear;
 Doubt not, nor distrust the call;
 Mercy is proclaimed to all.

2 Welcome to the offered peace;
 Welcome, prisoner, to release;
 Burst thy bonds; be saved, be free;
 Rise and come; He calleth thee.

3 Welcome, weeping penitent,
 Grace has made thy heart relent;
 Welcome, long estrangèd child,
 God in Christ is reconciled.

4 Welcome to the cleansing fount
 Springing from the sacred mount;
 Welcome to the feast divine,
 Bread of life, and living wine.

5 All ye weary and distressed,
 Welcome to relief and rest;
 All is ready, hear the call,
 There is ample room for all.

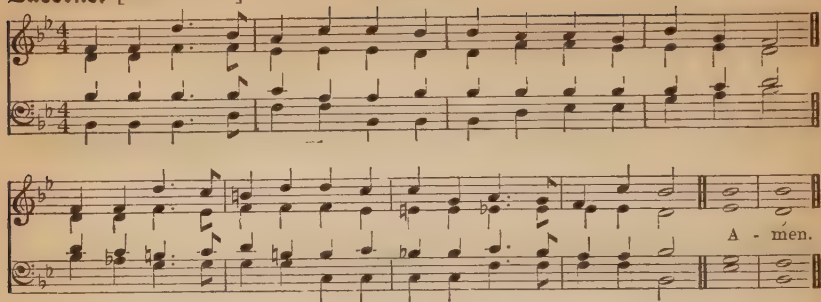
6 O the virtue of that price,
 That redeeming sacrifice!
 Come, ye bought, but not with gold,
 Welcome to the sacred fold.

Josiah Conder.

Lucerne. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

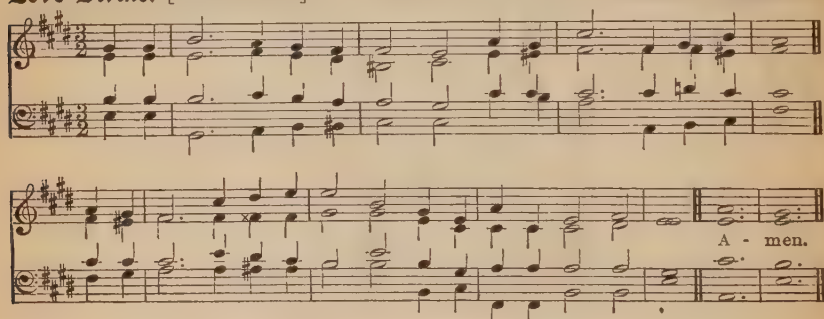
T. A. WILLIS.



Love Divine. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

PERCY J. STARNES.



215

He saith unto them, Follow Me.—MATT. iv. 19.

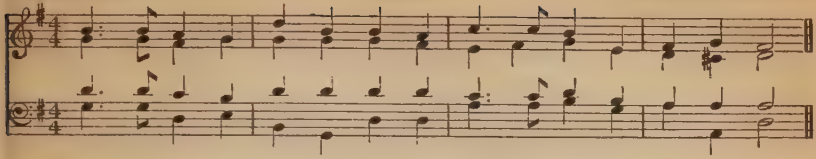
- 1 JESUS calls us ; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me.'
- 2 As of old Apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake :
- 3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'
- 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.
- 5 Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

St. Mabyn. [THIRD TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



216 *They . . . were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.—MATT. ix. 36.*

1 SOULS of men ! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?
Foolish hearts ! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep ?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet ?

3 It is God : His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems :
'Tis our Father : and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

4 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea :
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

5 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

6 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

7 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed ;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

8 Pining souls ! come nearer Jesus,
And O come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His great tenderness for us.

9 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Come unto Me.

7.6., eight lines.

J. B. DYKES.

Org.
UNISON.

217

All things are ready: come.—MATT. xxii. 4.

p 1 'COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest,'
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed !
cr It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
f Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

mf 2 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night !
p Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way ;
cr But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

mf 3 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life,'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife !
cr The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long ;
f But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

mf 4 'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
cr O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt ;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee !

W. C. Dix.

St. Catharine.

7.6., eight lines.

REGINALD F. DALE.

A - men.

218

If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him.—REV. iii. 20.

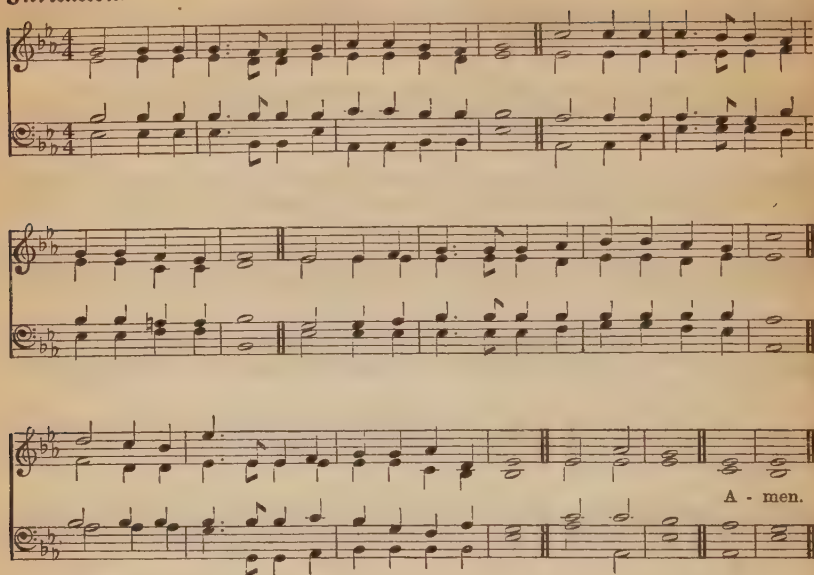
- p* 1 **O** JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
mf Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His sacred name who bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
dim To keep Him standing there.
- p* 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred;
cr O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
dim O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!
- p* 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading,
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?'
mf O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
cr Dear Saviour, enter, enter
And leave us nevermore.

W. W. How.

Invitation.

6s., eight lines (with refrain).

F. C. MAKER.



219

Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest.—MATT. xi. 28.

1.

COME to the Saviour now,
He gently calleth thee ;
In true repentance bow,
Before Him bend the knee :
He waiteth to bestow
Salvation, peace, and love,
True joy on earth below,
A home in heaven above.
Come, come, come !

2.

Come to the Saviour now,
He suffered all for thee,
And in His merits thou
Hast an unfailing plea :
No vain excuses frame ;
For feelings do not stay ;
None who to Jesus came
Were ever sent away.
Come, come, come !

3.

Come to the Saviour now,
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are :
Come like poor wandering sheep,
Returning to His fold,
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.
Come, come, come !

4.

Come to the Saviour all,
Whate'er your burdens be ;
Hear now His loving call—
' Cast all your care on Me.'
Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.
Come, come, come !

J. M. Wigner.

Treves.

C.M.

H. HILES.

220

If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.—JOHN viii. 36.

- 1 **H**ARK ! for 'tis God's own Son that
calls
To life and liberty ;
Transported, fall before His feet
Who makes the prisoners free.
- 2 Into the captive heart He pours
His Spirit from on high ;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And 'Abba, Father !' cry.

- 3 Shake off your bonds and sing His
grace ;
The sinner's Friend proclaim ;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by His name.
- 4 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above ;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing redeeming love.

Philip Doddridge.

Wiltshire.

C.M.

G. SMART.

221

If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.—JOHN vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls ; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

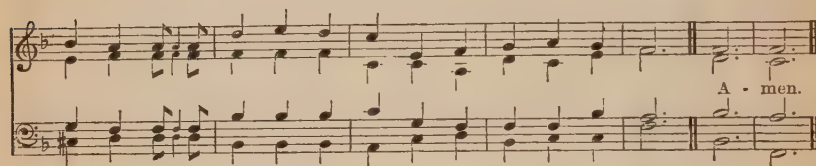
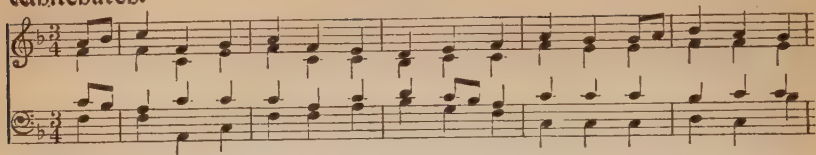
- 3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

Anne Steele.

Whitchurch.

12.11.12.11.

E. W. BULLINGER.



222 *I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.—JER. xxxi. 34.*

1 O COME to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
O come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright home above where the sun never sets.

2 O come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.

3 Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love;
And fear not! 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow lighter
As you think of the home and the glory above.

4 O come then to Jesus, and say how you love Him,
And vow at His feet you will keep in His grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

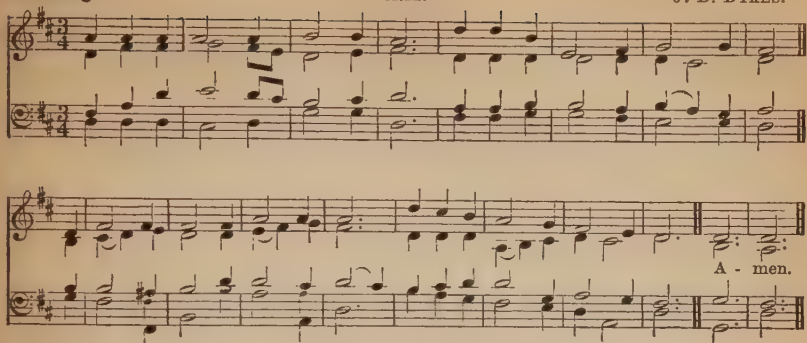
5 Come, come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His name.

F. W. Faber.

Rivault.

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



223

Behold, I stand at the door and knock.—REV. iii. 20.

1 **B**EHOLD a Stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks, has knocked before,
 Has waited long, is waiting still:
 You treat no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
 He will—the very Friend you need;
 The man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
 With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude! He stands
 With melting heart and laden hands;
 O matchless kindness! and He shows
 This matchless kindness to His foes.

4 Admit Him, for the human breast
 Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
 No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
 With whom He condescends to dwell.

5 Admit Him ere His anger burn,
 Lest He depart and ne'er return;
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
 When at His door denied you'll stand.

6 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
 If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,—
 To reign, and with no partial sway;
 Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

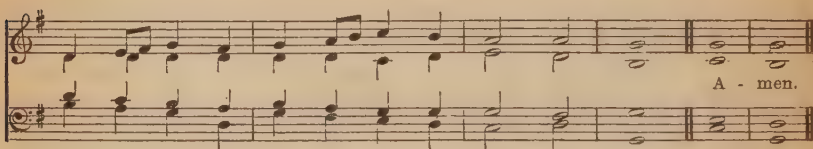
7 Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace,
 O may Thy gentle reign increase:
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
 And be His empire all mankind.

Joseph Grigg.

Stephanos. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

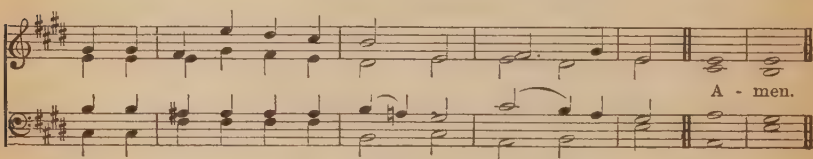
H. W. BAKER.



St. Helen's. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

ROBERT P. STEWART.



224

If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.—JOHN xii. 26.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>p</i> 1 A RT thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?</p> <p><i>mf</i> 'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and, coming,
Be at rest.'</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 'Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?'</p> <p><i>p</i> In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 3 'Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?'</p> <p><i>cr</i> Yea, a crown in very surety;
<i>p</i> But of thorns.</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 4 'If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?'</p> <p><i>p</i> Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 5 'If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?'</p> <p><i>f</i> Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 6 'If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?'</p> <p><i>f</i> Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.</p> |
|---|---|

mf 7 'Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?'

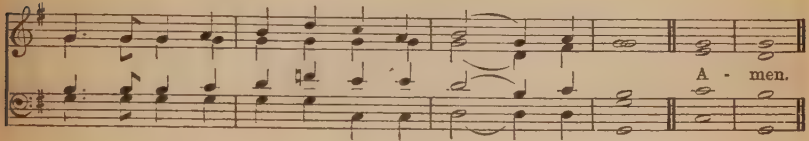
f Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes!'

Stephen the Sabaites, VIII. cent., tr. J. M. Neale.

Engelberg. [THIRD TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

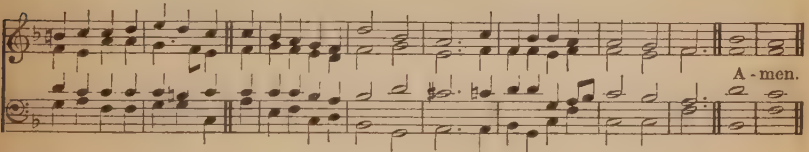
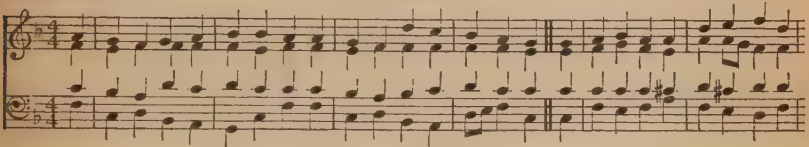
L. MEADOWS WHITE.



Epbratab.

8s., six lines.

S. MART.



225

If any man . . . open the door, I will come in to him.—REV. iii. 20.

f 1 **L**IFT up your heads, ye mighty gates ;
Behold the King of Glory waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here ;
Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing.

mf 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried ;
Mercy is ever at His side,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress ;
cr The End of all our woe He brings,
f Wherefore the earth is glad and sings.

mf 3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confessed !
O happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom this King in triumph comes !
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.

cr 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use, for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy ;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

5 Redeemer, come ! I open wide
My heart to Thee ; here, Lord, abide !
Let me Thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal ;
Thy Holy Spirit guide me on,
Until the glorious crown be won !

George Weissel, tr. C. Winkworth.

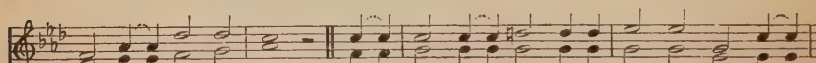
Compassion.

Irregular.

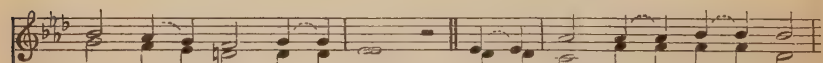
FOUNTAIN MEEN.



mf 1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the
mf 2. 'Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine, Are they
p 3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How
 4. 'Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way, That
cr. 5. And all through the moun - tains, thun - der - riven, And



shel - ter of the fold; (*p*) But one was out on the hills a - way, Far
 not e - nough for Thee? (*p*) But the Shepherd made answer; 'This of Mine Has
 deep were the waters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro', Ere He
 mark out the mountain's track? They were shed for one who had gone a - stray, Ere the
 up from the rock - y steep, (*f*) There rose a cry to the gate of heaven, 'Re -



off from the gates of gold;— A - way on the moun - tains
 wan - der'd a - way from Me; And al-though the road be
 found His sheep that was lost: Out in the des - ert He
 Shep - herd could bring him back.' 'Lord, whence are Thy hands so
 - joice, I have found My sheep!' And the an - gels echoed a -



wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
 rough and steep, I go to the des - ert to find My sheep.'
 heard its cry, Sick and helpless and rea - dy to die.
 rent and torn?' 'They are pier - ced to - night by ma - ny a thorn.'
 - round the throne. 'Re - joice! for the Lord brings back His own!' A - men.

Elizabeth C. Olephane.

York. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

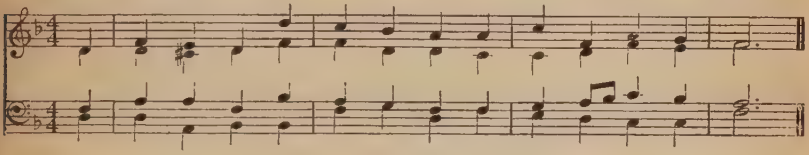
Scotch Psalter.



St. Mary. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

PLAYFORD'S Psalter.



(2) THE CALL ACCEPTED: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

227 *A fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness.—ZECH. xiii. 1.*

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin, how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word ;
Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief !
- 4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall ;
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All.

I. Watts.

228 *He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted.—LUKE iv. 18.*

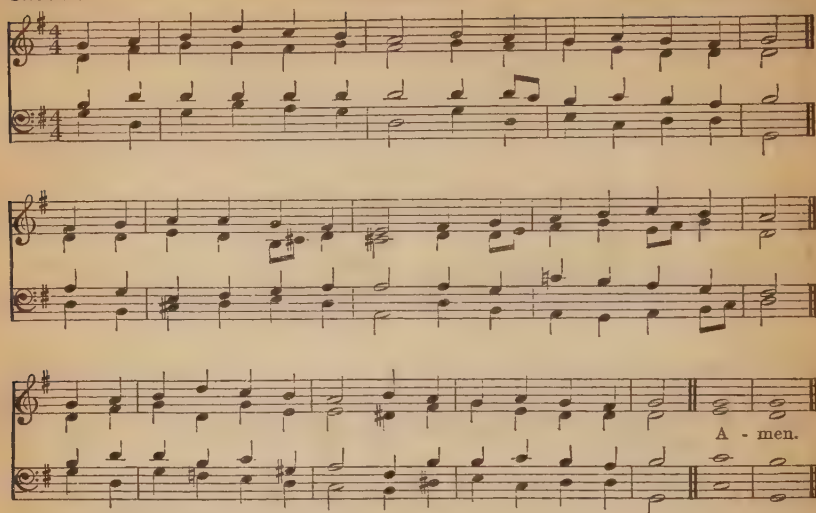
- p 1 **W**HEN, wounded sore, the stricken heart
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can save the sinner's wound.
- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitential grief has wept
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.
- 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart is touched with all our joys,
And feels for all our grief.
- 5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord ;
Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Cassel.

7s., six lines.

German.



229

This man receiveth sinners.—LUKE xv. 2.

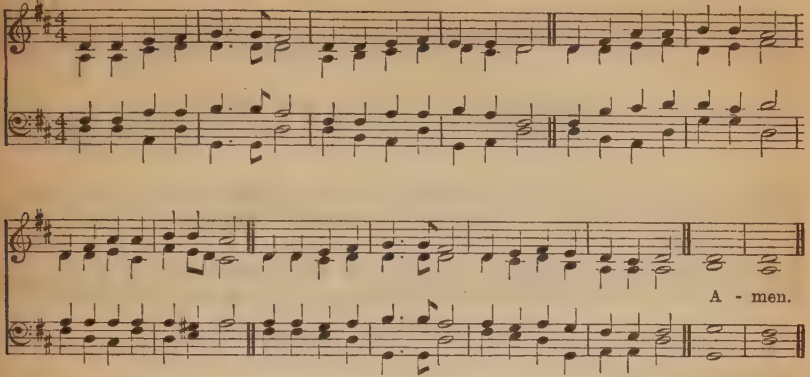
- 1 'JESUS sinners will receive';
Say this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall;
This can bring them back again,
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'
- 2 Sick, and sorrowful, and blind,
I, with all my sins, draw nigh;
O my Saviour, Thou canst find
Help for sinners such as I;
Speak that word of love again,
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'
- 3 Yea, my soul is comforted;
For Thy blood hath washed away
All my sins, though crimson-red;
And I stand in white array,
Purged from every spot and stain;
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'
- 4 'Christ receiveth sinful men':
Even me, with all my sin;
Openeth to me heaven again;
With Him I may enter in:
Death hath no more sting nor pain;
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'

Neumeister, E., tr. Mrs. Bevan.

Ajalon. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

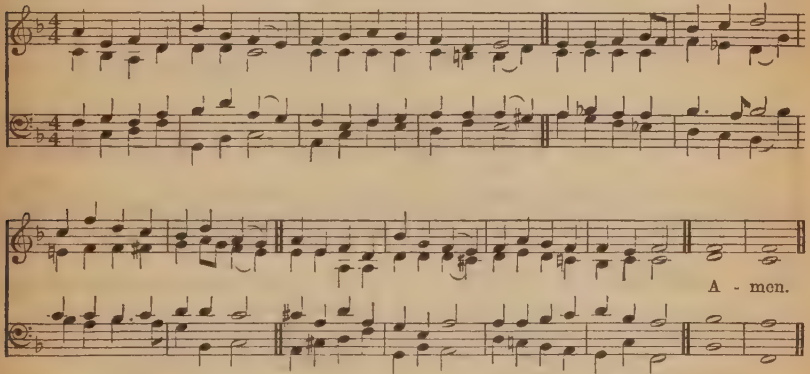
R. REDHEAD.



Rock of Ages. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

S. WEEKES.



230

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—Ps. lxi. 2.

p 1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

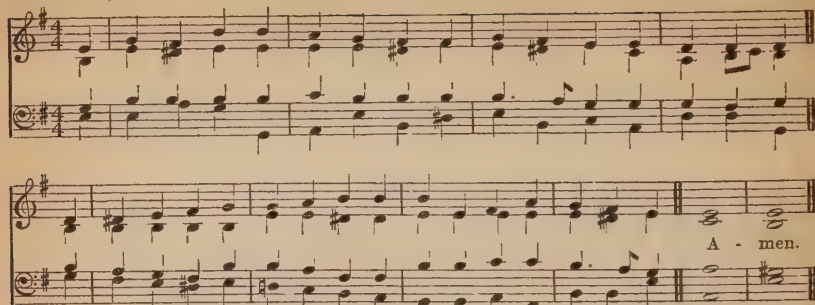
dim 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
cr When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
p Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. Toplady.

Shelter. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

F. A. J. HERVEY.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Hierapolis. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

S. WESLEY.



231 *What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.—PHIL. iii. 7.*

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne ;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

I. Watts.

232 *Blot out all mine iniquities.—Ps. li. 9.*

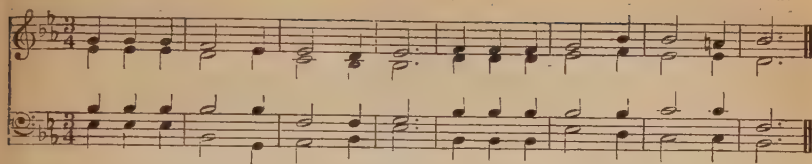
- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 Behold, I fall before Thy face,
My only refuge is Thy grace ;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace ;
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

I. Watts.

Sarby. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



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238

God . . . hath quickened us together with Christ.—EPH. ii. 4, 5.

p 1 **L**ORD, I was blind, I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace ;

cr But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.

p 2 Lord, I was deaf, I could not hear .
The thrilling music of Thy voice ;

cr But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And sweet are all Thy words, and dear.

p 3 Lord, I was dumb, I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name ;

cr But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

p 4 Lord, I was dead, I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee ;

cr But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

mf 5 For Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,

f The dead to live ; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

W. T. Malson.

Clarence. [FIRST TUNE.]

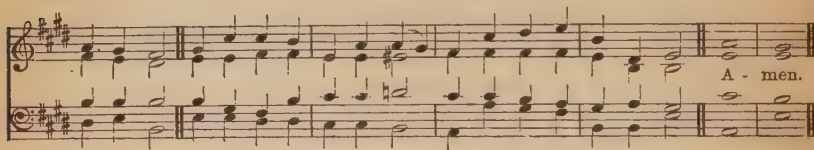
7.7.7.7.

A. SULLIVAN.

Verses 1 to 4 only.

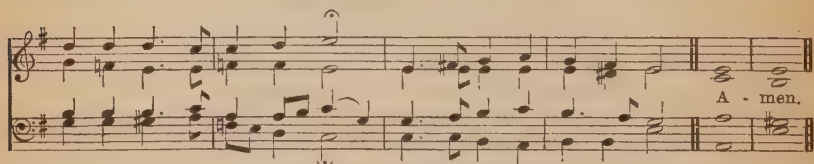
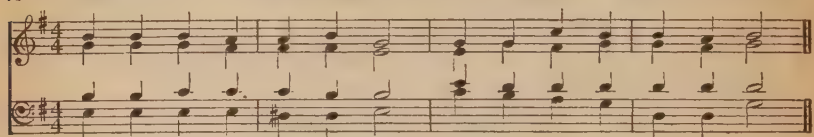


Verses 5 and 6 only.



Deus Misereatur. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.7.7.7.

MYLES B. FOSTER.



234

God be merciful to me, a sinner.—LUKE xviii. 13.

p 1 **S**INFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest;
'God be merciful to me!'

2 Goodness I have none to plead;
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need:
'God be merciful to me!'

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
'God be merciful to me!'

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee;
I am not my own, but Thine:
'God be merciful to me!'

f 5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
'God be merciful to me!'

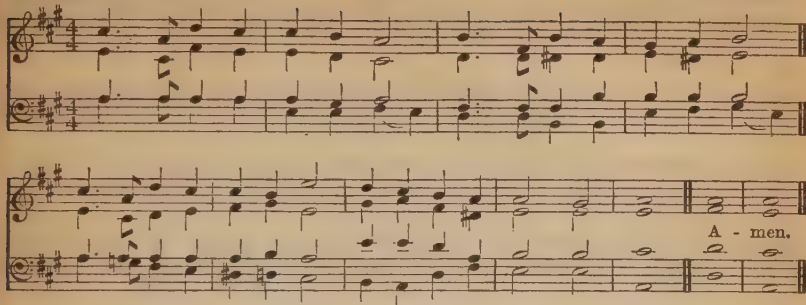
6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all, and for His sake,
'God be merciful to me!'

J. S. B. Monsell.

Ellingham. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

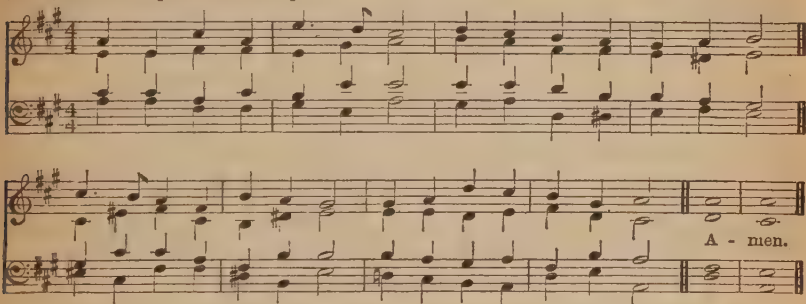
S. N. GODFREY.



St. Mildred. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

J. H. KNECHT.

235 *Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me.—ISA. xii. 1.*

- 1 I WILL praise Thee every day,
Now Thine anger's turned away;
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Here, in the fair gospel-field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And His praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.
- 4 Praise ye, then, His glorious name;
Publish His exalted fame:
Still His worth your praise exceeds;
Excellent are all His deeds.
- 5 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round:
Zion, shout, for this is He;
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

W. Cowper.

236 *The Lord our God will we serve.—*
JOSH. xxiv. 24.

- 1 THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee, from earth to heaven!

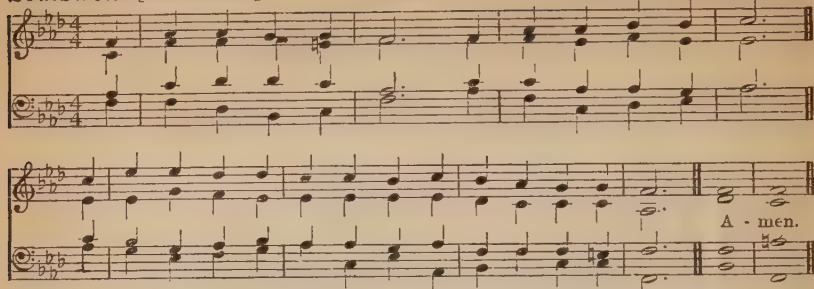
Mrs. Mary F. Maude.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Southwell. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

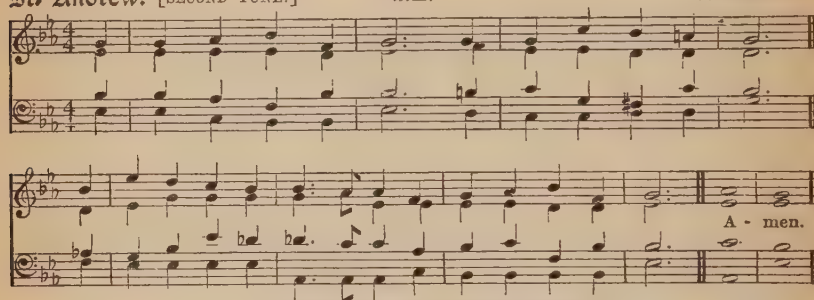
DENHAM's Psalter, 1588.



St. Andrew. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

J. BARNEY.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

237 *O my God, I trust in Thee; let me not be ashamed.—Ps. xxv. 2.*

- p* 1 **O**PPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear,
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
But I will not despair.
- 2 With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.
- 3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin;
But Thou, who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.
- 4 Far as the earth may be
From yonder starry skies,
Remoter still am I from Thee:
Yet Thou wilt not despise.
- mf* 5 I need not fear my foes,
I need not yield to care,
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.
- 6 In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee;
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will cherish me.

Anne Brontë.

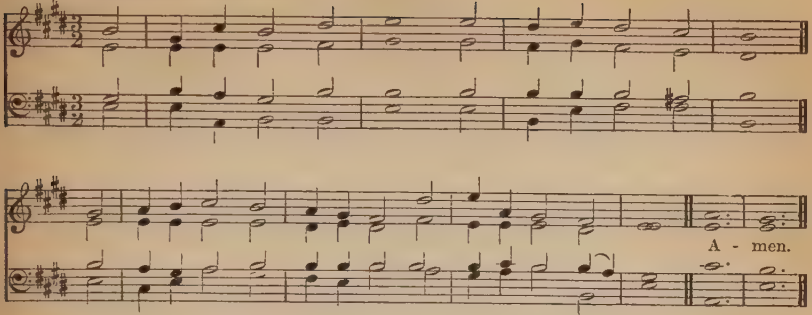
238 *Not by works of righteousness . . . but according to His mercy.—TIT. iii. 5.*

- p* 1 **N**OT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs and tears,
Can bear my awful load.
- mf* 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.
- 4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.
- 5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.
- f* 6 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine;
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

H. Bonar.

Buddersfield. [THIRD TUNE.]

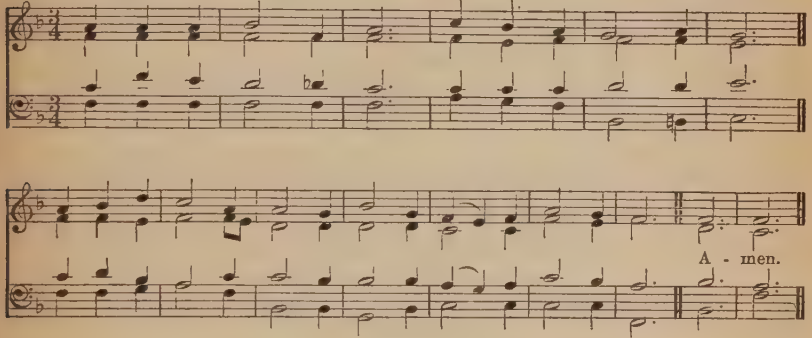
S.M.



Trentbam. [FOURTH TUNE.]

S.M.

R. JACKSON.



239

And he went on his way rejoicing.—ACTS viii. 39.

- 1 COME and rejoice with me !
For once my heart was poor,
And I have found a treasury
Of love, a boundless store.
- 2 Come and rejoice with me !
I, once so sick at heart,
Have met with One who knows my case,
And knows the healing art.
- 3 Come and rejoice with me !
For I was wearied sore,
And I have found a mighty arm
Which holds me evermore.
- 4 Come and rejoice with me !
My feet so wide did roam,

And One has sought me from afar,
And beareth me safe home.

- 5 Come and rejoice with me !
For I have found a Friend
Who knows my heart's most secret depths
Yet loves me without end.
- 6 I knew not of His love ;
And He had loved so long,
With love so faithful and so deep,
So tender and so strong.
- 7 And now I know it all,
Have heard and known His voice,
And hear it still from day to day,—
Can I enough rejoice ?

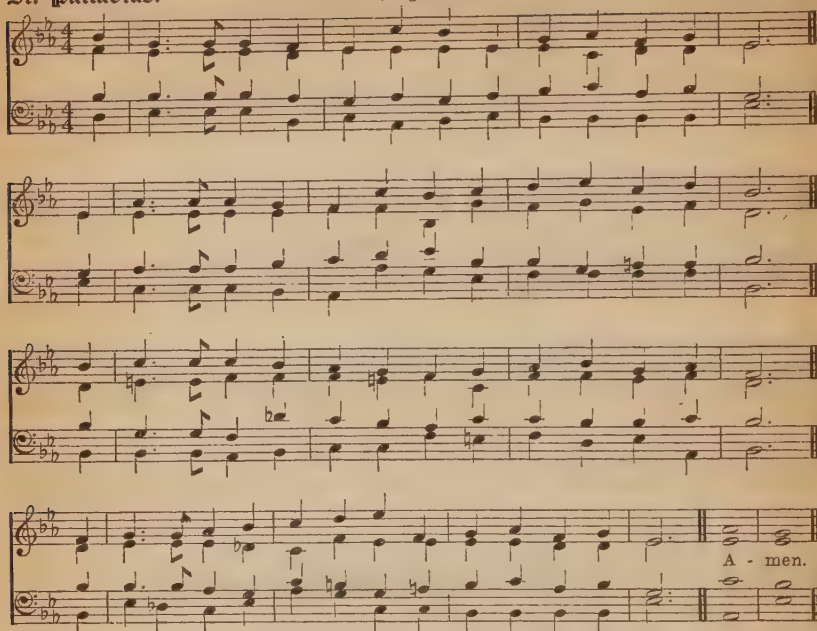
Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

St. Palladius.

10.4., eight lines.

J. BARNBY.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

240

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—MATT. xi. 28.

p 1 DEAR Lord, I now respond to Thy sweet call,
'Come unto Me':

I find my joy, my peace, my all-in-all,
My heaven in Thee.

Too long I disobeyed Thy law, too long
I slighted Thee:

Too long I heeded not Thy voice, but now
I come to Thee.

2 I come with all my sins, with all my fears
I come to Thee,

With all my doubts, my burdens, weaknesses,
I come to Thee.

Thy precious blood hath cleansed me white, Thy blood
Was shed for me:

Thy death my life, Thy cross my plea; O Lord,
I come to Thee.

mf 3 Sustain me, Jesus, by Thy mighty power:
Abide with me:

O make Thy word a lamp to light the path
That leads to Thee.

And, when I've stemmed the stormy waves, and crossed
Life's troubled sea,

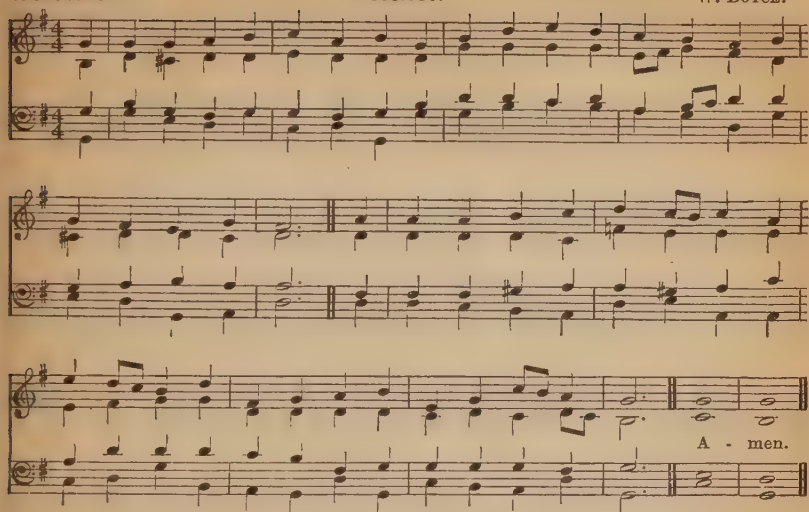
dim I'll see and know Thee as Thou art, and rest
In peace with Thee.

A. F. Ferguson.

Hereford.

886.886.

W. BOYCE.



241

They shall look on Him whom they pierced.—JOHN xix. 37.

1 O THOU who hast redeemed of old,
 And bidst me of Thy strength take hold,
 And be at peace with Thee;
 Help me Thy benefits to own,
 And hear me tell what Thou hast done,
 O dying Lamb, for me.

2 Vouchsafe the eye of faith to see
 The Man transfix'd on Calvary,
 To know Thee who Thou art,—
 The one eternal God and true!
 And let the sight affect, subdue,
 And break my stubborn heart.

8 Lovèr of souls, to rescùe mine,
 Reveal the charity divine
 That suffer'd in my stead;
 That made Thy soul a sacrifice,
 And quenched in death those gracious eyes,
 And bowed that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove;
 And by Thy manifested love,
 And by Thy sprinkled blood,
 Destroy the love of sin in me,
 And get Thyself the victory,
 And bring me back to God.

C. Wesley.

St. Mary Magdalene. [FIRST TUNE.] 7s., eight lines.

A. SULLIVAN.

A - men.

242

Stood at His feet . . . weeping.—LUKE vii. 38.

- 1 **D**EPTH of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?
 Can my God His wrath forbear ?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
 I have long withstood His grace,
 Long provoked Him to His face ;
 Would not hearken to His calls ;
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 2 Kindled His relentings are ;
 Me He still delights to spare ;
 Cries,—‘ How shall I give thee up ! ’
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
 There for me the Saviour stands ;
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands.
 God is love ! I know, I feel ;
 Jesus pleads, and loves me still.

Ticbfield. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

R. W. BEATY.

A - men.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?
If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;
Pardon and accept me now.

4 Pity from Thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart:
Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament,
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Agnus Dei. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.6.

W. BLOW.

A - men.

Aldburst. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.6.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

Slowly.

Slowly.

A - men.

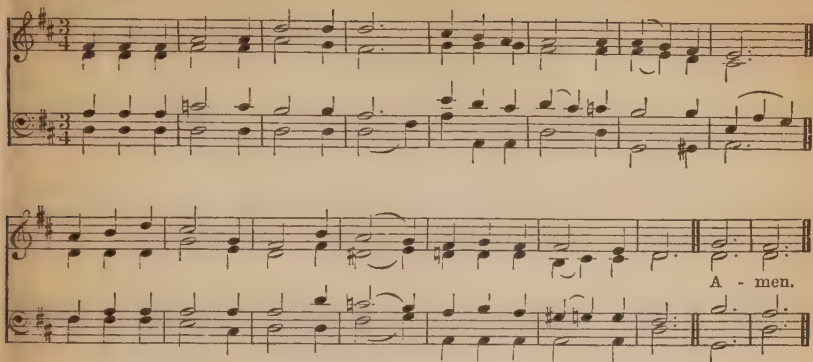
cres. *pp* *ppp* A - men.

cres. *pp* Man. Ped.

Lyncombe. [THIRD TUNE.]

8.8.8.6.

W. E. EVILL.



243

And he arose, and came to his father.—LUKE xv. 20.

p 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

mf 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

cr 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

f 7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Through Sorrow's Path.

C.M., twelve lines.

A. SULLIVAN.

A - men.

I have redeemed thee . . . thou art Mine.—Is. xliii. 1.

mf 1 **W**HEN I had wandered from His fold,
 His love the wanderer sought ;
 When slave-like into bondage sold,
 His blood my freedom bought :
f Therefore that life, by Him redeemed,
 Is His through all its days,
 And as with blessings it hath teemed,
 So let it teem with praise :
 For I am His, and He is mine,
 The God whom I adore ;
 My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
 Now and for evermore.

mf 2 When I forgot His tender love,
 And my affections set
 Not upon holy things above,
 He did not me forget,
 But, gently chastening, gently tried
 To draw me back to bliss,
 And hide me in His wounded side ;
cr Therefore I'm tenfold His :
f For I am His, and He is mine,
 The God whom I adore ;
 My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
 Now and for evermore.

p 3 When, sunk in sorrow, I despaired,
 And changed my hopes for fears,
cr He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
 And wiped away my tears ;
f Therefore the joy by Him restored
 To Him by right belongs,
 And to my gracious loving Lord
 I'll sing through life my songs :
 For I am His, and He is mine,
 The God whom I adore ;
 My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
 Now and for evermore.

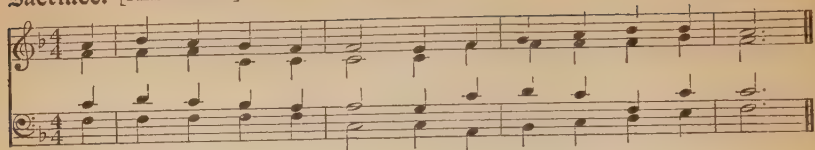
p 4 When I beneath my cross lay down,
 And could no farther move,
cr He raised me up, He showed the crowd,
 And whispered, ' I am Love ' ;
f Therefore that Love my song shall be,
 And to my glorious King,
 Through time and through eternity,
 My life His praise shall sing :
 For I am His, and He is mine,
 The God whom I adore ;
 My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
 Now and for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Sacrifice. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

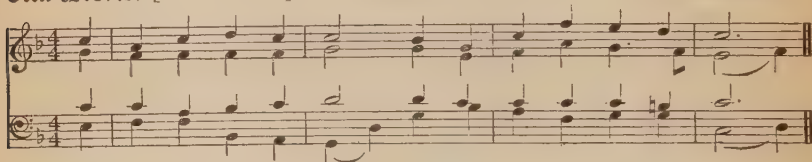
H. LAHEE.



Vita Brevis. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

W. A. JEFFERSON.



245

O Lord, truly I am Thy servant.—Ps. cxvi. 16.

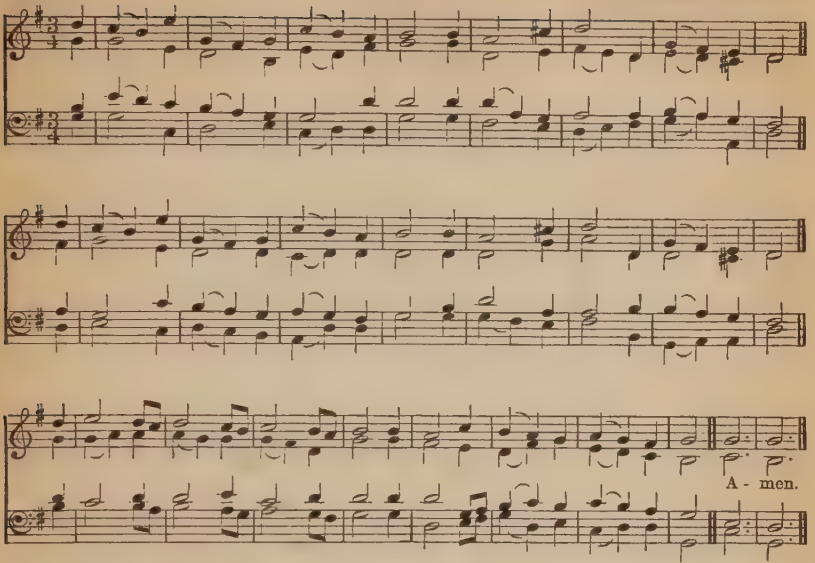
- 1 **I**N full and glad surrender,
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only
And evermore to be.
- 2 O Son of God, who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone;
And all I have, and am, Lord,
Shall henceforth be Thine own.
- 3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus,
O make my heart Thy throne!
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.
- 4 O come and reign, Lord Jesus,
Rule over everything;
And keep me always loyal
And true to Thee, my King.

Frances R. Havergal.

Carey.

8s., six lines.

HENRY CAREY.



246

Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul.—HEB. vi. 19.

1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
 Before the world's foundation slain :
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasses far ;
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
 Thy arms of love still open are,
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O Love, Thou bottomless abyss !
 My sins are swallowed up in Thee ;
 Covered is my unrighteousness,
 My soul from condemnation free,
 While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head ;
 Though strength, and health, and friends
 be gone ;
 Though joys be withered all and dead ;
 Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
 On this my steadfast soul relies ;
 Father ! Thy mercy never dies.

5 Fixed on this ground would I remain,
 Though my heart fail and flesh decay :
 This anchor shall my soul sustain
 When earth's foundations melt away :
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

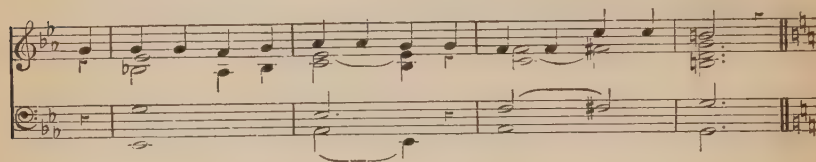
J. A. Rothe, tr. J. Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

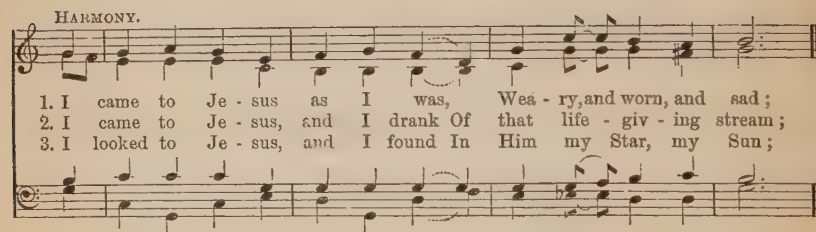
Audite Audientes Me. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M. D.

A. SULLIVAN.

UNISON.



HARMONY.



247

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.—MATT. xi. 28.

1.

p I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 'Come unto Me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast':
mf I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
cr I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

THE CALL ACCEPTED.

Blenden. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.D.

C. E. KETTLE.

2.

p I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live':
mf I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
cr My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3.

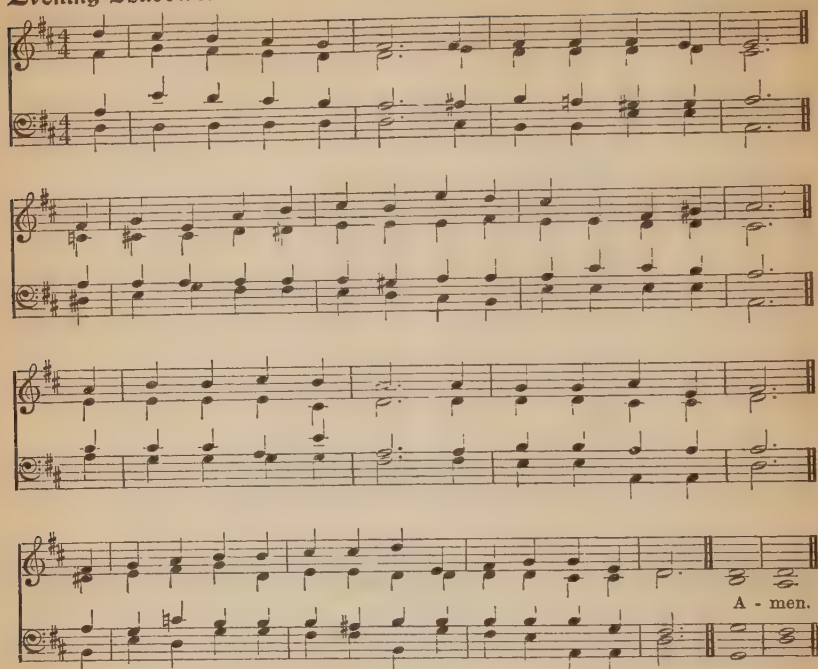
mf I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘I am this dark world’s Light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright’ :
f I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I’ll walk
Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar.

Evening Shadows.

S.M. D.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.



248

Ye were as sheep going astray.—1 PET. ii. 25.

- p* 1 **I** WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold:
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled:
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild:
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone;
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.

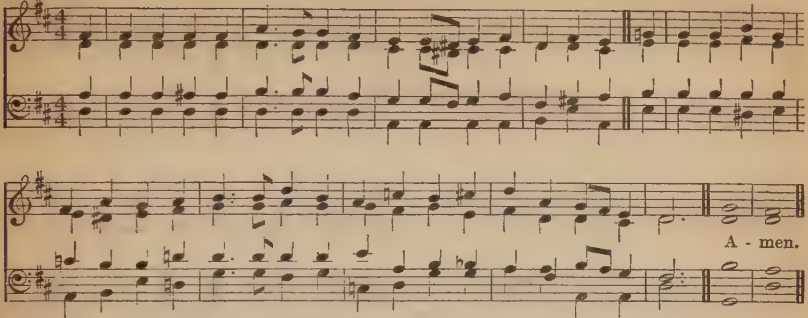
- f* 3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole:
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.
- p* 4 I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled,
f But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold!
p I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam;
f But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home!

H. Bonar.

Elstead.

88.886.

J. BARNBY.



(Copyright, 1896, by Novello, Ewer and Co.)

249

Teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God.—Ps. cxliii. 10.

1 **O** LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee;
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

2 What'e'r pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee;
On Thee, my God, on Thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee;
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

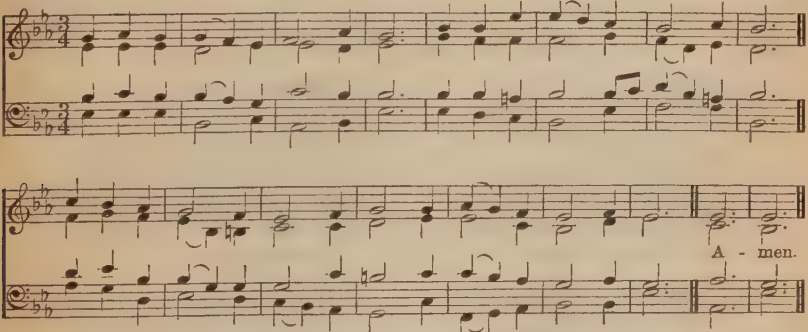
4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in Thee;
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

J. F. Oberlin, tr. Mrs. D. Wilson.

Trust.

8.8.8.6.

G. W. TORRANCE.



250

His great love wherewith He loved us.—Eph. ii. 4.

1 **O** SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need
And Thy exceeding love.

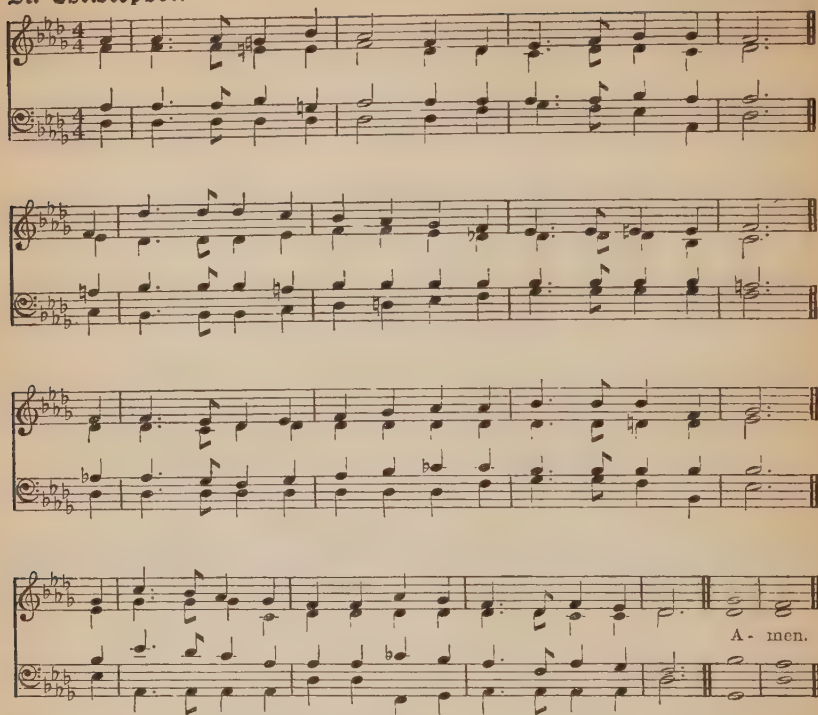
2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er,
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

Jane Crewdson.

St. Christopher.

76.86.86.86.

F. C. MAKER.



251

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.—GAL. vi. 14.

p 1 **B**ENEATH the cross of Jesus
 I fain would take my stand—
 The shadow of a mighty Rock,
 Within a weary land :
 A home within the wilderness,
 A rest upon the way,
 From the burning of the noontide heat,
 And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter,
 O refuge tried and sweet,
 O trysting-place where heaven's love
 And heaven's justice meet !
 As to the holy patriarch
 That wondrous dream was given,
 So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
 A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
 But on the farther side,
 The darkness of an awful grave
 That gapes both deep and wide ;
 And there between us stands the cross,
 Two arms outstretched to save,
 Like a watchman set to guard the way
 From that eternal grave.

4 Upon the cross of Jesus
 Mine eyes at times can see
 The very dying form of One
 Who suffered there for me ;
 And from my smitten heart with tears
 Two wonders I confess—
 The wonders of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

CRY FOR GRACE AND HELP.

Enon. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

O. M. FIELDEN.

Evensong. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

E. SEYMOUR.

(3) THE CRY FOR GRACE AND HELP.

252

Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.—LUKE xvii. 13.

p 1 JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

mf 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way,
or Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

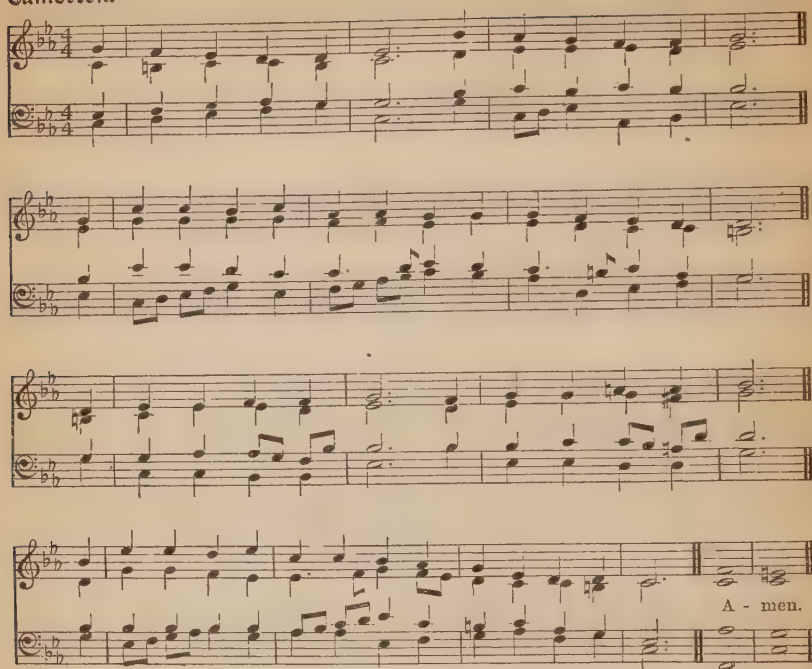
p 5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

G. R. Prynne.

Camerton.

S.M. D.

C. W. PEARCE.



253

I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me.—PHIL. iv. 13.

1 **J**ESUS, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

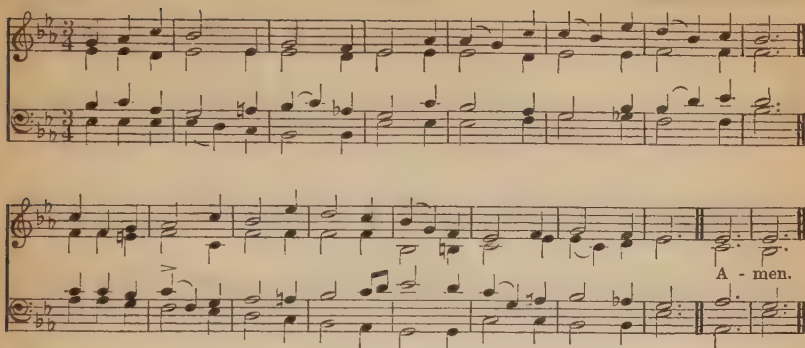
4 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

C. Wesley.

Dunelm.

L.M.

CHARLES VINCENT.



254

In Thy light shall we see light.—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

1 **G**RANT us Thy light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give ;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.

2 Grant us Thy light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

3 Grant us Thy light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart ;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

4 Grant us Thy light, in grief and pain
To lift our burdened hearts above ;
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 Grant us Thy light, that we may trace
A pledge of life in seeming death ;
And own the grave a resting place,
Nor dread at last to sleep beneath.

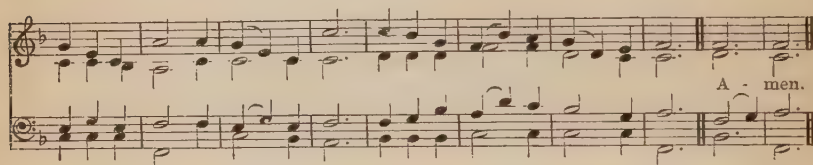
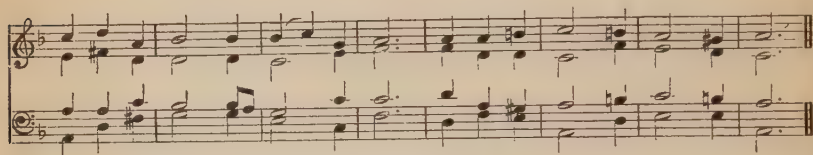
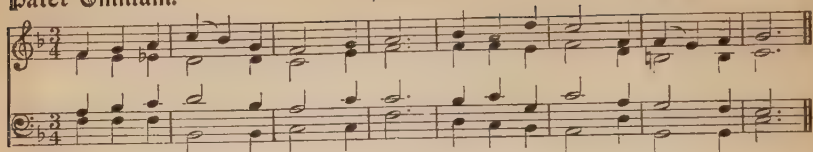
6 Grant us Thy light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

L. Tuttle.

Pater Omnitum.

8s., six lines.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



255

Ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.—JAS. i. 5.

p 1 WE have not known Thee as we ought,
 Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and power :
 The things of earth have filled our thought,
 And trifles of the passing hour :
mf Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,
 And make us wise in knowing Thee.

p 2 We have not feared Thee as we ought,
 Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
 Nor guarded deed and word and thought,
 Remembering that God was nigh :
mf Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,
 And grant the grace of holy fear.

p 3 We have not loved Thee as we ought,
 Nor cared that we are loved by Thee :
 Thy presence we have coldly sought,
 And feebly longed Thy face to see :
mf Lord, give a pure and loving heart
 To feel and know the Love Thou art.

p 4 We have not served Thee as we ought ;
 Alas ! the duties left undone,
 The work with little fervour wrought,
 The battles lost, or scarcely won !
mf Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,
 For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

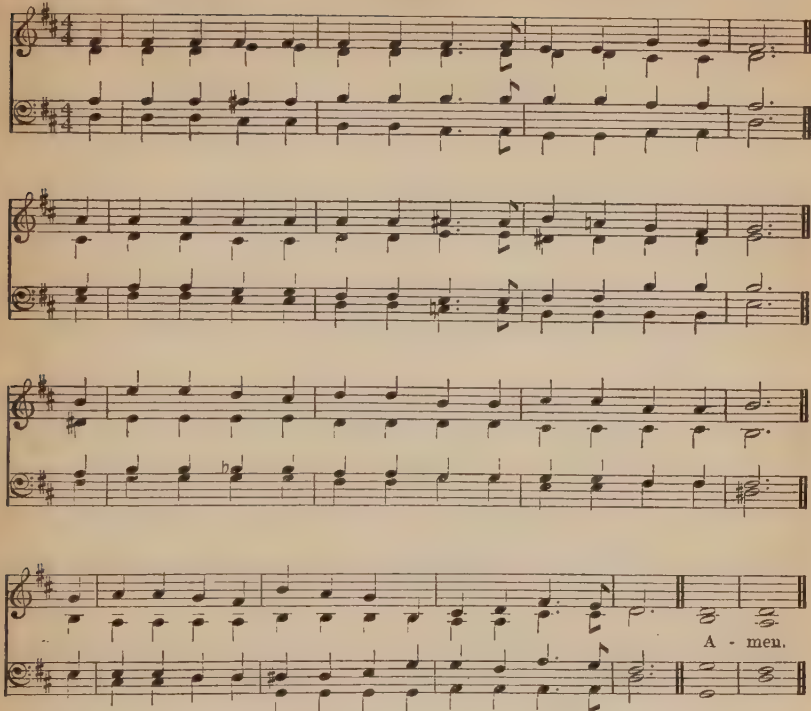
p 5 When shall we know Thee as we ought,
 And fear, and love, and serve aright ?
 When shall we, out of trial brought,
 Be perfect in the land of light ?
mf Lord, may we day by day prepare
 To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.

T. B. Pollock.

Fatherhood.

C.M. D.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



256

Jesus . . . took a child, and set him by Him.—LUKE ix. 47.

mp 1 **A**S helpless as a child who clings
 Fast to his father's arm,
 And casts his weakness on the strength
 That keeps him safe from harm;
cr So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
 And thus I every hour
 Would link my earthly feebleness
 To Thine Almighty power.

mf 2 As trustful as a child who looks
 Up in his mother's face,
 And all his little griefs and fears
 Forgets in her embrace;
cr So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
 And in Thy face divine
 Can read the love that will sustain
 As weak a faith as mine.

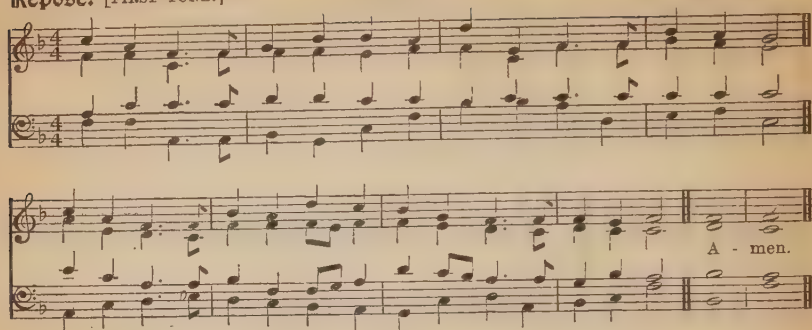
mp 3 As loving as a child who sits
 Close by his parent's knee,
 And knows no want while he can have
 That sweet society;
cr So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
 Would all its love outpour,
 And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
 To love Thee more and more.

J. D. Burns.

Repose. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

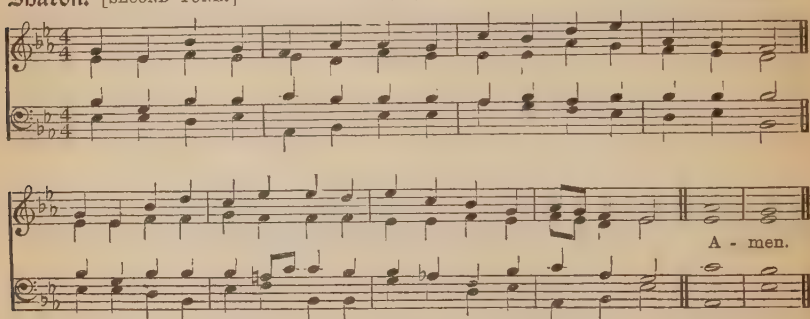
SAMUEL SMITH.



Sharon. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

W. BOYCE.



257

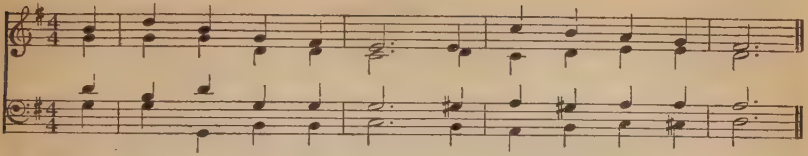
They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength,—ISA. xl. 31.

- 1 **F**ATHER, hear the prayer we offer :
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.
- 2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be ;
But by steep and rugged pathways
Would we strive to climb to Thee.
- 3 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay ;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.
- 4 Be our Strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our Guide ;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.
- 5 Let our path be bright or dreary,
Storm or sunshine be our share ;
May our souls, in hope unwearied,
Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

Eastnor. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

A. KING.

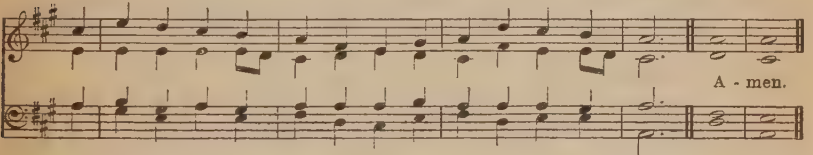
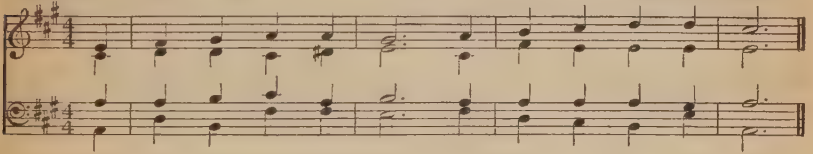


A - men.

Wensley. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

ROBERT JACKSON.



A - men.

258

Whose I am, and whom I serve.—ACTS xxvii. 23.

mf 1 **D**EAR Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see ;
My Conqueror, with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to Thee !

2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious bands—
Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
And happy in Thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind :
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.

4 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

p 5 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast ;
cr The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

mf 6 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true !
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through !

7 My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train,
cr And with Thee Thy glad captive bring
When Thou return'st to reign !

T. H. Gill.

259

For Thy name's sake lead me and guide me.—Ps. xxxi. 3

Ramoth.

7s., eight lines.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

UNISON. *mf*

1. Lord, to Thee a-lone we turn, To Thy cross for safe-ty fly; There as pen-i-

tents to learn How to live and how to die. Sin-ful on our knees we fall;

p *mf*

cres. rit. *mf a tempo.* *rit.*

Hear us, as for help we plead; Hear us, when on Thee we call; Aid us in our time of need.

cres. rit. *mf a tempo.* *rit.*

HARMONY. ORGAN *ad lib.* (8 ft.). *mf*

2. In the midst of sin and strife, In the depths of mor-tal woe,

mf *p*

mf *p*

Teach us, Lord, to live a life.. Meet for so-jour-ners be-low.

mf *p*

CRY FOR GRACE AND HELP

p *cres.* *rit.*

Though the road be oft-times dark, Though the feet in weak-ness stray,

p *cres.* *rit.*

a tempo. *mf.* *rit.*

Lead us, Sa-viour, as the Ark Led Thy cho-sen on their way.

mf. *rit.*

UNISON.

p *f*

3. Weak and wea-ry and a-lone, When the vale of death we tread, Then be all Thy

p *Sw.* *f* *Gt.*

Man. *Ped.*

p *p*

mer-cy shown, Then be all Thy love dis-played. Guard us in that dark-some hour, Lead us to the

p *p* *Sw. or Ch.*

Man.

rit. *f* *a tempo.* *rall. al fine.* *p* *p*

land of rest, Where, secure from Satan's power, We may lie up-on Thy breast. A-men.

rit. *f* *Gt.* *a tempo.* *rall. al fine.* *pp*

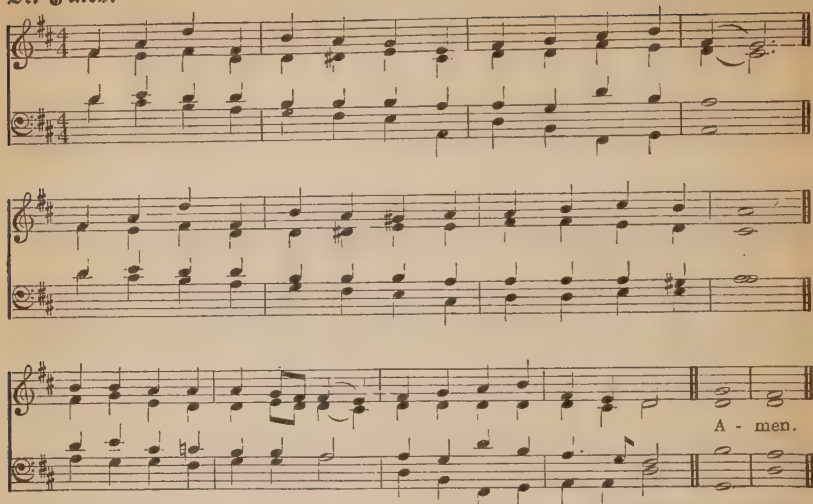
Ped.

A. Eubule Evans.

St. Faith.

76.76.77.

W. BEALE.



260

If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole.—MATT. ix. 21.

p 1 **N**OT Thy garment's hem alone,
 My trembling faith would hold,
 Though divine compassion shone
 Beneath its sacred fold :—
 Thou didst own her mute appeal,
 Who besought Thy power to heal.

2 Earthly robes, which Thou didst wear,
 Thy glories to enshroud,
 Could remedial virtue bear
 To one among the crowd :—
 More than mortal help I crave,
 Now Thou art enthroned to save.

3 That bright raiment I would seek,
 Dyed in the atoning flood,
 Which can peace and pardon speak,
 Thy vesture dipped in blood :
 Here my hope its refuge holds ;
 Hide me in its sheltering folds.

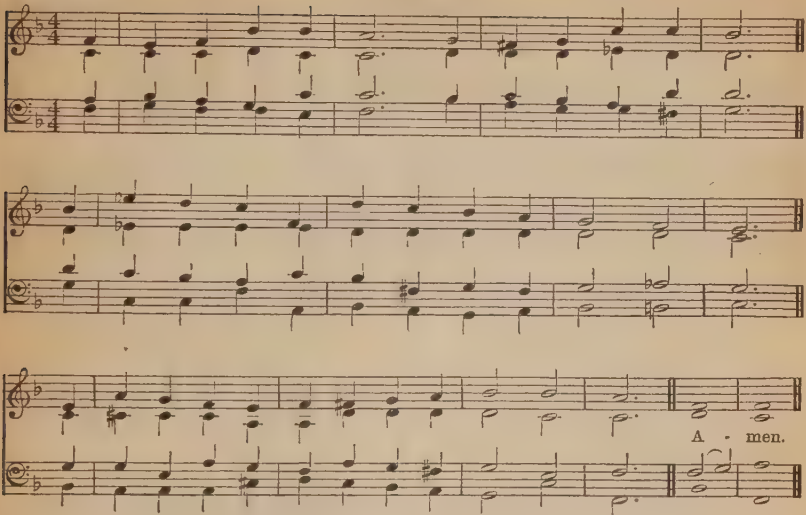
4 Mediating Priest above !
 My languid spirit faints
 For the robe of joy and love,
 The righteousness of saints :
 Great Redeemer ! clothe me in
 Robes which Thou hast died to win.

Mrs. Elizabeth T. Conder.

Hearning.

6s., six lines.

GEORGE B. GILBERT.



261

He shall make an atonement for the holy place.—LEV. xvi. 16.

p 1 **N**OT for our sins alone
Thy mercy, Lord, we sue;
Let fall Thy pitying glance
On our devotions too,
What we have done for Thee,
And what we think to do.

2 The holiest hours we spend
In prayer upon our knees,
The times when most we deem
Our songs of praise will please,
Thou Teacher of all hearts,
Forgiveness pour on these.

3 And all the gifts we bring,
And all the vows we make,
And all the acts of love
We plan for Thy dear sake,
Into Thy pardoning thought,
O God of mercy, take.

4 Bow down Thine ear and hear,
Open Thine eyes and see;
Our very love is shame,
And we must come to Thee,
To make it of Thy grace
What Thou wouldst have it be.

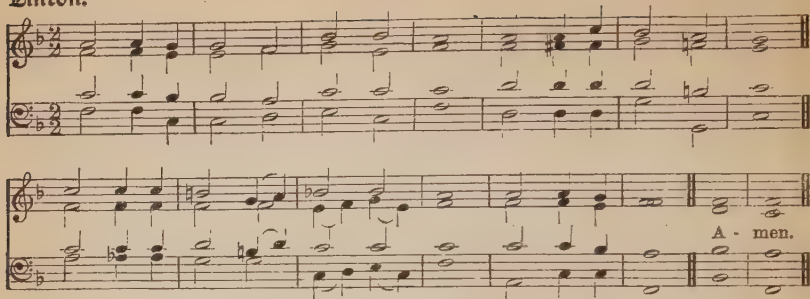
H. Twells.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Linton.

8.6.8.4.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



262

Make me to know my transgression and my sin.—JOB xiii. 23.

p 1 **S**HOW me myself, O holy Lord ;
Help me to look within ;
I will not turn me from the sight
Of all my sin.

2 Just as it is in Thy pure eyes
Would I behold my heart,—
Bring every hidden spot to light,
Nor shrink the smart.

3 Not mine, the purity of heart
That shall at last see God ;
Not mine, the following in the steps
The Saviour trod :

4 Not mine, the life I thought to live
When first I took His name ;—
Mine but the right to weep and grieve
Over my shame.

5 Yet, Lord, I thank Thee for the sight
Thou hast vouchsafed to me ;
And, humbled to the dust, I shrink
Closer to Thee :

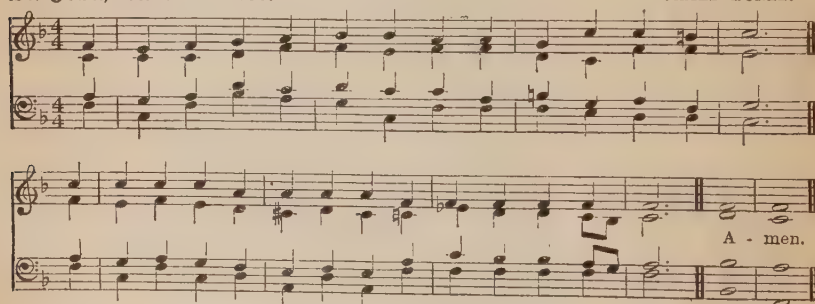
6 And if Thy love will not disown
So frail a heart as mine,
Chasten and cleanse it as Thou wilt,
But keep it Thine !

American.

St. John, Westminster.

C.M.

JAMES TURLE.



263

Will ye also go away ?—JOHN vi. 67.

mp 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,—
Alas, what numbers do !—
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
'Wilt Thou forsake Me too ?'

2 Ah, Lord, with such a heart as mine,
Unless Thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

4 The help of men and angels joined
Could never reach my case ;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in Thy boundless grace.

5 No voice but Thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart ;
No love but Thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

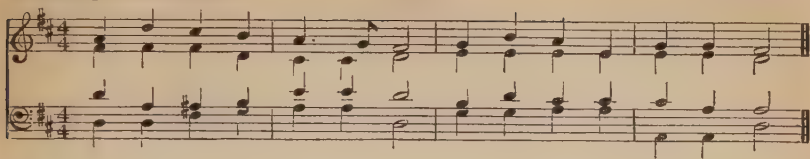
6 What anguish has that question stirred,—
If I will also go ?
Yet, Lord, relying on Thy word,
I humbly answer, No !

John Newton.

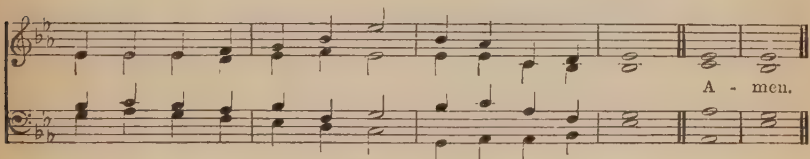
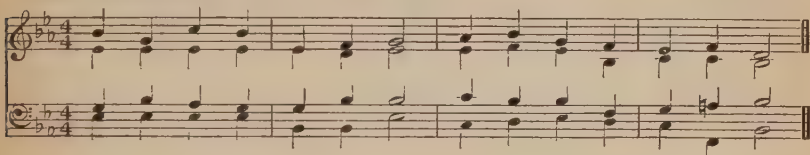
Ledbury. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

A. KING.

**St. Michael Royal.** [SECOND TUNE.] 7.7.7.5.

C. STEGGALL.



264 *Thus saith the Lord unto the house of Israel, Seek ye Me, and ye shall live.—AMOS. v. 4.*

1.

p GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place :
Hear, forgive, and save.

2.

When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat :
Look from heaven and save.

3.

When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill :
Lord, accept and save.

4.

Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold :
Lord, forgive and save.

5.

Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess :
Jesus, hear and save.

6.

And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free :
Hear, forgive, and save.

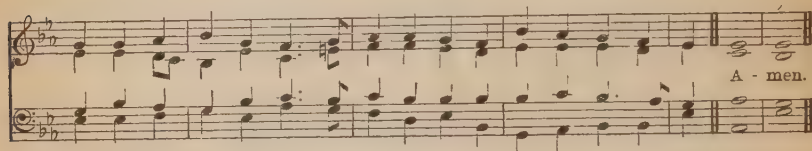
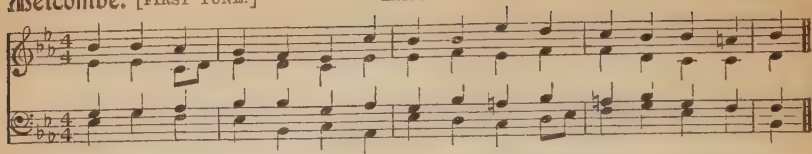
Mrs. Eliza F. Morris.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Melcombe. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

S. WEBBE.



Breslau. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

German.



(4) FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

(See also Section IX. (4) 'The Prayer Meeting'.)

265 *With him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.—ISA. lvii. 15.*

1 **T**WO temples doth Jehovah prize,
Nor will from either e'er depart;
One is above the starry skies,
The other is the lowly heart.

2 In that He dwelleth as a Sun,
Radiant with majesty divine;
In this His beams are felt, but none
May tell how He is in the shrine.

3 Enough, if He in very deed
His presence there in grace accord;
Enough, the lowly heart can read,
It is a temple of the Lord.

4 Such heart, O God, be ever mine!
Let lowliness so deep be there,
That hoping, trusting it is Thine,
Thy glory it may humbly bear.

T. Davis.

266 *That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.—EPH. iii. 17.*

mf 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

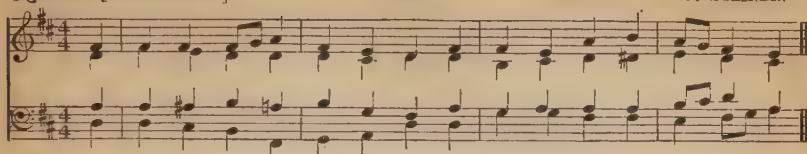
2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and
length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

f 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, through Christ His
Son. I. Watts.

Orford. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

J. STAINER.

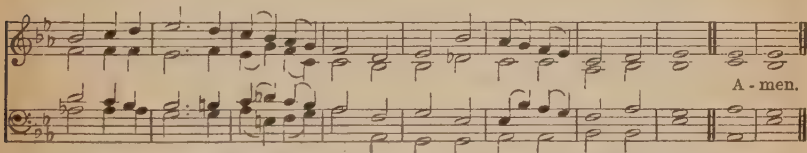
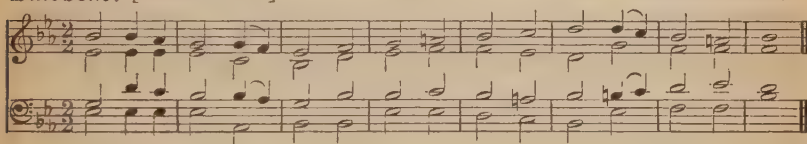


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Hindhead. [FOURTH TUNE.]

L.M.

ETHEL EARLE.



267 *Through faith we understand.*—
HEB. xi. 3.

- 1 NO human eyes Thy face may see ;
No human thought Thy form may
know ;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow.
- 2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught,
To seek Thy present aid may dare.
- 3 And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know the Eternal Mind ;
- 4 Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by Thine.
- 5 So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And thought grow weak, and knowledge flee,
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
And love shall guide us on to Thee.

T. W. Higginson.

268 *But be not Thou far from me, O*
Lord.—Ps. xxii. 19.

- 1 LEND me, O Lord, Thy softening cloud,
When sunshine makes a heaven below,
Lest in the brightness I be proud,
Forgetful whence the sunbeams flow.
- 2 Lend me, O Lord, Thy fire divine,
When darkness hides Thee from my
soul,
Lest in the desert I repine,
Forgetful whence the shadows roll.
- 3 Be Thou the shade on my right hand,
When in my strength I stand alone ;
And when in night I lose the land,
Be Thou my Star, my guiding One.
- 4 Thy cloud that meets me in the day
Is but the shadow of Thy wing,
Concealing from my sight the way
That faith alone may homeward bring.
- 5 Thy fire that meets me in the night
Is the full brightness of Thy face,
Revealing through my tears a light
That leads me to Thy dwelling-place.

G. Matheson.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

St. Hugh. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

E. J. HOPKINS,

Dalehurst. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.

269 *Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.—HEB. iv. 16.*

- 1 **A** PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat.
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea ;
With this I venture nigh :
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.
- 4 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name !

John Newton.

270 *Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes.—Ps. cxlii. 1.*

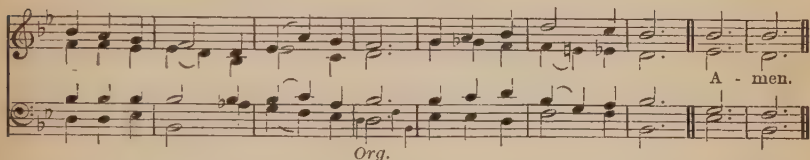
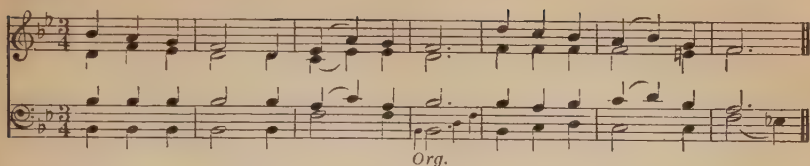
- p* 1 **I** WOULD commune with Thee, my God ;
E'en to Thy seat I come :
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.
- mf* 2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul ;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll ;
- 3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies ;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
- f* 4 O this is life ! O this is joy !
My God, to find Thee so !
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

G. B. Bubier.

Sawley. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

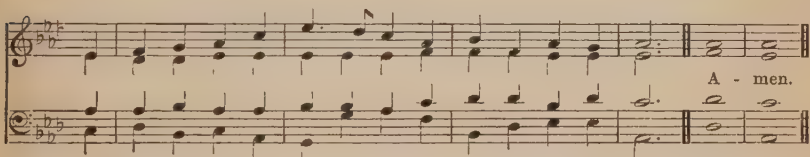
J. WALCH.



Tudor. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

J. P. JEWSON.



271 *I will . . . teach thee in the way
thou shalt go.—Ps. xxxii. 8.*

mf 1 **S**PEAK to us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

cr 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

C. Wesley.

272 *Thou compassest my path and my
lying down.—Ps. cxxxix. 3.*

1 **M**ADE lowly wise, we pray no more
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine.

2 No longer in our helplessness,
As pilgrims worn and weak,
In hopes to reach Thy presence, Lord,
Some far-off shrine we seek.

3 We turn from following Thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of Thy praise.

4 And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy should mingle with the faith
That feels Thee ever near!

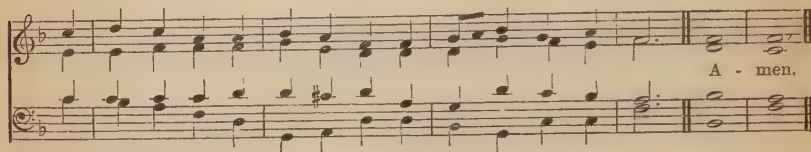
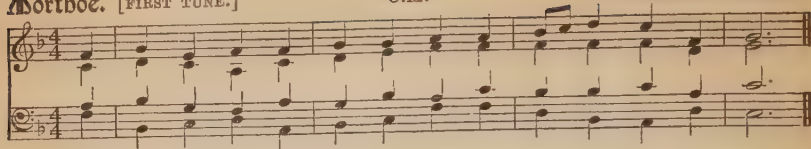
5 And not the less shall hearts be pure,
Nor less shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

Morthoe. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

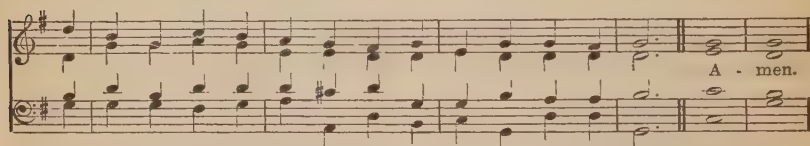
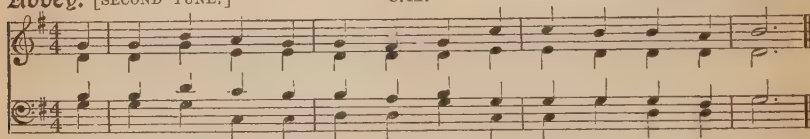
ROWLAND BRIANT.



Abbey. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

HART'S PSALTER.



273 *Blessed are they who have not seen
and yet have believed.*—JOHN XX. 29.

mp 1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine ;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me ;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes
unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,

cr I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

p 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,

cr The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

Ray Palmer.

274 *Restore unto me the joy of Thy
salvation.*—Ps. li. 12.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

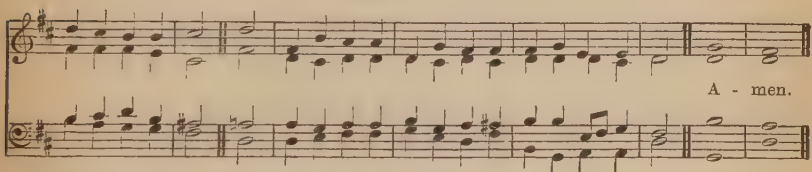
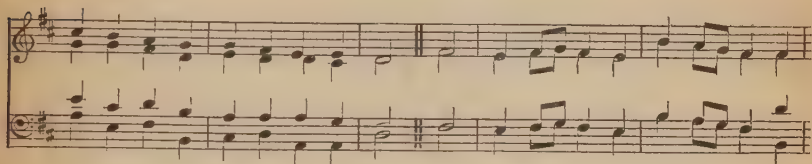
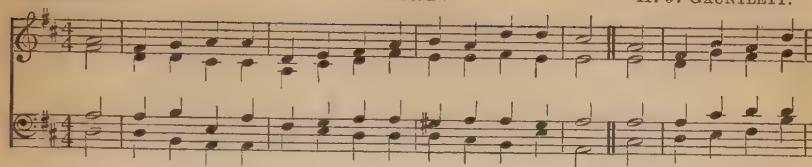
6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

W. Cowper.

Hereford.

C.M. D.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



A - men.

275

Walk humbly with thy God.—MICAH vi. 8.

1 O WALK with God, and thou shalt find
 How He can charm thy way,
 And lead thee with a quiet mind
 Into the perfect day:
 His love shall cheer thee, like the dew
 That bathes the drooping flower;
 That love is every morning new,
 Nor fails at evening hour.

2 O walk with God, and thou with smiles
 Shalt tread the way of tears;
 His mercy every ill beguiles,
 And softens all our fears.
 No fire shall harm thee, if, alas!
 Through fires He bids thee go;
 Through waters when thy footsteps pass,
 They shall not overflow.

3 O walk with God, whilst thou on earth
 With pilgrim steps must fare,
 Content to leave the world its mirth,
 And claim no dwelling there.
 A stranger, thou must seek a home
 Beyond the fearful tide,
 And if to Canaan thou wouldst come,
 O who but God can guide?

4 O walk with God, and thou shalt go
 Down death's dark vale in light,
 And find thy faithful walk below
 Hath reached to Zion's height.
 O walk with God, if thou wouldst see
 Thy pathway thither tend;
 And, lingering though thy journey be,
 'Tis heaven and home at end.

A. C. COXE.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Aurora. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.D.

H. FORD BENSON.

Org. Ped.

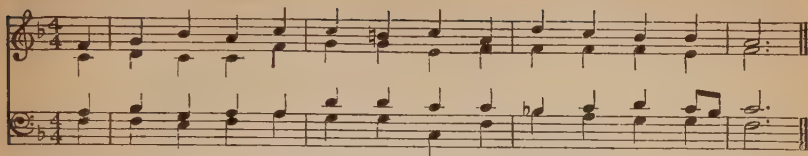
senza Ped. Ped.

A - men.

Salisbury. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter.



276

How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God !—Ps. xxxvi. 7.

f 1 THE Lord is rich and merciful,
 The Lord is very kind ;
 O come to Him, come now to Him,
 With a believing mind.
 His comforts they shall strengthen thee,
 Like flowing waters cool ;
 And He shall for thy spirit be
 A fountain ever full.

2 The Lord is glorious and strong,
 Our God is very high ;
 O trust in Him, trust now in Him
 And have security.
 He shall be to thee like the sea,
 And thou shalt surely feel
 His wind that bloweth healthily
 Thy sicknesses to heal.

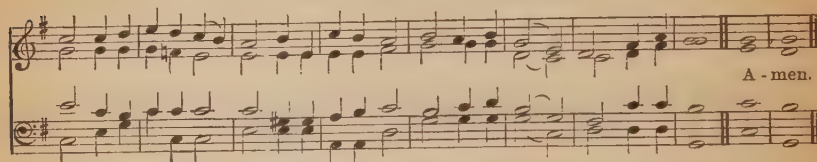
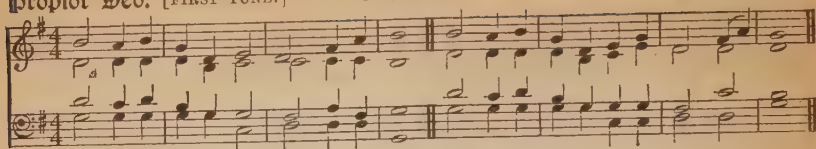
3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
 As all the ages tell ;
 O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
 Then with thee it is well.
 And with His light thou shalt be blest,
 Therein to work and live ;
 And He shall be to thee a rest
 When evening hours arrive.

T. T. Lynch.

Propior Deo. [FIRST TUNE.]

64.64.664.

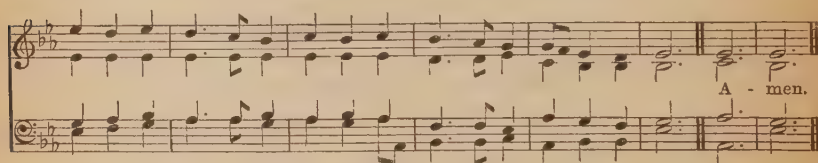
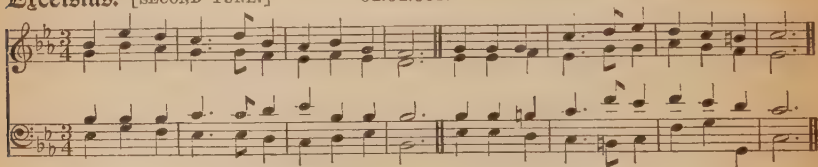
A. SULLIVAN.



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Excelsus. [SECOND TUNE.]

64.64.664.



277

Behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven.—
GEN. xxviii. 12.

p 1 **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee :
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
cr Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

p 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
cr Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

mf 3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

f 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

St. Werburgh. [THIRD TUNE.] 64.64.664.

R. P. STEWART.

Two systems of musical notation for St. Werburgh. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with the text "A - men." followed by a double bar line.

Tbanington. [FOURTH TUNE.] 64.64.664.

C. STEGGALL.

Two systems of musical notation for Tbanington. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with the text "A - men." followed by a double bar line.

278

Enoch walked with God.—GEN. v. 24.

mf 1 **W**ALKING with Thee, my God,
 Saviour benign,
 Daily confer on me
 Converse divine :
 Jesus, in Thee restored,
 Brother and Holy Lord,
 Let it be mine !

2 Walking with Thee, my God,
 Like as a child
 Leans on his father's strength,
 Crossing the wild ;
 And by the way is taught
 Lessons of holy thought,
 Faith undefiled.

3 Darkness and earthly mists,
 How do they flee
 Far underneath my feet,
 Walking with Thee !
 Pure is that upper air,
 Cloudless the prospect there,
 Walking with Thee.

4 Walking in reverence
 Humbly with Thee ;
 Yet from all abject fear
 Lovingly free ;
 E'en as a friend with friend,
 Cheered to the journey's end,
 Walking with Thee !

5 Then Thy companions here,
 Walking with Thee,
 Rise to a higher life—
 Soul-liberty ;
dim They are not, here to love,
 But to the home above
 Taken by Thee.

p 6 Gently translated, they
 Pass out of sight :
 Gone, as the morning stars
 Flee with the night ;
dim Taken to endless day :
 So may I fade away
 Into Thy light.

G. Rawson.

Day of Light, [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



279

Where is thy God?—Ps. xlii. 3.

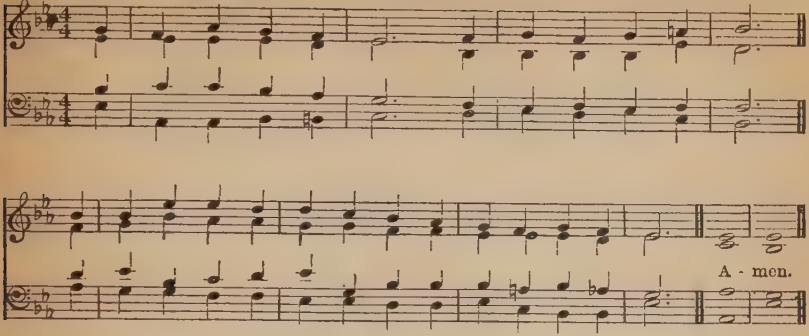
- 1 **W**HERE is thy God, my soul?
Is He within thy heart?
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?
- 2 Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun?
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?
- 3 Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture's page?
Or does His Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?
- 4 O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart:
O great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart.
- 5 Giver of holy words,
Bestow Thy holy power;
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.
- 6 In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

T. T. Lynch.

Par Dei. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

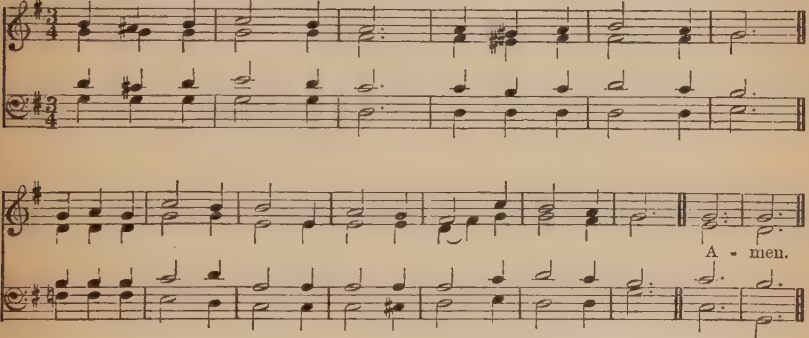
H. J. E. HOLMES.



Woolwich. [THIRD TUNE.]

S.M.

C. E. KETTLE.



280

Still with Thee.—Ps. cxxxix. 18.

- mf* 1 **S**TILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be ;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.
- 2 With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care ;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart ;
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

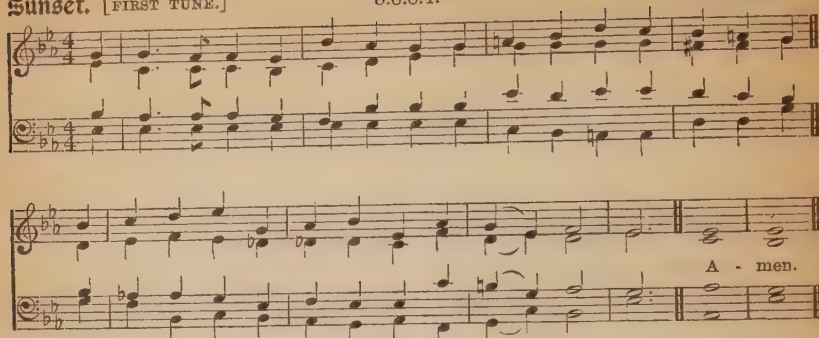
- p* 4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind ;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee my heart would find.
- dim* 5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose ;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.
- mf* 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be :
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

J. D. Burns.

Sunset. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

J. BARNEY.

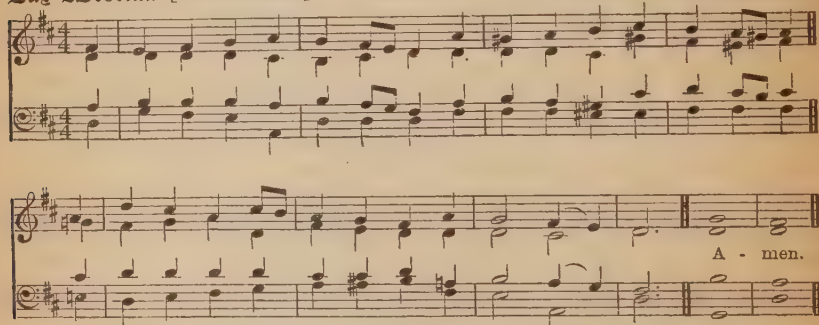


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Lux Eterna. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

C. GOUNOD.



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281

The hour of prayer.—Acts iii. 1.

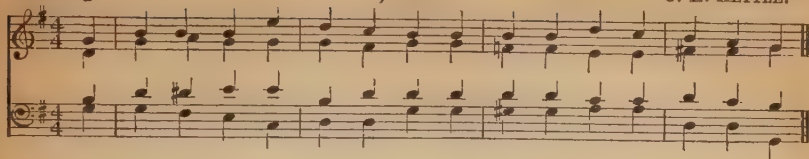
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
The hour of prayer?</p> <p>2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave;</p> <p>3 For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow,
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.</p> | <p>4 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.</p> <p>5 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,—
What peace of mind.</p> <p>6 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay:
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.</p> |
|--|---|
- 7 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

Bickley.

8s., six lines.

C. E. KETTLE.



282

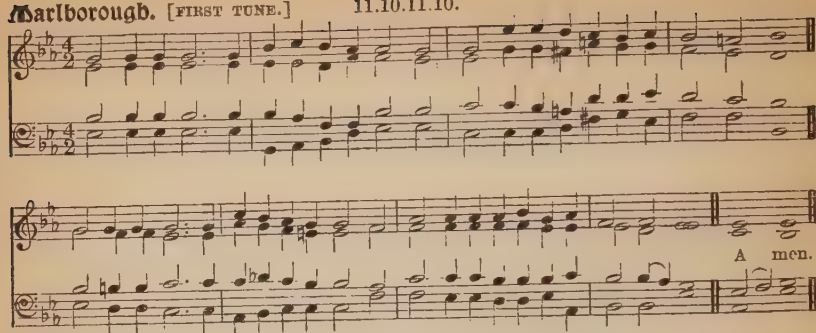
I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.—GEN. xxxii. 26.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee ;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.</p> <p>2 I need not tell Thee who I am ;
My misery or sin declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on Thy hands, and read it there,
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now,</p> <p>3 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell :
To know it now resolved I am ;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.</p> | <p>4 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer :
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.</p> <p>5 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me !
I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure, universal Love Thou art :
To me, to all, Thy mercies move ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.</p> <p>6 My prayer hath power with God : the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live ;
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.</p> |
|--|--|
- 7 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend ;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end.
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

C. Wesley.

Marlborough. [FIRST TUNE.]

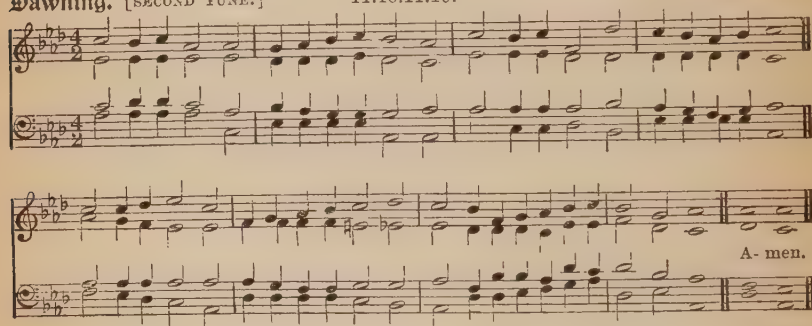
11.10.11.10.



Dawning. [SECOND TUNE.]

11.10.11.10.

R. G. CLEMENTS.



283

I have set the Lord always before me.—Ps. xvi. 8.

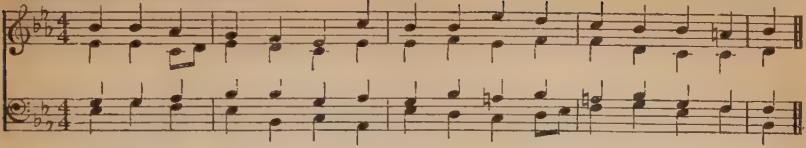
- p* 1 **S**TILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
 When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee:
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.
- 2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
 The solemn hush of nature newly born;
 Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- mf* 3 Still, still with Thee; as to each new-born morning
 A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
 So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,
 Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.
- p* 4 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
 Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
 Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
cr But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.
- f* 5 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
 O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.

Melcombe. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

S. WEBBE.



Woolstanton. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

E. HAWKINS.



(5) HOLINESS AND LOVE.

284 *If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.—JOHN xii. 26.*

- 1 **H**OW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love,
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?
- 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road?
- 3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all;
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.
- 4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.
- 5 To faint, to grieve, to die for me
Thou camest, not Thyself to please;
And dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

- 6 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
That I may follow after Thee:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.
Josiah Conder.

285 *Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.—TRR. ii. 10.*

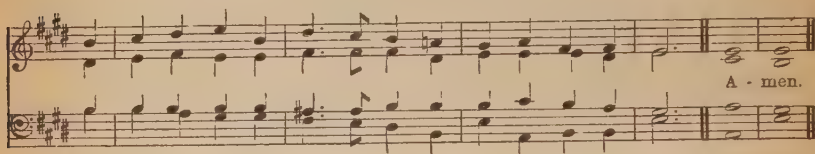
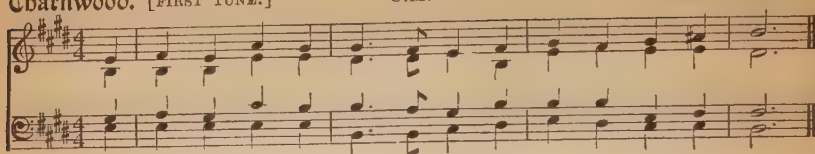
- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearing of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on His word.
J. Watts.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Charnwood. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

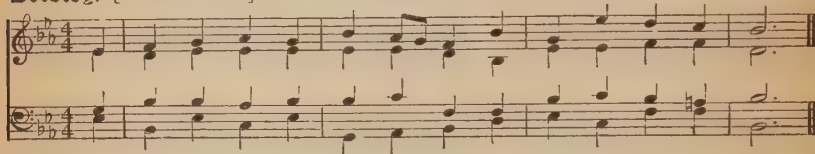
JOHN ADCOCK.



Horsley. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

W. HORSLEY.



286 *Keep yourselves in the love of God.—* JUDE i. 21.

- 1 **M**Y Father, God, with filial awe,
I lovingly adore;
And pray to keep Thy Spirit's law
With true heart more and more.
- 2 Forgiveness so my soul hath stirred,
Subdued and reconciled,
I must obey my Father's word,
His dear word to His child.
- 3 My Father's word, and therefore dear,
And blessed to fulfil;
With perfect love that casts out fear,
Would I perform Thy will.
- 4 The mind that was in Christ supply,
The Spirit of Thy Son;
Then Thou shalt guide me with Thine eye,
And all Thy will be done.

G. Rawson.

287 *Lord, mine heart is not haughty, nor* *mine eyes lofty.—Ps. cxxxi. 1.*

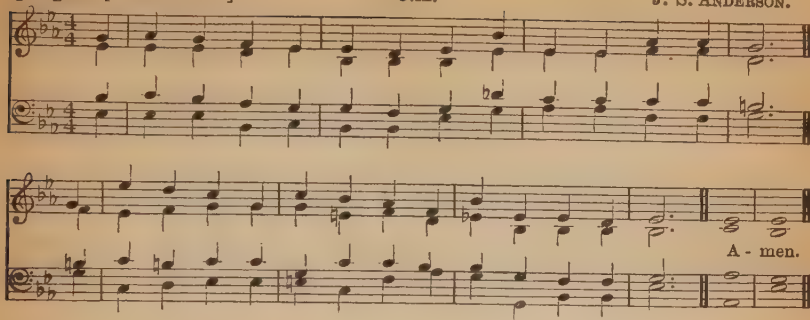
- 1 **O**UR Father, hear our longing prayer,
And help this prayer to flow,
That humble thoughts, which are Thy care,
May live in us and grow.
- 2 For lowly hearts shall understand
The peace, the calm delight
Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land,
A pleasure in Thy sight.
- 3 Give us humility, that so
Thy reign may come within,
And when Thy children homeward go
We too may enter in.
- 4 Hear us, our Saviour, ours Thou art,
Though we are not like Thee;
Give us Thy Spirit in our heart,
Large, lowly, trusting, free.

G. MacDonald.

Fingal. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

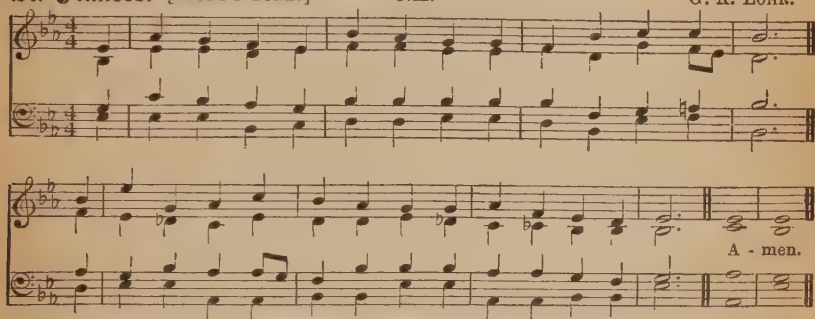
J. S. ANDERSON.



St. Frances. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

G. A. LÖHR.



288 *Create in me a clean heart, O God.*
—Ps. li. 10.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me ;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

C. Wesley.

289 *Brethren, be not weary in well doing.*
—2 THESS. iii. 13.

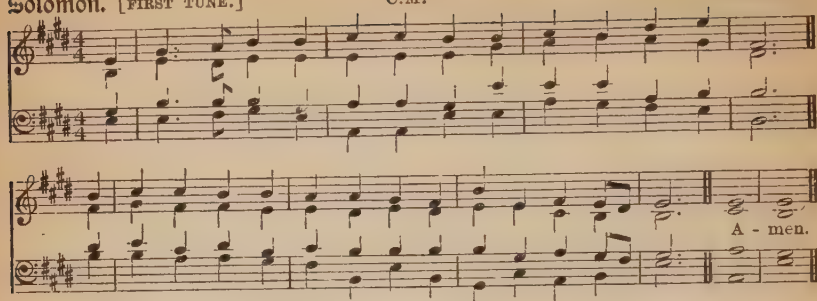
- 1 **L**ORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear ;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine ;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free, as true as Thine.
- 4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.
- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

J. Hampden Gurney.

Solomon. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

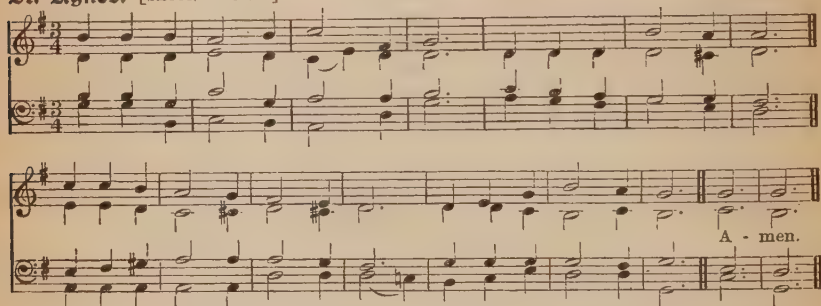
HANDEL.



St. Agnes. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

J. B. DYKES.



290 If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.—2 COR. v. 17.

- 1 WE praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,
Our Saviour, kind and true,
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new.
- 2 New hopes, new purposes, desires,
And joys Thy grace has given;
Old ties are broken from the earth,
New ties attach to heaven.
- 3 But yet, how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee!
- 4 Thou, only Thou, must carry on
The work Thou hast begun;
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,
In Thine own ways to run.
- 5 Ah! leave us not; from day to day
Revive, restore again;
Our feeble steps do Thou direct,
Our enemies restrain.
- 6 So shall we faultless stand at last
Before Thy Father's throne;
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all Thine own!

C. J. P. Spitta, tr. H. L. L.

291 Walk as children of light.—EPH. v. 8.

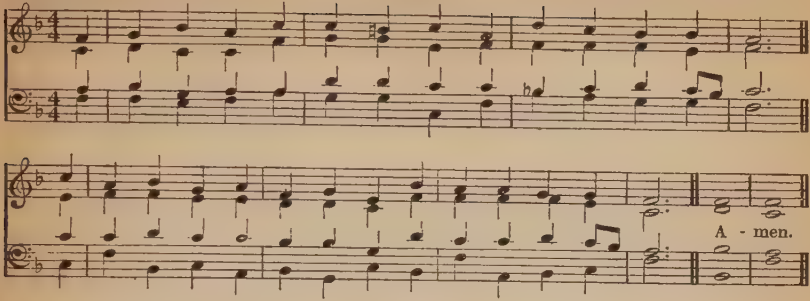
- 1 WALK in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
- 2 Walk in the light, and sin, abhorred,
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.
- 3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 4 Walk in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.
- 5 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 6 Walk in the light, and follow on
Till faith be turned to sight,
Where in divine communion
God is Himself the Light.

Bernard Barton.

Salisbury. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

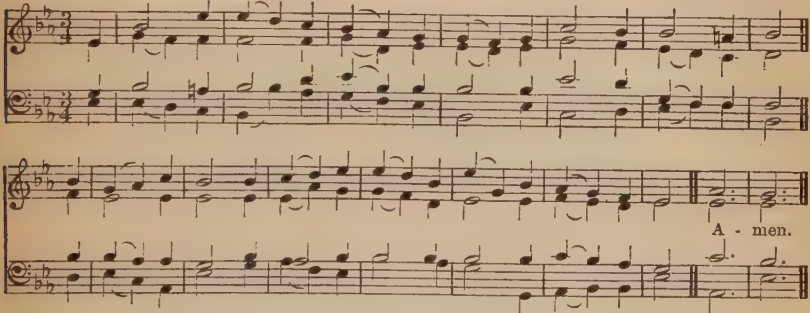
RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter.



Abridge. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

ISAAC SMITH.



292 *The love of Christ constraineth us.*
—2 COR. v. 14.

- mf* 1 **M**Y God I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because they who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.
- p* 2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself,—and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.
- mf* 4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
cr But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.
- f* 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Because Thou art my loving God,
And my redeeming King.

Francis Xavier, tr. E. Caswall.

293 *Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.*
—JOHN xxi. 15.

- 1 **D**O not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each cherished idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute Thy sacred will,
And make Thy glory known?
- 6 Thou know'st I love Thee, O my Lord:
But O I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

P. Doddridge.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Evan. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

St. Fulbert. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

294 *My lips shall utter praise, when Thou hast taught me Thy statutes.—Ps. cxix. 171.*

mp 1 **O** WHEREFORE, Lord, doth Thy dear
praise
But tremble on my tongue?
Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
A full triumphant song?
2 How can this heart divinely glow,
So ready to transgress?
Thy broken law doth dull me so;
My sins Thy praise oppress.
mf 3 O make me, Lord, Thy statutes learn,
Keep in Thy ways my feet;
Then shall my lips divinely burn,
Then shall my songs be sweet.

4 Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar;
Each work I do for Thee shall wake
A strain divine the more.
or 5 My voice shall more delight Thine ear
The more I wait on Thee;
Thy service bring my soul more near
The angelic harmony.
6 O wherefore swells so sweet above
The everlasting hymn?
Thy will they work, Thy law they love,
Those tuneful seraphim.

7 When, Lord, shall perfect holiness
Make this poor voice divine,
And all harmonious heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine?

T. H. Gill.

Farrant. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

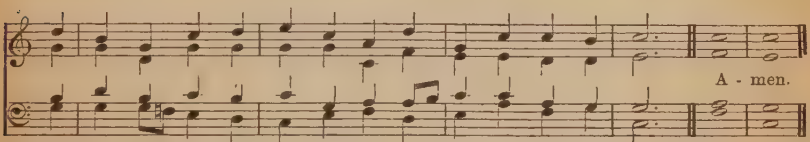
R. FARRANT.



St. Leonard. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

HENRY SMART.



295 *Ever follow that which is good, both
among yourselves, and to all men.*
—1 THESS. v. 15.

1 **T**HOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do ;
In faith and trust we follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.

2 Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,
Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.

3 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be,—
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

4 To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright :
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

W. Gaskell.

296 *Rooted and grounded in love.*
—EPH. iii. 17.

mf **1** **M**Y God, I love Thee for Thyself,
All creature things above :
cr Thy glorious works, Thy blessed gifts
p I praise ;—but Thee I love.

mf **2** My God, I seek Thee for Thyself :
Besides, I ask not aught ;
dim If Thee Thyself I do not find,
All that I find is naught.

p **3** If Thou deniest me Thyself,
Whate'er Thou givest me,
Empty and void, I languish still,
And grieve unceasingly.

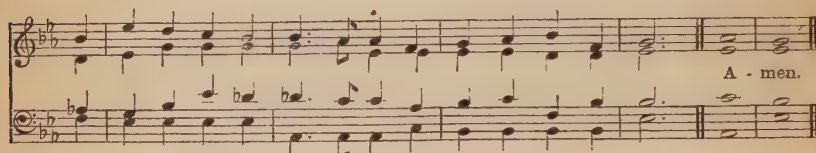
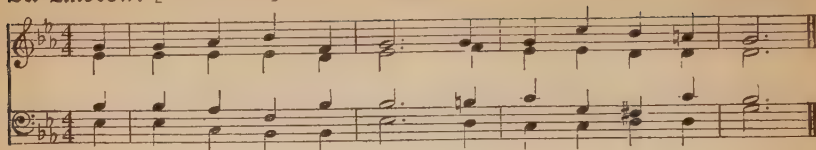
mf **4** Give me to find, O gracious God,
Thee as my final end ;
To Thee in constancy of love,
Eternally to tend.

G. B. Bubier.

St. Andrew. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

J. BARNBY.

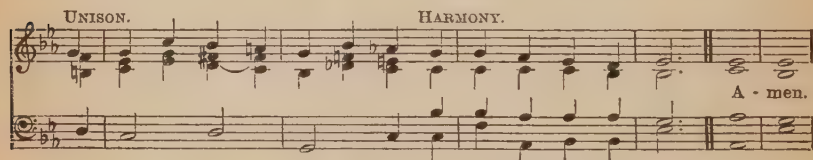
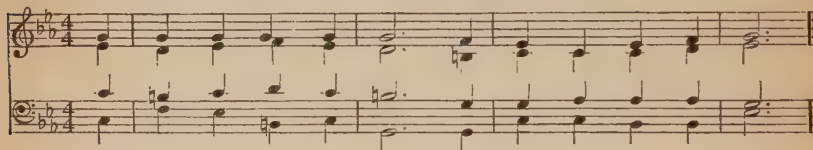


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Following. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

J. STAINER.



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297

My tongue shall speak of Thy word.—Ps. cxix. 172.

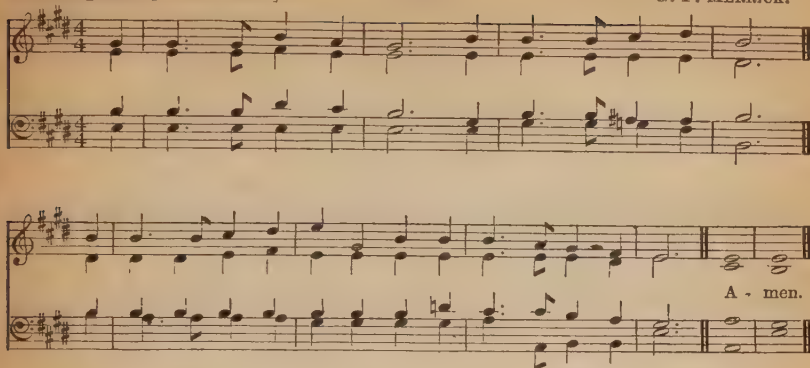
- 1 **H**ELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day;
Real let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.
- 2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to Thee be true,—
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.
- 3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.
- 4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief;
Lord, I believe, O hear my cry,
Help Thou my unbelief!

H. Bonar.

Aldersgate. [THIRD TUNE.]

S.M.

G. P. MERRICK.



298

Let him . . . take up his cross, and follow Me.—MATT. xvi. 24.

p 1 **T**HOU say'st, 'Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow Me':
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.

2 But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see!
Thy blessed face one moment's space;
Then might we follow Thee!

3 Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow Thee?

4 Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

5 O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!

cr As once of yore, Thyself restore;
Help us to follow Thee.

mf 6 If not as once Thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as Guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.

7 Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:

cr Set up Thy throne within Thine own:—
Go, Lord; we follow Thee.

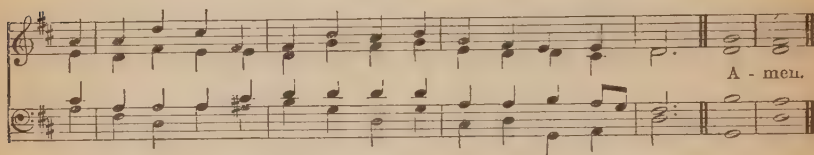
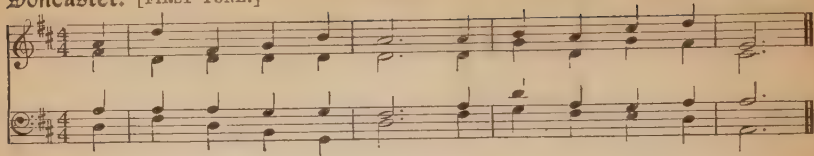
F. T. Palgrave.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Doncaster. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

S. WESLEY.



Franconia. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

German.



299 Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord.—COL. iii. 23.

- 1 **T**EACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see ;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend :
In all I do, be Thou the way,
In all, be Thou the end.
- 3 All may of Thee partake :
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.
- 4 If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine ;
Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

G. Herbert (alt.).

300 Blessed are the pure in heart.—MATT. v. 8.

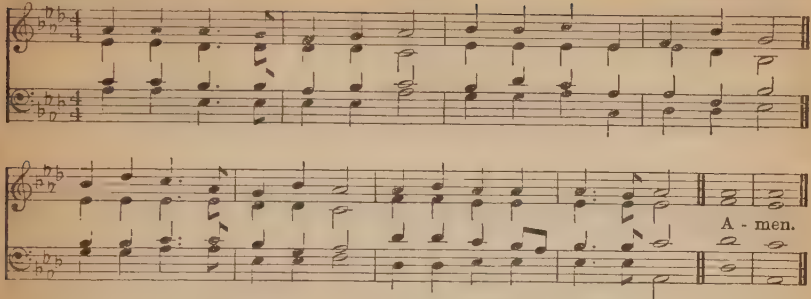
- 1 **B**LEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 The Lord who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King :—
- 3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek :
May ours this blessing be ;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for Thee.

J. Keble and W. J. Hall.

St. Bees. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

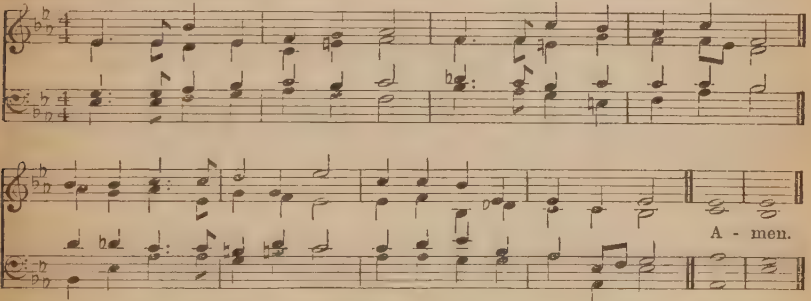
J. B. DYKES.



Hark, my Soul! [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



301 Peace through the blood of His cross.
—COL. i. 20.

- p* 1 NEVER further than Thy cross,
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross,
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.
- 2 Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.
- mf* 3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.
- 4 Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives, by Thy cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy cross, we fight.
- 5 Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend:
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end.
- cr* 6 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.

302 Lovest thou Me.—JOHN xxi. 17.

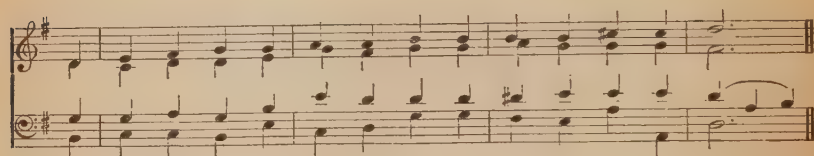
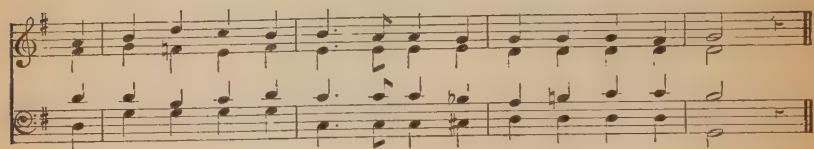
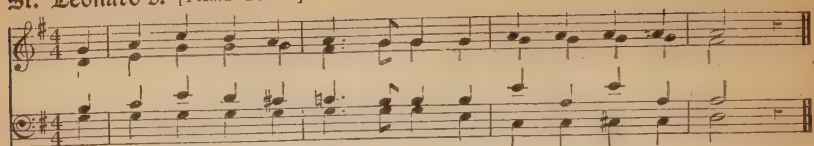
- mf* 1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
- p* 'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?
- cr* 2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed Thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- p* 3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
- mf* Yet will I remember thee.
- cr* 4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- f* 5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
- p* Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'
- p* 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
cr Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

W. Cowper.

St. Leonard's. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.D.

H. HILES.



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303

I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart.—Ps. ix. 1.

f 1 **F**ILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.
Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part:—

mf 2 Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones;
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my beloved ones;
Not in the temple crowd alone,
Where holy voices chime;
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.

f 3 Fill every part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord;
Poor though I be, and weak.
So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

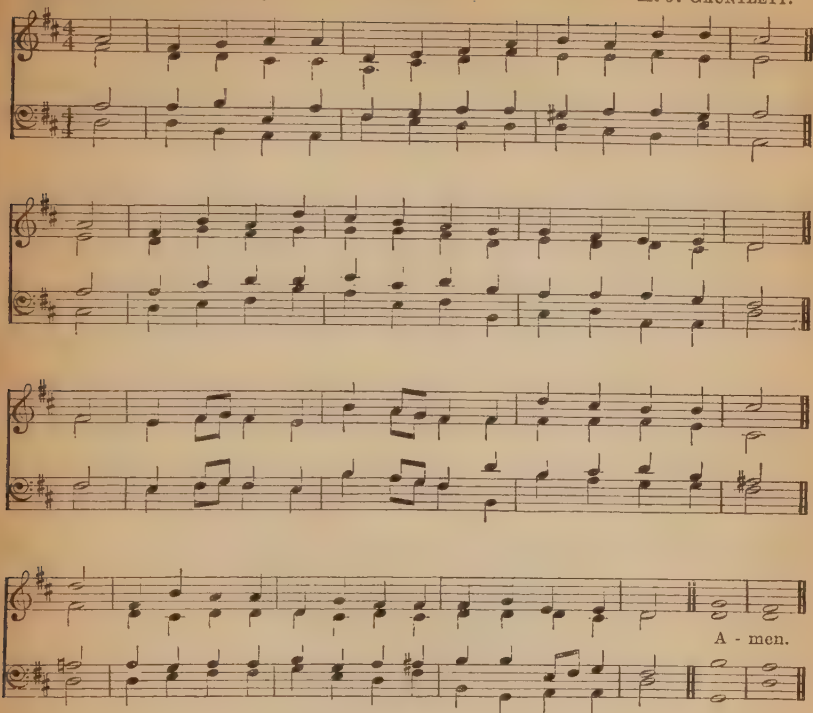
4 So shall each fear, each fret, each care
Be turned into a song,
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong:
So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free:
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

H. Bonar.

Bereford. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M. D.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



304

We love Him because He first loved us.—1 JOHN IV. 19.

f 1 **W**E love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
On ocean and on land :
'Tis not alone because Thy names
Of wisdom, power, and love,
Are written on the earth beneath,
The glorious skies above.

p 2 We love Thee, Lord, because when we
Had erred and gone astray,
cr Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way ;
p When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
cr Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light.

mf 3 Because when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wert not the avenging Judge,
But gracious Father still ;
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
Yet Thou hast not forgot ;
Because we have forsaken Thee,
Yet Thou forsakest not.

cr 4 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love :
Because Thy Son came down to die,
That we might live above ;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of heaven :
Yes, much we love, who much have
sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

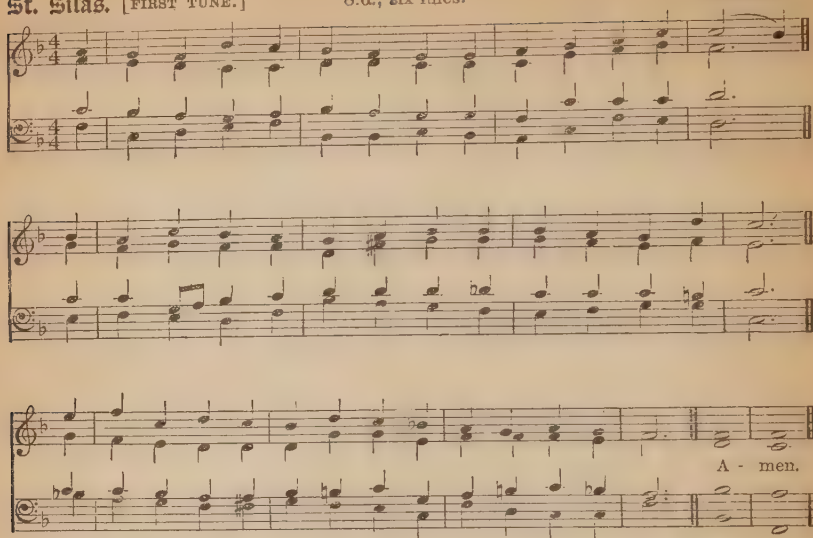
Mrs. Julia A. Elliott.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

St. Silas. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.6., six lines.

J. LANCASTER.



305

My times are in Thy hand.—Ps. xxxi. 15.

mp 1 **F**ATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;

The changes that are sure to come

I do not fear to see :

I ask Thee for a present mind,

Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,

To meet the glad with joyful smiles,

To wipe the weeping eyes ;

A heart at leisure from itself,

To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will

That hurries to and fro,

Seeking for some great thing to do,

Or secret thing to know ;

I would be treated as a child,

And guided where I go,

4 Wherever in the world I am,

In whatsoever estate,

I have a fellowship with hearts

To keep and cultivate ;

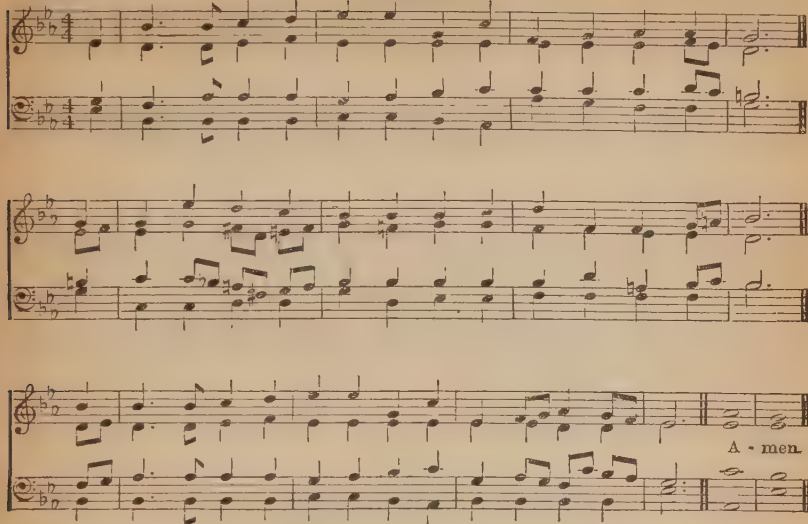
A work of lowly love to do

For Him on whom I wait.

Slingsby. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.6., six lines.

J. B. DYKES.



5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied ;
 A mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at Thy side ;
 Content to fill a little space,
 If Thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask
 In my cup of blessing be,
 I would have my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to Thee ;
 More careful—not to serve Thee much,
 But to please Thee perfectly.

7 Briars beset our daily path,
 That call for patient care ;
 There is a cross in every lot,
 An earnest need for prayer :
 But lowly hearts, that lean on Thee
 Are happy anywhere.

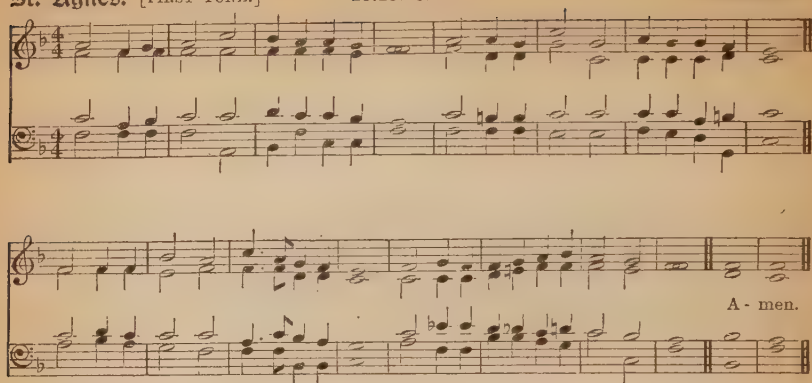
8 In service which Thy will appoints,
 There are no bonds for me ;
 My inmost heart is taught the truth
 That makes Thy children free ;
 A life of self-renouncing love
 Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring.

St. Agnes. [FIRST TUNE.]

10.10.10.10.

J. LANGRAN.



306

Hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us.—
1 JOHN iii. 24.

1.

NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art,—
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest:
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my throbbing breast.

2.

Thy name is Love, I hear it from yon cross;
Thy name is Love, I hear it from yon tomb:
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

3.

Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as heaven's own healing air,
I work or wait, still following my Guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

4.

'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song:
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, and rod;
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

5.

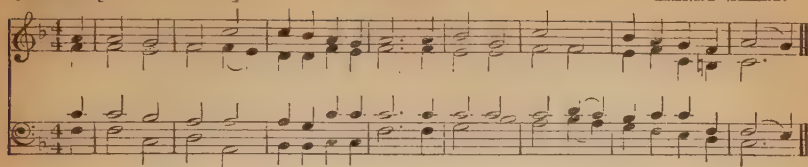
More of Thyself, O show me hour by hour;
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;
More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and power;
More of Thy love and truth, incarnate Word!

H. Bonar.

Genoa. [SECOND TUNE.]

10.10.10.10.

HENRY SMART.



307

That we should be to the praise of His glory.—Eph. i. 12.

1.

mf **T**EACH me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
dim Gently and silently to pass away,
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the realms of glorious day.

2.

mf Teach me that harder lesson, how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
cr Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

3.

Teach me to live, Thy purpose to fulfil;
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine;
Each day renew, remould the stubborn will;
Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine.

4.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully:
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

5.

Teach me to live, my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load;
Only be with me; let me feel Thee near;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkened road.

6.

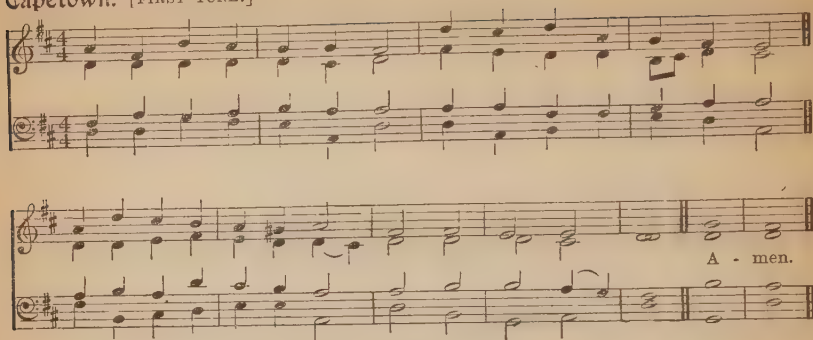
Teach me to live, with kindly words for all,
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom,
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call
Summon my spirit to its heavenly home.

Ellen F. Burman.

Capetown. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

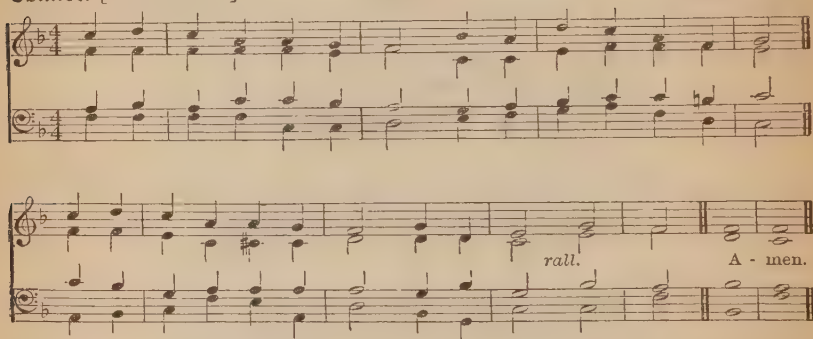
F. FILITZ.



Tbanet. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

V. BARTON.



308

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace.—GAL. v. 22.

mf 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long ;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong ;
cr. Love, than death itself more strong ;
Therefore give us love.

p 4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
mf Love will ever with us stay :
Therefore give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
cr But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

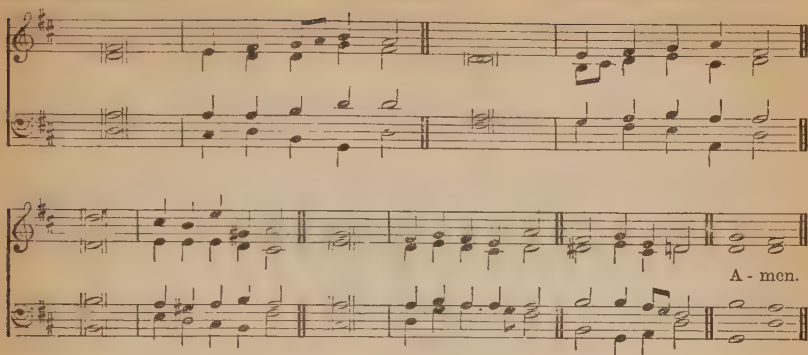
6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

C. Wordsworth.

St. Keeverne.

10.10.10.10.4.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



309

The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—EPH. iii. 19.

- 1 **I**T passeth knowledge, | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus ! | yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy love, . in | all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, . its | everlasting strength,
Know more and more.
- 2 It passeth telling, | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus ! | yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim, . to | sinners, far and near,
A love which can . re-|move all guilty fear,
And love beget.
- 3 It passeth praises, | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus ! | yet this heart of mine
Would sing that love, . so | full, so rich, so free,
Which brings a rebel | sinner, such as me,
Nigh unto God.
- 4 But, though I cannot | sing or tell or know
The fulness of Thy | love, while here below,
My empty vessel | I may freely bring :
O Thou who art . of | love the living spring,
My vessel fill.
- 5 Oh fill me, Jesus, | Saviour, with Thy love ;
Lead, lead me . to the | living fount above ;
Thither may I, . in | simple faith draw nigh,
And never . to an-|other fountain fly,
But unto Thee.
- 6 And when my Jesus | face to face I see,
When at His lofty | throne I bow the knee,
Then of His love, . in | all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, . its | everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.

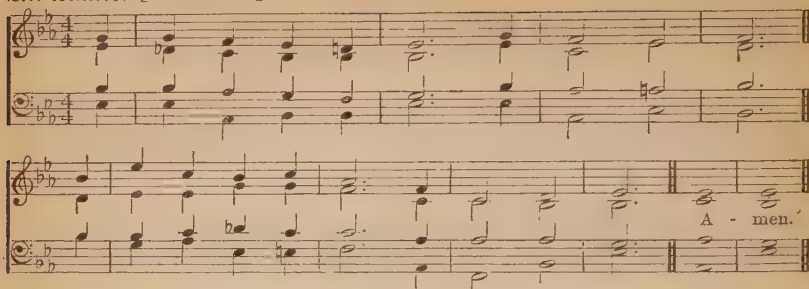
Mary Shekleton.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

All Saints. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.4.6.4.

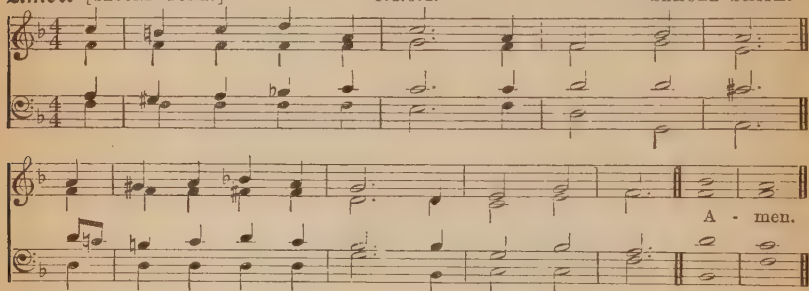
P. R. SLEEMAN.



Amor. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.4.6.4.

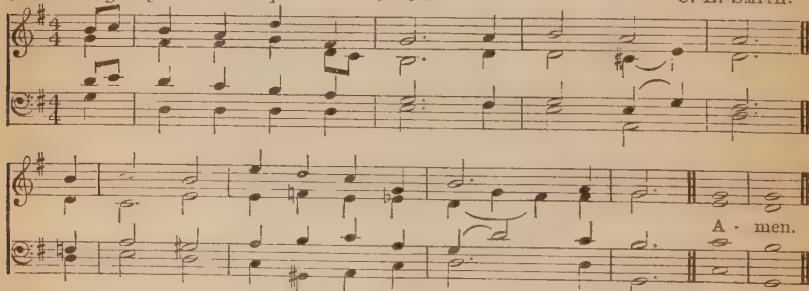
SAMUEL SMITH.



Bembridge. [THIRD TUNE.]

6.4.6.4.

C. E. SMITH.



310

Belovèd, let us love one another, for love is of God.—1 JOHN iv. 7.

1 **B**ELOVÈD, let us love :
Love is of God ;
In God alone hath love
Its true abode.

2 Belovèd, let us love :
For they who love,
They only are His sons,
Born from above.

3 Belovèd, let us love :
For love is rest,
And he who loveth not,
Abides unblest.

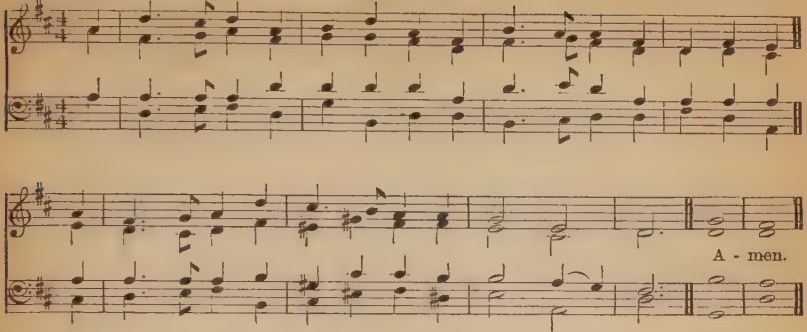
4 Belovèd, let us love :
In love is light,
And he who loveth not,
Dwelleth in night.

5 Belovèd, let us love :
For only thus
Shall we behold that God
Who loveth us.

H. Bonar.

Mayfield (Banford). [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.4.

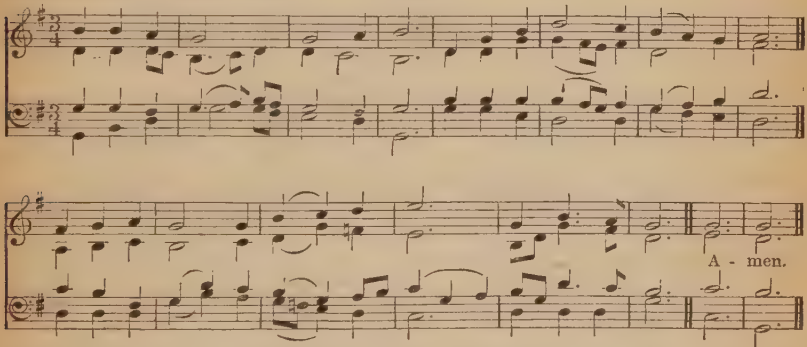
J. D. MACEY.



Almsgiving. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

J. B. DYKES.



311 What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?—Ps. cxvi. 12.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>f</i> 1 O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?</p> <p>2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.</p> <p>3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone;
And freely with the blessed One
Thou givest all.</p> | <p>5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessed dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.</p> <p>6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?</p> <p>7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.</p> <p>8 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give!
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!</p> |
|---|---|

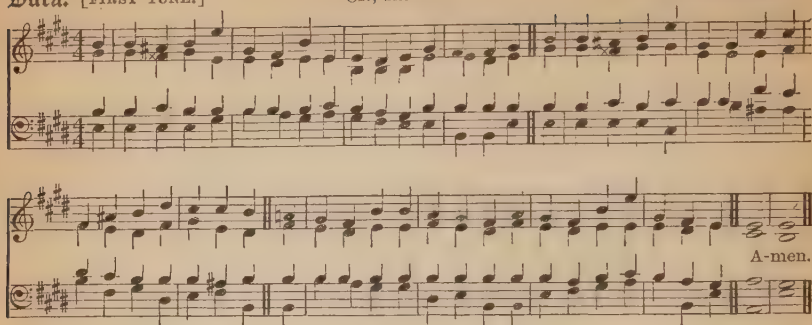
C. Wordsworth.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Dura. [FIRST TUNE.]

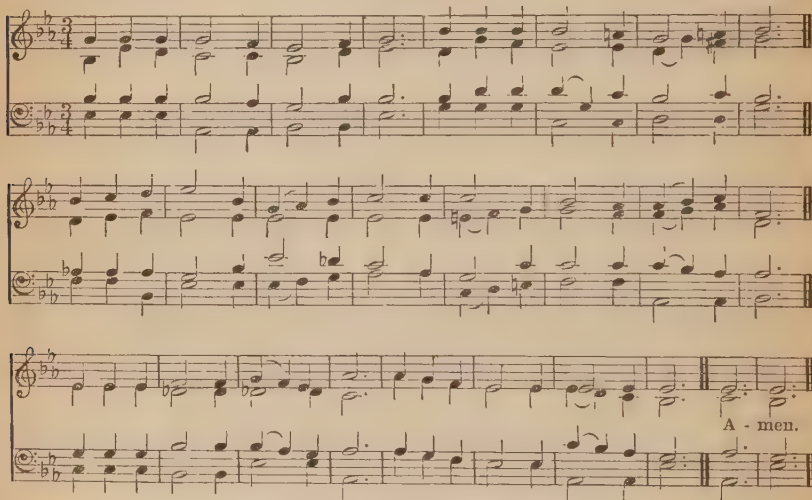
8s., six lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



St. Chrysostom. [SECOND TUNE.] 8s., six lines.

J. BARNBY.



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312

I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.—Ps. xviii. 1.

f 1 **T**HEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower ;
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown ;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone ;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with strong desire.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams have on me shined ;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;
I thank Thee, Lord, whose quickening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way ;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Transfigure with Thy heavenly light.

4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod ;
What though my flesh and heart decay ?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

A. Silesius, tr. J. Wesley.

Magdalen. [THIRD TUNE.]

8s., six lines.

J. STAINER.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

313 *His great love wherewith He loved us.—EPH. ii. 4.*

p 1 **T**HOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man
knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would, but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way,
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee:
Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All.
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen, tr. J. Wesley.

314 *To know the love of Christ . . . that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.—EPH. iii. 19.*

mf 1 **O** LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and
drear;

cr O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mf 2 O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made;

cr O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

p 3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with
bitter woe;

cr O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;

cr O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mf 4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;

cr O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

cr 5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;

O Love, who once above yon skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;

f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

A. Silesius, tr. C. Winkworth.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Ravendale. [FIRST TUNE.]

886.886.

W. STORES.

Thereford. [SECOND TUNE.]

886.886.

W. BOYCE.

315

The love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—ROM. viii. 39.

mf 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

f 2 Stronger His love than death and hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
mf The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

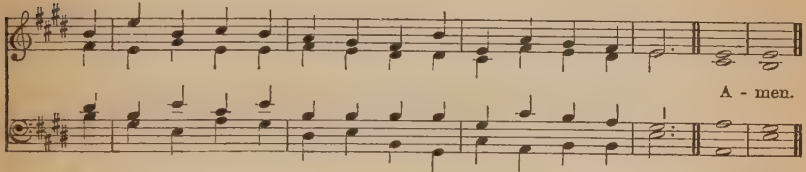
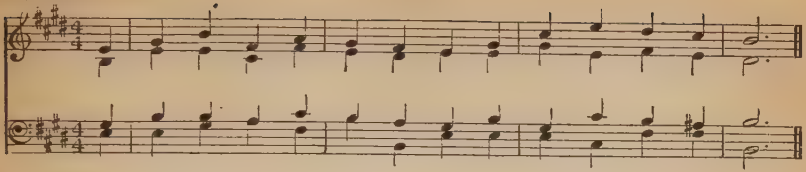
3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice:
cr My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

C. Wesley.

Sprague.

C.M.



(6) JOY IN GOD.

316

The health of my countenance, and my God.—Ps. xlii. 11.

1.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights !

2.

In darkest shades, if He appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 He is my soul's sweet Morning Star
 And He my rising Sun.

3.

The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
 And whispers, I am His.

4.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word ;
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To embrace my dearest Lord.

5.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe ;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Should bear me conqueror through.

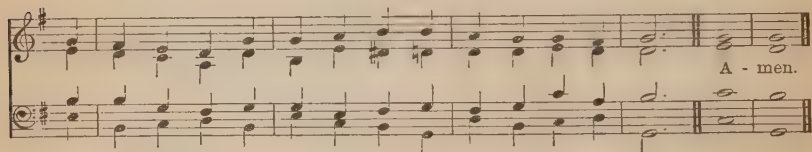
I. Watts.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

St. Michael. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

DAY'S PSALTER.



Clee. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

GEORGE ESSEX.



317

Now are we the sons of God.—1 JOHN iii. 2.

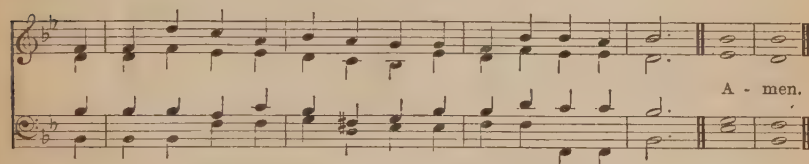
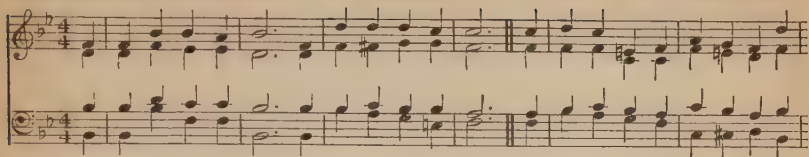
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 BEHOOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.</p> <p>2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.</p> <p>3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.</p> | <p>4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.</p> <p>5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.</p> <p>6 I would no longer lie
A slave beneath the throne;
My faith shall 'Abba, Father,' cry,
And Thou the kindred own.</p> |
|---|--|

I. Watts.

Barvington. [THIRD TUNE.]

S.M. D.

C. E. KETTLE.



A - men.

318

O come, let us sing unto the Lord.—Ps. xcv. 1

1.
f COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

2.
mf The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.

3.
mp Let those refuse to sing
 That never knew our God;
cr But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

4.
mf The God who rules on high,
 And thunders if He please,
 Who rides upon the stormy sky,
 And manages the seas,—

5.
mf This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love;
 He shall send down His heavenly powers
 To carry us above;

6.
mf The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.

7.
mf The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

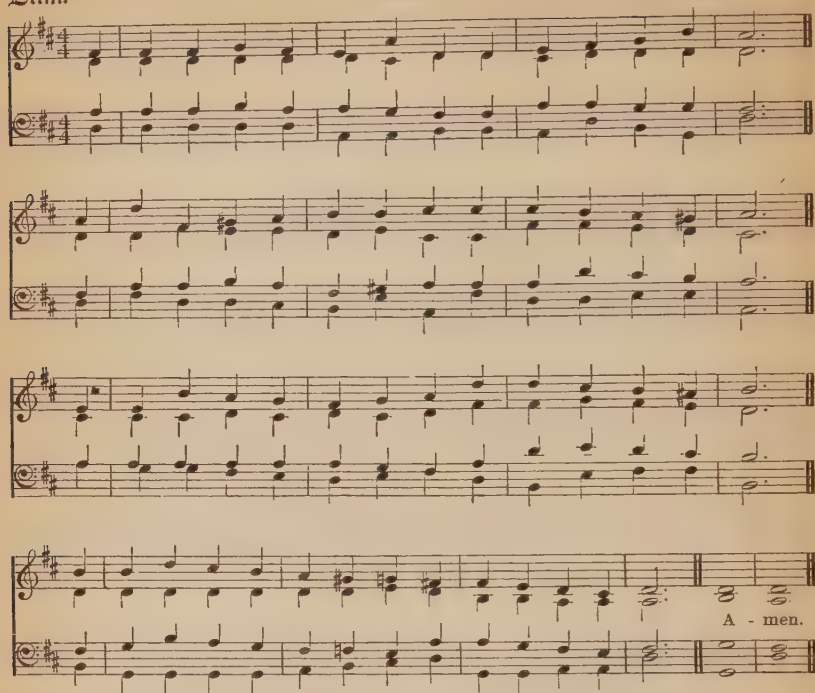
8.
f Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
cr We're marching through Immanuel's ground
ff To fairer worlds on high.

I. Watts.

Elm.

C.M. D.

W. H. CALLCOTT.



319

Return unto thy rest.—Ps. cxvi. 7.

mf 1 MY heart is resting, O my God ;
 I will give thanks and sing ;
 My heart is at the secret source
 Of every precious thing.
 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
 No hand but Thine shall fill ;
 The waters of the earth have failed,
 And I am thirsting still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
 And here all day they rise ;
 I seek the treasure of Thy love,
 And close at hand it lies :
 And a new song is in my mouth,
 To long-loved music set ;—
 Glory to Thee for all the grace
 I have not tasted yet.

3 I have a heritage of joy
 That yet I must not see ;
 The hand that bled to make it mine
 Is keeping it for me :
 My heart is resting on His truth,
 Who hath made all things mine ;
 Who draws my captive will to Him,
 And makes it one with Thine.

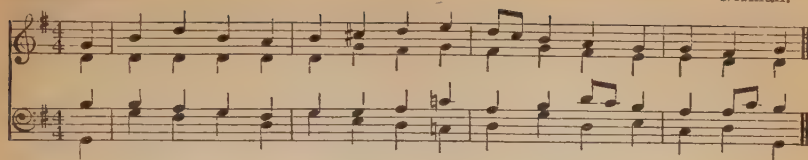
4 My heart is resting, O my God ;
 My heart is in Thy care :
cr I hear the voice of joy and health
 Resounding everywhere.
f 'Thou art my Portion,' saith my soul,—
 Ten thousand voices say :
 The music of their glad Amen
 Will never die away.

Anna L. Waring.

Constance.

L.M.

German.



320

All things are yours.—1 COR. iii. 21.

1.

HOW vast the treasure we possess !
 How rich Thy bounty, King of grace !
 This world is ours, and worlds to come ;
 Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

2.

All things are ours ;—the gifts of God,
 The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
 While the good Spirit shows us how
 To use, and to improve them too.

3.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
 They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise ;
 If bread of sorrows be my food,
 Those sorrows work my lasting good.

4.

I would not change my blest estate
 For all the world calls good or great ;
 And while my faith can keep her hold
 I envy not the sinner's gold.

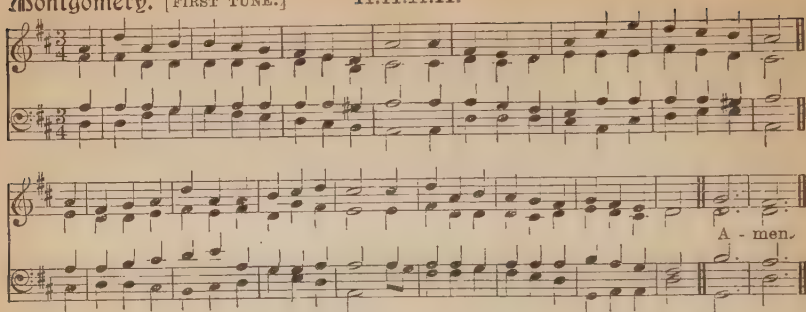
5.

Father, I wait Thy daily will ;
 Thou shalt divide my portion still ;
 Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
 Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

I. Watts.

Montgomery. [FIRST TUNE.]

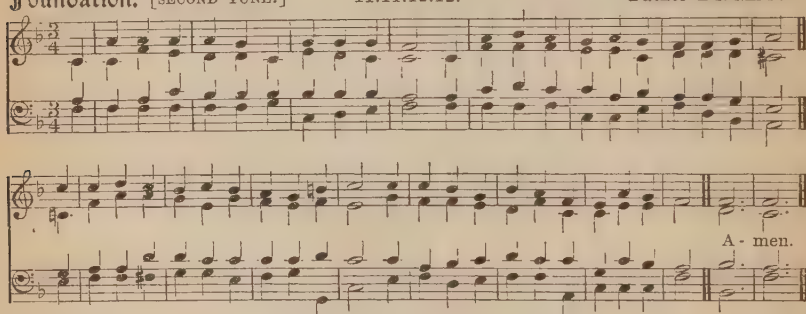
11.11.11.11.



Foundation. [SECOND TUNE.]

11.11.11.11.

Father BERNARD.



321

Fear not, for I am with thee.—ISA. xliii. 5.

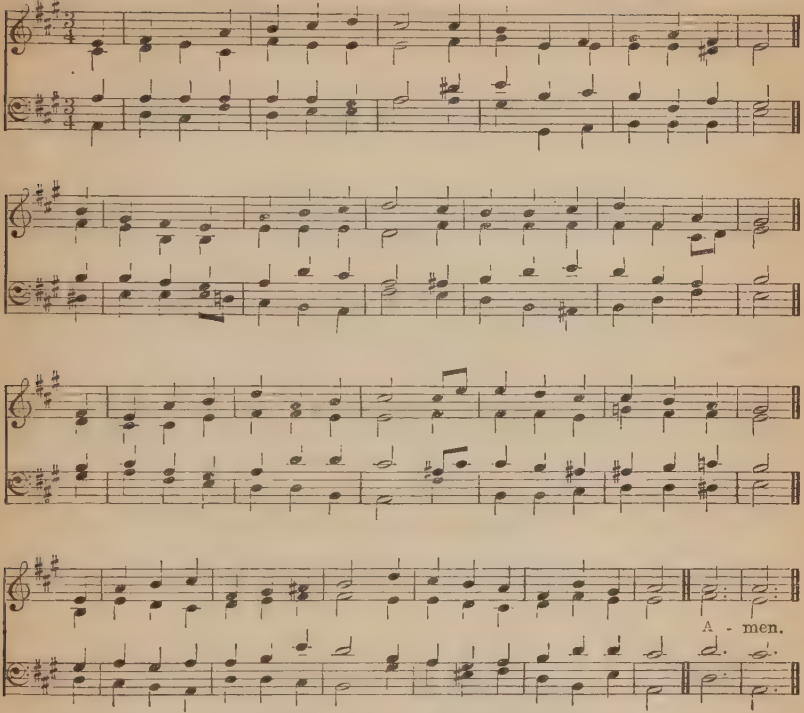
- f* 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 'In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- mf* 4 'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee in trouble to bless;
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
cr That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!

George Keith.

Cowley.

8s., eight lines (amphibrachic).

H. B. WALMSLEY.



322

Joy unspeakable and full of glory.—1 PET. i. 8.

1 **T**HERE is an unsearchable joy,
 In seasons of conflict and woe,
 Which nothing but sin can destroy,
 And nothing but Christ can bestow :
 There's a light which illumines and cheers
 The lone and the desolate place,
 And gilds the dark valley of tears
 With the rainbow of covenant grace.

2 There's a strength that upholdeth the weak,
 There's a hand which releases the bound,
 There's a promise for all who would seek,
 There's a glory for all who have found.
 There's a rock that all storms can withstand,
 An anchorage safe for the tossed,
 For the wrecked, there's a lifeboat at hand,
 A Saviour for them that were lost.

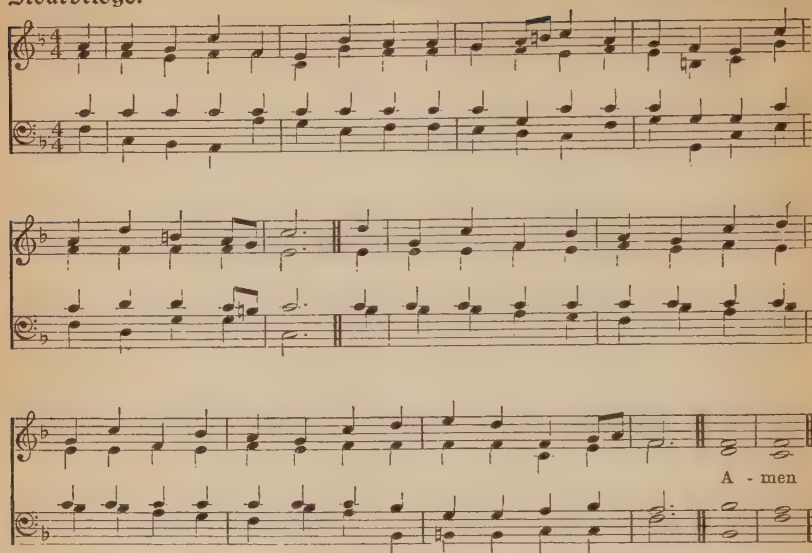
3 Though the harbour be hidden from sight
 By the billows of conflict and sin,
 Yet the lifeboat is steering aright,
 And will bear us triumphantly in.
 The promise hath ever sufficed,
 That nothing shall hurt or appal :
 We have ventured our all upon Christ,
 And have proved Him sufficient for all.

Jane Crewdson.

Stourbridge.

886.886.

C. E. KETTLE.

323 *Happy art thou, O Israel, . . . O people saved by the Lord.—DEUT. xxxiii. 29.*

1.

mf **L**ORD God, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to birth are brought,
In whom no change is known :
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part ;
Still, still Thou art our own.

2.

Ancient of Days ! we dwell in Thee :
Out of Thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought ;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee, who changest not.

3.

Each steadfast promise we possess ;
Thine everlasting truth we bless,
Thine everlasting love ;
The unfailing Helper close we clasp,
The everlasting Arms we grasp,
Nor from the Refuge move.

4.

cr Spirit, who makest all things new,
Thou ledest onward ; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime ;
With Thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength
we go,
From height to height we climb.

5.

cr Darkness and dread we leave behind,
New light, new glory, still we find,
New realms divine possess :
New births of grace new raptures bring ;
f Triumphant, the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.

6.

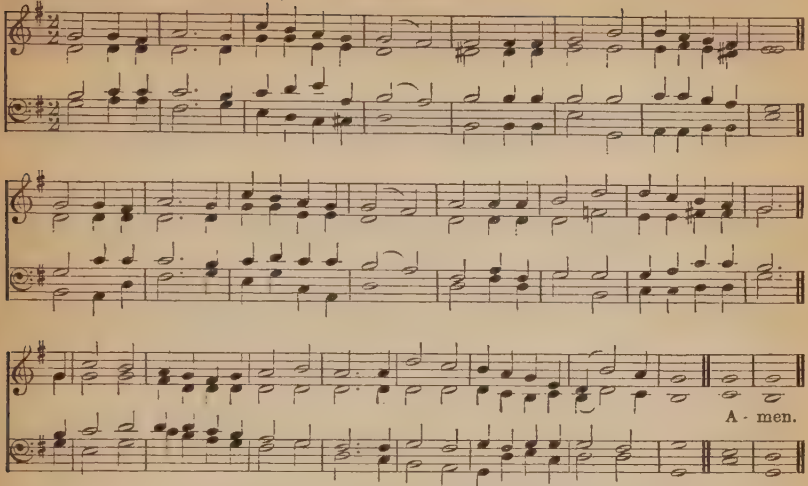
To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest ;
We stay at home, we go in quest,
Still Thou art our abode :
The rapture swells, the wonder grows,
As full on us new life still flows
From our unchanging God.

T. H. Gill.

Warrenne. No. 4.

10s., six lines.

O. R. BARNICOTT.



(7) UNION WITH CHRIST.

324

He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.—JOHN xv. 5.

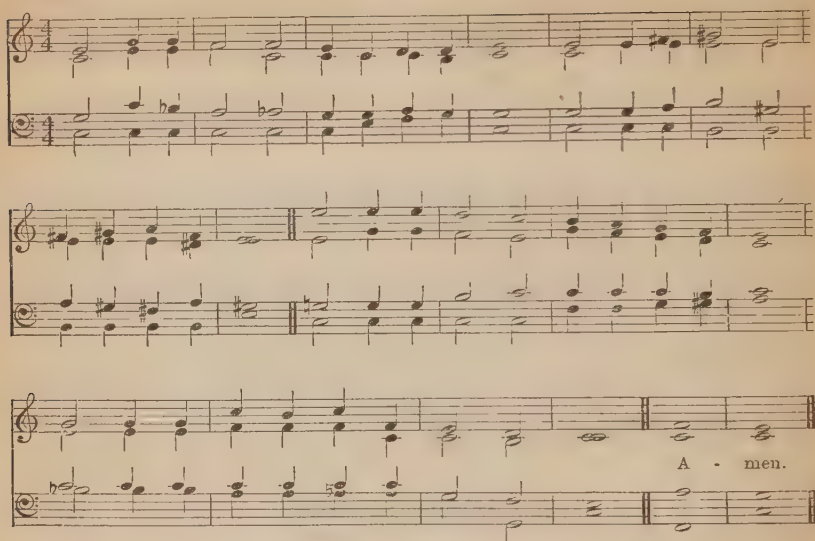
- 1 **L**ONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come:
With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.
- 2 The good I have is from His stores supplied:
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
And poor without Him, though of all possessed:
Changes may come; I take, or I resign,
Content while I am His, while He is mine.
- 3 Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen,
A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.
- 4 He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.
- 5 While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

H. F. Lyte.

Eventide.

10.10.10.10.

G. A. POPE.



325

Abide in Me, and I in you.—JOHN xv. 4.

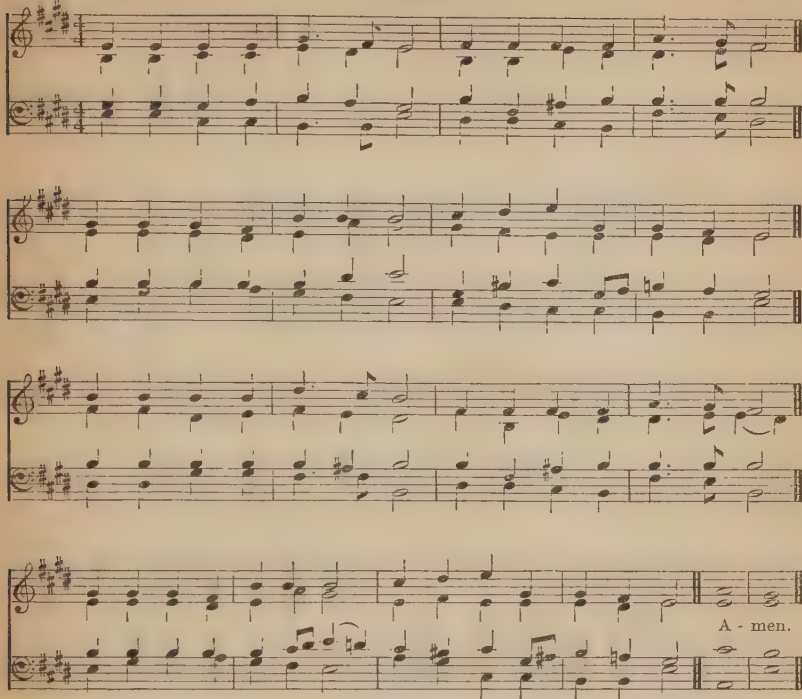
- p* 1 **T**HAT mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,
 Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me ;
 Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
 I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.
- 2 Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee ;
 From this good hour, O leave me never more :
 Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
 The lifelong bleeding of the soul be o'er.
- 3 Abide in me ; o'ershadow by Thy love
 Each half-formed purpose, and dark thought of sin ;
 Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
 And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.
- 4 Abide in me ; there have been moments blest
 When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power ;
 Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
 Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.
- 5 These were but seasons, beautiful and rare ;
 Abide in me, and they shall ever be ;
 Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer—
 Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.

Benevento.

7s., eight lines.

S. WEBBE.



326

Looking unto Jesus.—HEB. xii. 2.

1 OBJECT of my first desire,
 Jesus crucified for me ;
 All to happiness aspire,
 Only to be found in Thee :
 Thee to please, and Thee to know,
 Constitute my bliss below ;
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Constitute my bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live
 If Thy presence Thou deny ;
 Lord, if Thou Thy presence give
 'Tis no longer death to die :
 Source and Giver of repose,
 Only from Thy smile it flows ;
 Peace and happiness are Thine ;
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

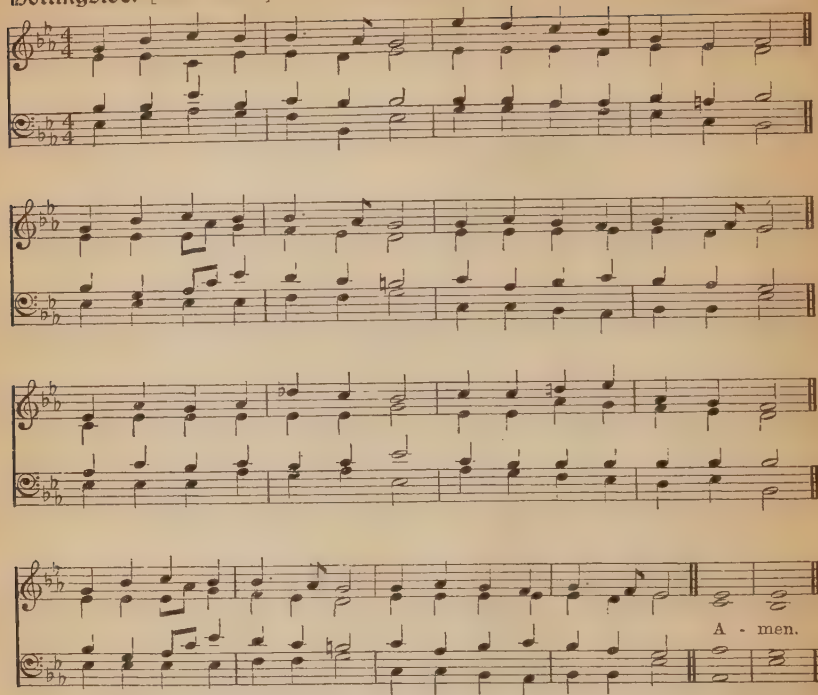
3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
 Every object teems with joy ;
 May I ever walk with Thee,
 For 'tis bliss without alloy :
 Let me but Thyself possess,
 Total sum of happiness :
 Perfect peace I then shall prove,
 Heaven below and heaven above.

A. M. Toplady.

Hollingside. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

J. B. DYKES.



327

To lay hold upon the hope set before us.—HEB. vi. 18.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

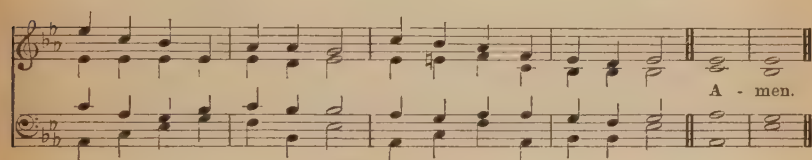
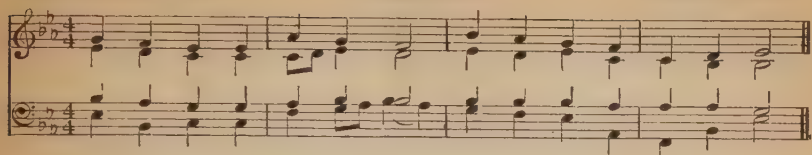
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
False, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley.

Troy. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

HENRY SMART.



328

I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.—JOHN xiv. 21.

mf 1 SAVIOUR, who exalted high
 In Thy Father's majesty,
 Yet vouchsaf'st Thyself to show
 To Thy faithful flock below ;
 Saviour, though this earthly shroud
 Now my mortal vision cloud,
cr Still Thy presence let me see :
 Manifest Thyself to me.

p 2 Son of God, to Thee I cry :
 By the holy mystery
 Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
 By Thy pure and holy birth,
 By Thy griefs, to us unknown,
 By Thy spirit's parting groan ;
cr Lord, Thy presence let me see :
 Manifest Thyself to me.

f 3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry :
 By Thy glorious majesty,
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
 Strong to conquer, strong to save,
 By the thralls of death unchained,
 By the prize of life regained ;
 Lord, Thy presence let me see :
 Manifest Thyself to me.

mf 4 Lord of Glory, God most high,
 Man exalted to the sky ;
 With Thy love my bosom fill ;
 Prompt me to perform Thy will ;
cr So may'st Thou, my Saviour, come,
 Make this froward heart Thy home :
f Then Thy presence I shall see
 Manifest, my Lord, in me.

R. Mant.

Weston. [FIRST TUNE.]

664.6664.

ARTHUR E. DYER.

Olivet. [SECOND TUNE.]

664.6664.

LOWELL MASON.

329

Be not afraid, only believe.—MARK v. 36.

mf 1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine :
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

cr 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire :
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

p 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide ;
cr Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

p 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
cr Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Roy Palmer.

Bonar.

S.M. D.

C. STEGGALL.

330

*That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.—EPH. iii. 17.**mf* 1

I GIVE my heart to Thee,
O Jesus most desired !

And heart for heart the gift shall be,
For Thou my soul hast fired :
Thou hearts alone wouldst move,
Thou only hearts dost love :

cr I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

2 What offering can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like Thine ?
That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to take
A human form like mine.
' Give Me thy heart, My son ' :
Lord, Thou my heart hast won :

cr I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

3 Thy heart is opened wide,
Its offered love most free,
That heart to heart I may abide,
And hide myself in Thee :
Ah, how Thy love doth burn,
Till I that love return !

cr I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

4 Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest :
In Thee, the riven Rock,
My soul, as girt around,
Her citadel hath found :

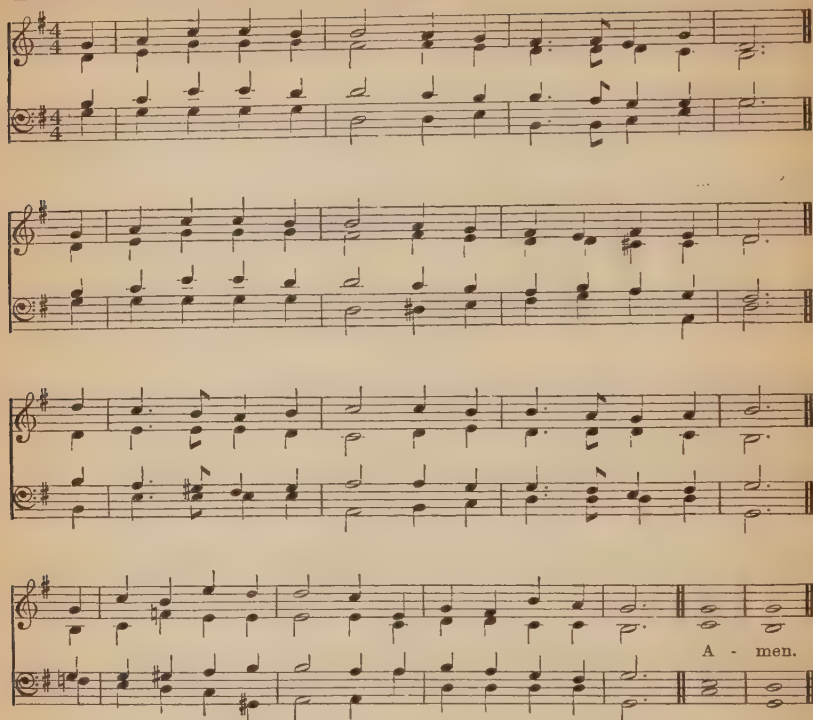
cr I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

Latin Hymn, tr. Ray Palmer.

Batfield Hall. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

CHARLES VINCENT.



331

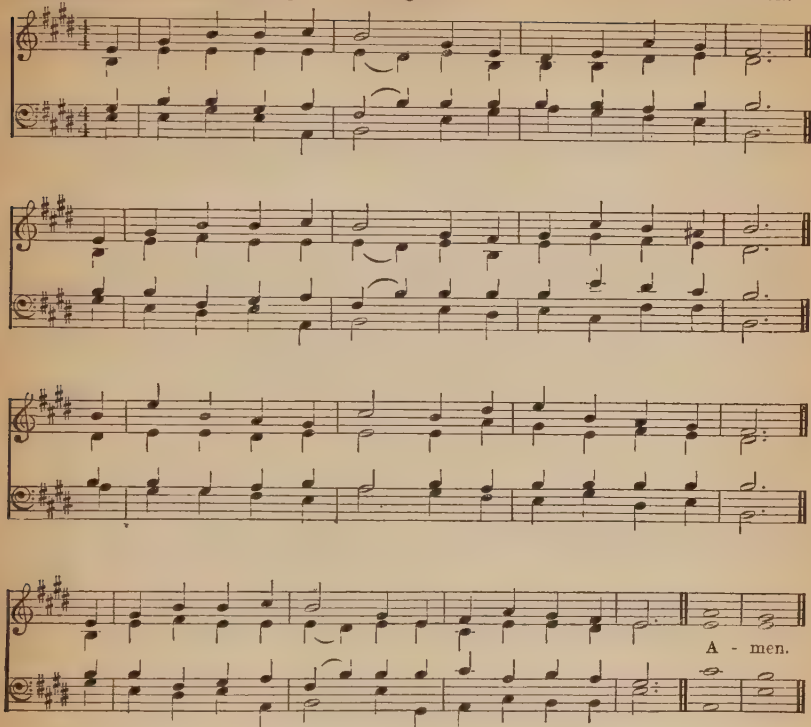
The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.—JOHN i. 29.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load:
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
 All fulness dwells in Him;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem:
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares,
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

Missionary. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

LOWELL MASON.



3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on His breast recline:
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is poured.

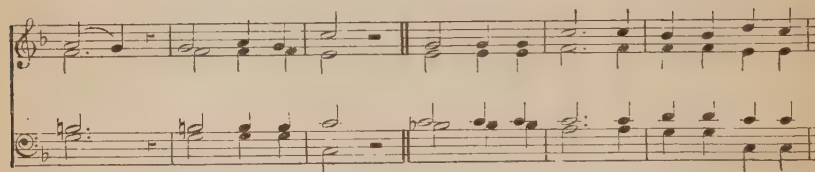
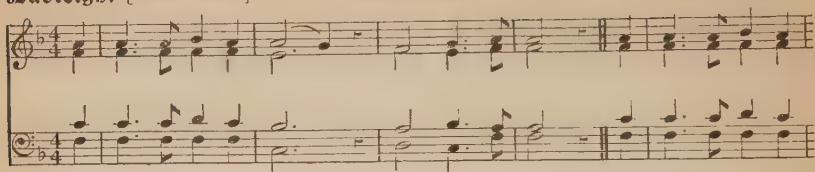
4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's Holy Child:
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

H. Bonar.

Budleigh, [FIRST TUNE.]

64.64.10.10.

T. M. MUDIE.



A - men.

332

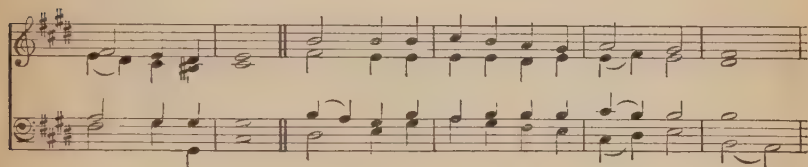
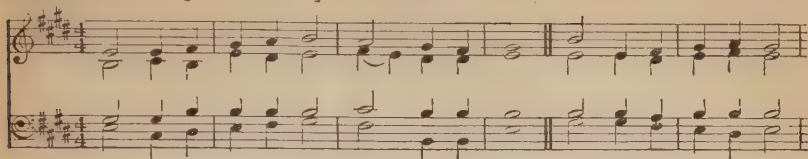
Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.—Ps. xxv. 1.

mf 1 **I** LIFT my heart to Thee,
 Saviour Divine;
 For Thou art all to me,
 And I am Thine.
 Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
 That 'my Beloved's mine, and I am His'?

2 Thine am I by all ties;
 But chiefly Thine,
 That through Thy sacrifice
 Thou, Lord, art mine.
 By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
 Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

Sursum Corda. [SECOND TUNE.] 64.64.10.10.

GEORGE LOMAS.



A - men.

3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
 I all things owe ;
 All that I have and am,
 And all I know.
 All that I have is now no longer mine,
 And I am not my own ; Lord, I am Thine.

4 How can I, Lord, withhold
 Life's brightest hour
 From Thee, or gathered gold,
 Or any power ?
 Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
 When Thou hast given Thine own dear Self for me ?

p 5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
 Me in Thy love,
 Until death's holy sleep
 Shall me remove

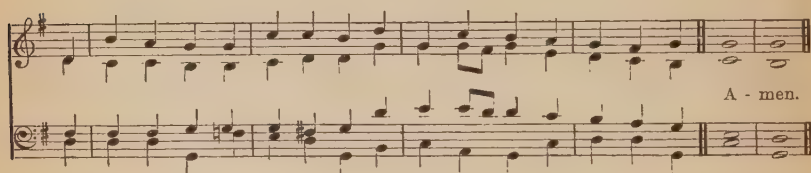
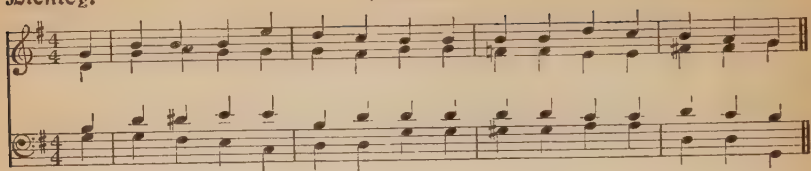
cr To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
 Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

C. E. Mudie.

Bickley.

8s., six lines.

C. E. KETTLE.



A - men.

333

He is able to succour them that are tempted.—HEB. ii. 18.

1.

STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour:
 Hide in the hollow of Thy hand,
 Show forth in me Thy saving power:
 Still be Thine arm my sure defence,
 Nor earth, nor hell shall pluck me thence.

2.

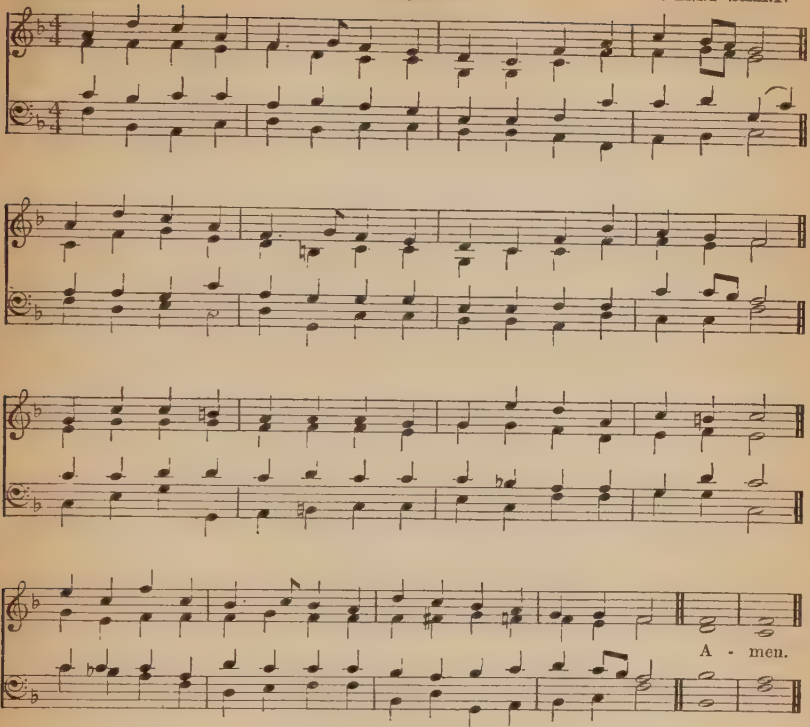
In suffering be Thy love my peace,
 In weakness be Thy love my power;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

C. Wesley.

Bethany.

8.7., eight lines.

HENRY SMART.



334

He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him.—1 JOHN iv 16.

mf 1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

cr 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
f Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

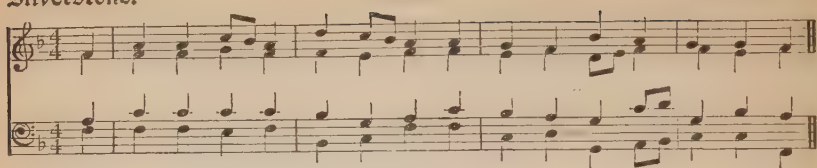
4 Finish, then, Thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee,
cr Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley.

Silverstone.

8.8.8.6.

T. M. MUDIE.



335

Continue ye in My love.—JOHN xv. 9.

p 1 **O** HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean ;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?

3 Far from my home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here have I found a place of rest ;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While I can cling to Thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ?
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside ;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied
The souls that cling to Thee !

6 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save ;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

7 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall ;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Saviour, I cling to Thee ?

Charlotte Elliott.

Sunset.

L.M. D.

MEYER LUTZ.

A - men.

336

Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me.—Ps. xxv. 5.

1 O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
 In lowly paths of service free;
 Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
 The strain of toil, the fret of care;
 Help me the slow of heart to move
 By some clear winning word of love;
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
 And guide them in the homeward way.

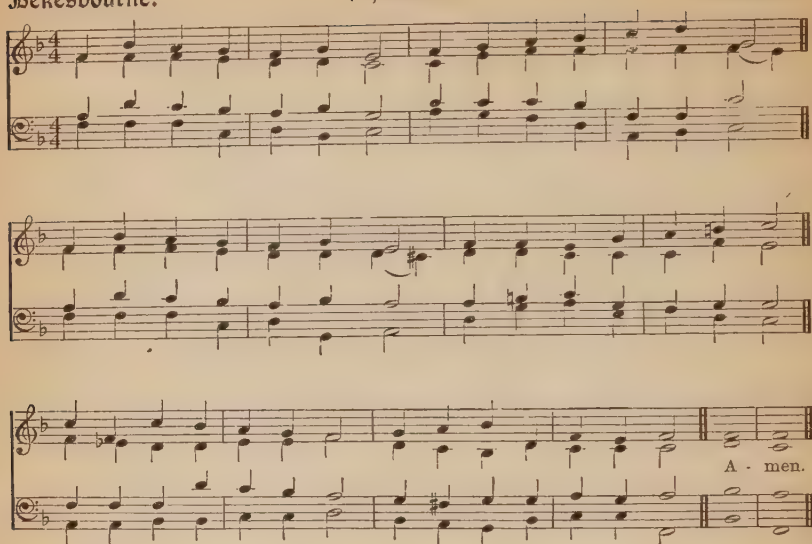
2 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
 In closer, dearer company,
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
 In trust that triumphs over wrong,
 In hope that sends a shining ray
 Far down the future's broadening way;
 In peace that only Thou canst give,
 With Thee, O Master, let me live.

W. Gladden.

Bekesbourne.

7s., six lines.

R. JACKSON.



337

Thou shalt make me full of joy with Thy countenance.—ACTS ii. 28.

- 1 JESUS, Fountain of my days,
Well-spring of my heart's delight,
Brightness of my morning rays,
Solace of my hours of night;
When I see Thee, I arise
To the hope of cloudless skies.
- 2 O how weary were the years
Ere Thy form to me was known;
O how gloomy were the fears
When I seemed to be alone;
I despaired the storm to brave
Till Thy footprints touched the wave.
- 3 But Thy presence on the deep
Calmed the pulses of the sea,
And the waters sank to sleep
In the rest of seeing Thee;
And my once rebellious will
Heard the mandate, 'Peace, be still!'
- 4 Now Thy will and mine are one,
Heart in heart, and hand in hand;
All the clouds have touched the sun,
And the ships have reached the land;
For Thy love has said to me,
'No more night!' and 'No more sea!'

G. Matheson.

Sandringham.

55.88.55.

W. C. FILBY.



338

Leaning on Jesus' bosom.— JOHN xiii. 23.

1.

WHO, as Thou, makes blest,
 Jesus, sweetest rest?
 Choicest good, all good outvying,
 Life of sinners lost and dying,
 And their Light so blest;
 Jesus, sweetest rest!

2.

Life, that tasted death
 In this world beneath,
 Me from dying to deliver,
 Of new life to be the giver,—
 Life in God by faith,
 Life that knows no death.

3.

Light ordained for man
 Ere the world began:
 Then, in flesh the glory veiling,
 Thou didst shine, the Light unfailing;
 Brightness none may scan,
 Light revealed to man.

4.

Leader of Thine host,
 I Thy triumphs boast;
 Over sin, death, hell, victorious,
 Thou hast won salvation glorious,
 Thine own blood the cost,
 Leader of Thine host.

5.

Prophet, Priest, and King,
 I my homage bring,
 Let Thy loving kindness reach me,
 Place me at Thy feet and teach me;
 Lowly praise I sing,
 Prophet, Priest, and King.

6.

Let Thy grace be shown,
 Take me for Thine own,
 Make me see and feel Thy glory;
 Let my heart burn with the story
 Of Thy love alone;
 Make me all Thine own.

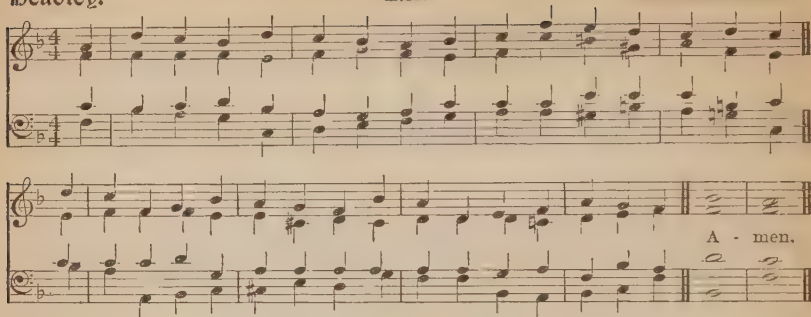
J. A. Freylinghausen, tr. F. W. Gotch.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Headley.

L.M.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



339

Because I live, ye shall live also.—JOHN xiv. 19.

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on Thine everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;

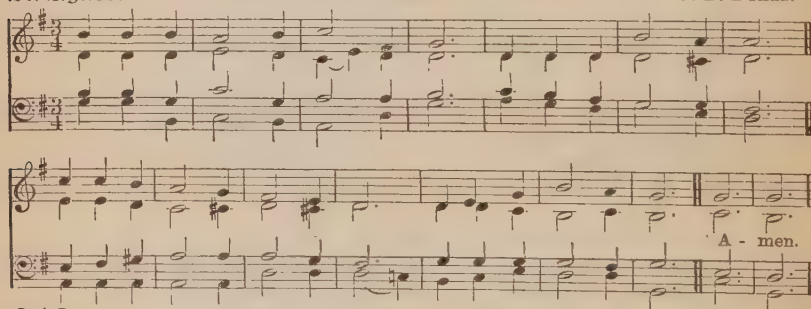
- His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands:
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

Anne Steele.

St. Agnes.

C.M.

J. B. DYKES.



340

Until Christ be formed in you.—GAL. iv. 19.

- mf* 1 **O** JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.
- 2 Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.
- 3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall
Fade every evil thought:
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

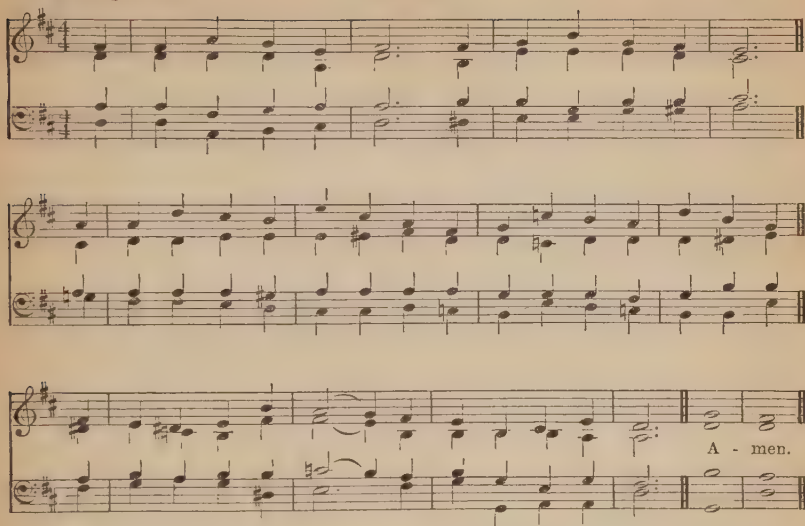
- cr* 4 More of Thy glory let me see,
Thou Holy, Wise, and True;
I would Thy living image be,
In joy and sorrow too.
- f* 5 Fill me with gladness from above,
Hold me by strength divine;
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
Through my whole being shine.
- p* 6 Make this poor self grow less and less,
mf Be Thou my life and aim:
O make me daily, through Thy grace,
More meet to bear Thy name.

J. C. Lavater, tr. Mrs. E. L. Smith.

St. Kentigern.

66.88.66.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



341

To me to live is Christ.—Phil. i. 21.

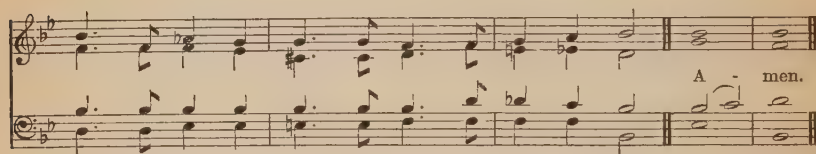
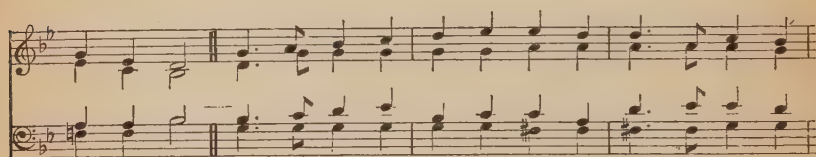
- 1 **T**O me to live is Christ:
 If Christ bestow His grace,
 A childlike heart to me is given
 That wonders after God and heaven,
 And smiles up in His face
 Whose love doth me embrace.
- 2 To me to live is Christ:
 If Christ with me abide,
 He bringeth me victorious youth,
 Rejoicing in the love of truth,
 Fearless of wrath and pride,
 Because the Lord will guide.
- 3 To me to live is Christ:
 If Christ my love awake,
 The wisdom ripe of age is mine,
 And hope, and joy, and peace divine
 At evening twilight make
 The eternal day to break.
- 4 So let me live to Christ,
 And death shall but disguise
 The life eternal and complete,
 Where age and youth and childhood meet
 Simple and strong and wise,
 In Christ above the skies.

W. C. Smith.

St. Jude.

87.887.

CHARLES VINCENT.



342

I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.—

GAL. ii. 20.

1.

p O THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
cr Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
mf p 'All of self, and none of Thee.'

2.

Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father!'
And my wistful heart said faintly,
'Some of self, and some of Thee.'

3.

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
p mf 'Less of self, and more of Thee.'

4.

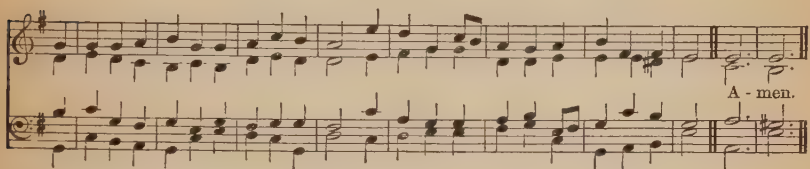
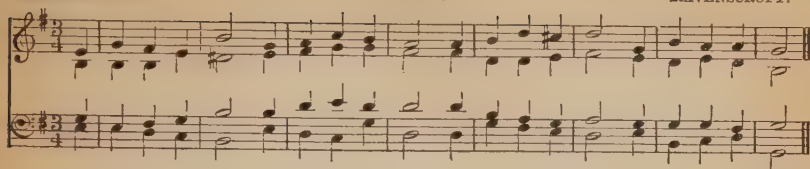
f Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,
dim f 'None of self, and all of Thee!'

Theodore Monod.

Ravenscroft.

55.55.65.65.

RAVENSCROFT.



(8) THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW: PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

343

Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?—MATT. viii. 26.

f 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief;
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

mp 2 Though dark be my way,
Since He is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken
And creatures all fail,
cr The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.

mf 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.

4 Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death;
And can He have taught me
To trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame?

5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up,
That sinners might live:
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine food;
Though painful at present,
cr 'Twill cease before long;
f And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

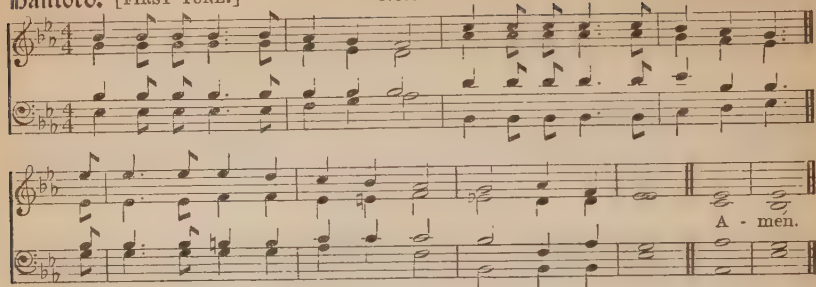
John Newton.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Manford. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

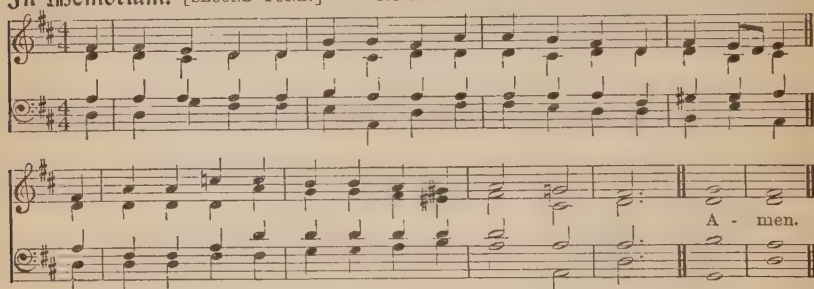
A. SULLIVAN.



In Memoriam. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

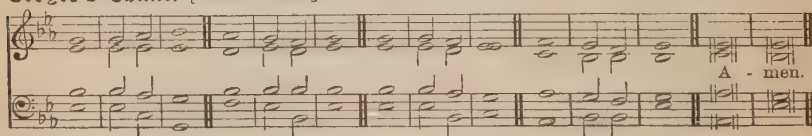
F. C. MAKER.



Troyte's Chant. [THIRD TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

A. H. D. TROYTE.



344

Thy will be done.—MATT. vi. 10.

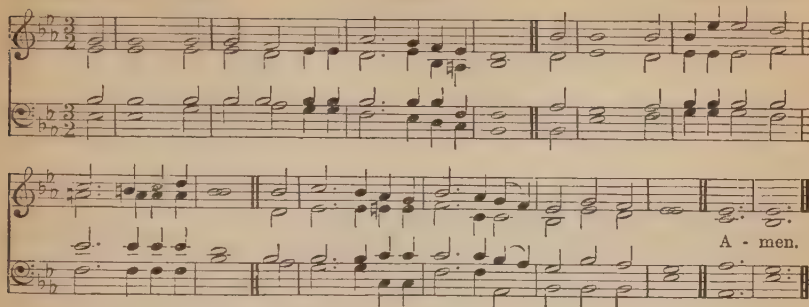
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>p</i> 1 MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough
way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'</p> <p>2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
'Thy will be done.'</p> <p>3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
'Thy will be done.'</p> | <p>4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was
mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;
'Thy will be done.'</p> <p>5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
'Thy will be done.'</p> <p>6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest :
'Thy will be done.'</p> |
|---|---|
- 7 Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
'Thy will be done.'

Charlotte Elliott.

Carrow. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.4., six lines.

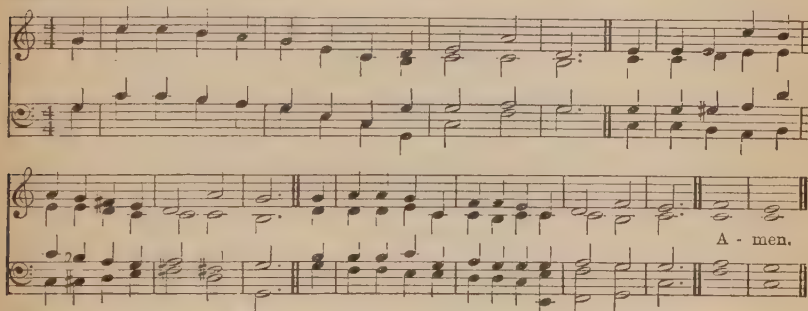
A. SULLIVAN.



Wentworth. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.4., six lines.

F. C. MAKER.



345

We glory in tribulations also.—ROM. v. 3.

1. *f* MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right,

2.
I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3. *p* I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain :
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4.
For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings ;
or So that we see, gleaming on high, a
Diviner things.

5. *mf* I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more ;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

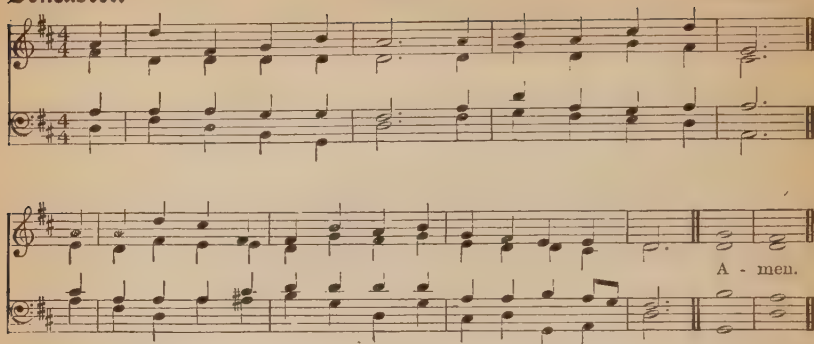
6.
I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Doncaster.

S.M.

S. WESLEY.



346

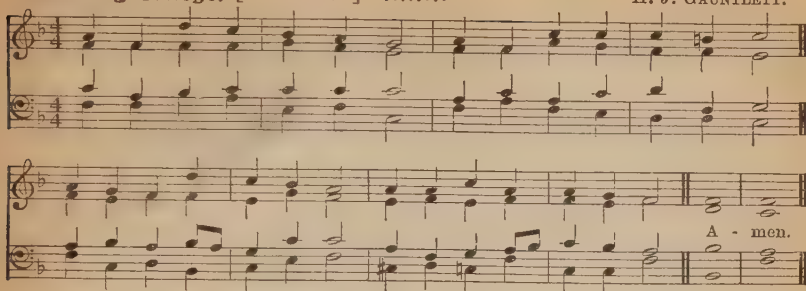
Commit thy way unto the Lord.—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

- f* 1 **C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
- mf* 6 Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way:
- cr* Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- mf* 7 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way
How wise, how strong His hand.

Paul Gerhardt, tr. J. Wesley.

University College. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.7.7.7.

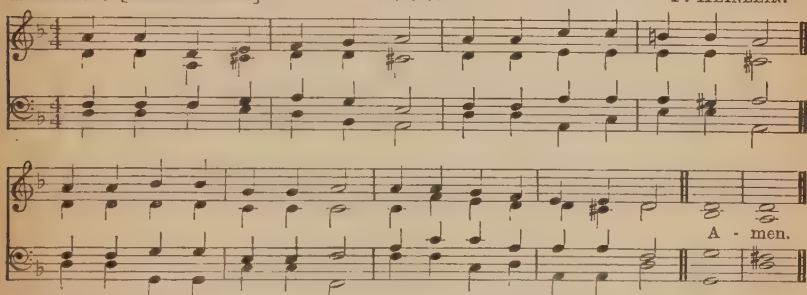
H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Heinlein. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

P. HEINLEIN.



347 *My times are in Thy hand.*—
Ps. cxi. 15.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.
- 2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief,
- 3 Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love :
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 4 Plagues and death around me fly ;
Till He bids, I cannot die :
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.
- 5 O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In Thy hands my life I trust :
Have I somewhat dearer still ?
I resign it to Thy will.
- 6 May I always own Thy hand,
Still to the surrender stand,
Know that Thou art God alone,
I and mine are all Thine own.

- 7 Thee at all times will I bless ;
Having Thee, I all possess :
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with Thee ?
John Ryland.

348 *He Himself hath suffered.*—
HEB. ii. 18.

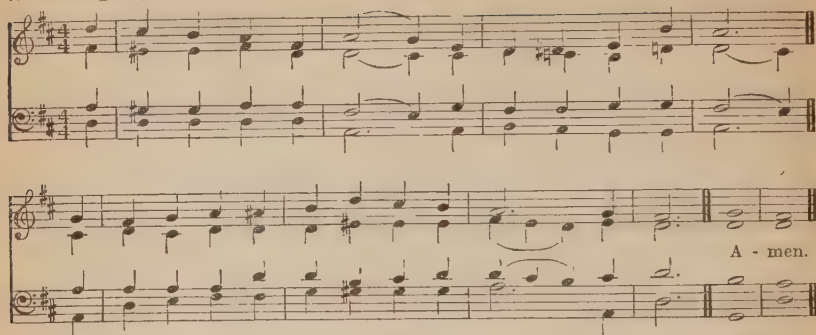
- p 1 **J**ESUS, Saviour, Thou dost know
All the depth of human woe ;
Thou hast shed the bitter tear,
Thou hast felt the withering fear.
- 2 For the iron of our sin
To Thy heart hath entered in ;
All its festering anguish keen,
Holy Saviour, Thine hath been.
- 3 Thou our Brother art, and we
With our sorrows come to Thee :
Thou wilt not, for us who died,
From our misery turn aside.
- 4 Jesus, save ! the floods are nigh ;
To Thine open arms we fly,
Sure the waters will not dare
Overwhelm our spirits there.
- 5 No ! the raging waves subside,
Thou hast checked the rising tide ;
All our woes obey Thy will,
While Thou whisperest, ' Peace, be still !'
Caroline Dent.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

St. Denys. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.6.6.6.

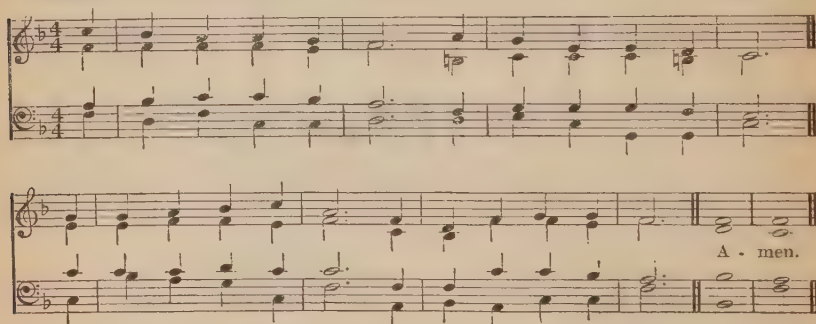
FRANK SPINNEY.



St. Cecilia. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.6.6.6.

L. G. HAYNE.



349

He shall choose our inheritance for us.—Ps. xlvii. 4.

p 1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,

However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not if I might :
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As best to Thee may seem ;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

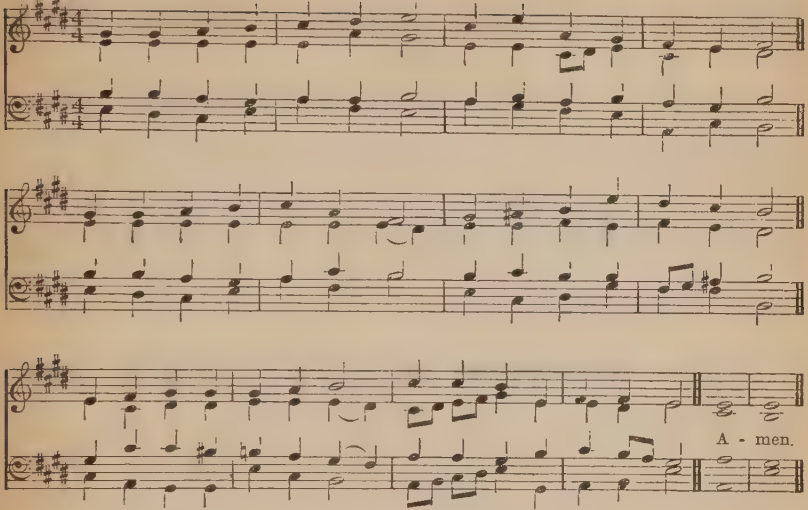
7 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

H. Bonar.

Sunbury.

7s., six lines.

R. JACKSON.



350

My soul is even as a weaned child.—Ps. cxxxi. 2.

1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weanèd child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

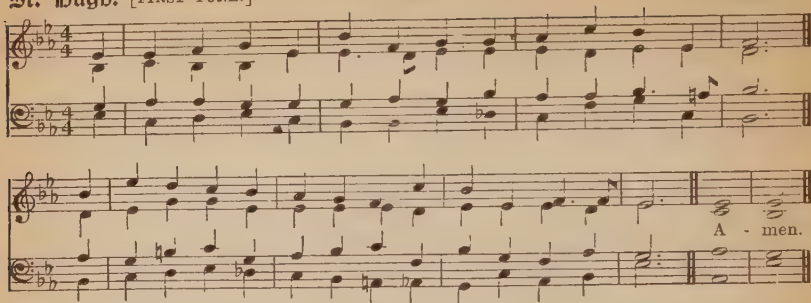
John Newton.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

St. Hugh. [FIRST TUNE.]

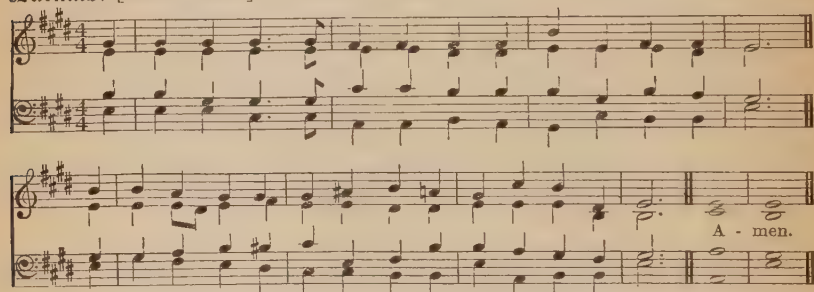
C.M.

E. J. HOPKINS.



Burmah. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.



351 *It is good for me that I have been afflicted.—Ps. cxix. 71.*

- 1 **W**E praise Thee, Lord, for hours of bliss,
For days of peace and rest,
But cannot school the heart to learn
When pains and tears are best.
- 2 We praise Thee when our way is plain
And smooth beneath our feet :
But fain would welcome rougher paths,
And deem the bitter sweet.
- 3 When rises first the flush of hope,
The saddest heart can sing ;
Yet not for this alone, my soul,
Thy cheerful praises bring.
- 4 Are there no hours of conflict fierce,
No heavy toils and pains,
No watchings and no weariness,
That bring their precious gains ?
- 5 O could we once believe the prayer
Our lips repeat in vain,
Then, as of old, we should 'be still,'
And 'walk with God' again.
- 6 And sorrow's face would be unveiled,
And we at last should see
Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,
Her speech but echoes Thee !

J. F. Hopps.

352 *Yet what I shall choose I wot not.—PHIL. i. 22.*

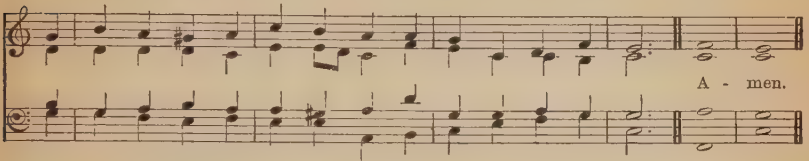
- mf* 1 **L**ORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day ?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before ;
And he that to God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see,
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be ?
- cr* 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days ;
f And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- mf* 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
cr But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
f And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter.

Westminster.

C.M.

JAMES TURLE.



353

The will of the Lord be done.—Acts xxi. 14.

1 I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God,
 And all Thy ways adore ;
 And every day I live, I seem
 To love Thee more and more.

2 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
 For all my cares are Thine ;
 I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
 Hast made Thy triumph mine.

3 When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison walls to be,
 I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to Thee.

4 And when it seems no chance or change
 From grief can set me free,
 Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
 And gladly waits on Thee.

5 Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
 Its end can never miss ;
 For men on earth no work can do
 More angel-like than this.

6 He always wins who sides with God ;
 To him no chance is lost ;
 God's will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.

7 Ill that He blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill ;
 And all is right that seems most wrong
 If it be His sweet will.

F. W. Faber.

St. Fulbert. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Salisbury. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

RAVENS CROFT'S Psalter.

354 *Delight thyself also in the Lord.—*
PSALM xxxvii. 4.

- 1 **O** LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.
- 3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 4 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!
- 5 He that has made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
- 6 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

*John Ryland.*355 *Thy way is in the sea.—Ps. lxxvii. 19.*

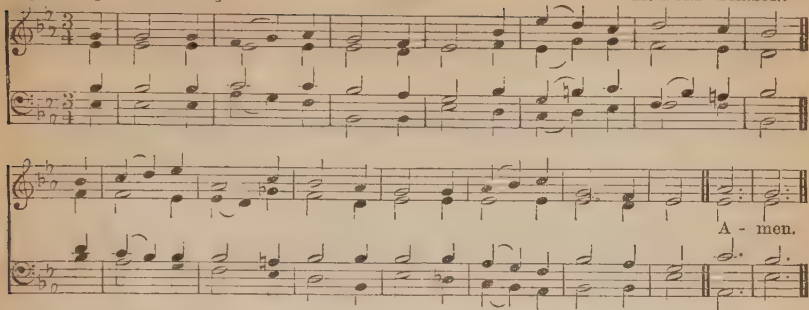
- 1 **T**HY way is in the deep, O Lord,
E'en there we'll go with Thee;
We'll meet the tempest at Thy word,
And walk upon the sea.
- 2 A moment may His hand be lost,
Drear moment of delay!
We cry 'Lord, help the tempest-tossed!'—
And safe we're borne away.
- 3 Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,
Why do we doubt Him so?
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.
- 4 The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care;
But comes Himself, where'er He hears
The voice of loving prayer.
- 5 O happy soul of faith divine,
Thy victory how sure!
The love that kindles joy is thine,
The patience to endure.
- 6 Come, Lord of peace, our griefs dispel,
And wipe our tears away:
'Tis Thine to order all things well,
And ours to bless Thy sway.

James Martineau.

Upton. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

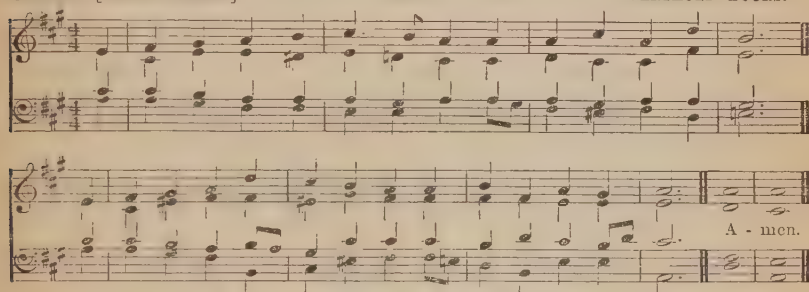
H. FORD BENSON.



Gouda. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



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356 *Quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.*—LAM. iii. 26.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.
- 2 Lord, teach me to adore the hand
From whence my comforts flow ;
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.
- 3 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise :
- 4 ' Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free :
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee :
- 5 ' Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'

Anne Steele.

357 *What I do thou knowest not now ; thou shalt know hereafter.*—JOHN xiii. 7.

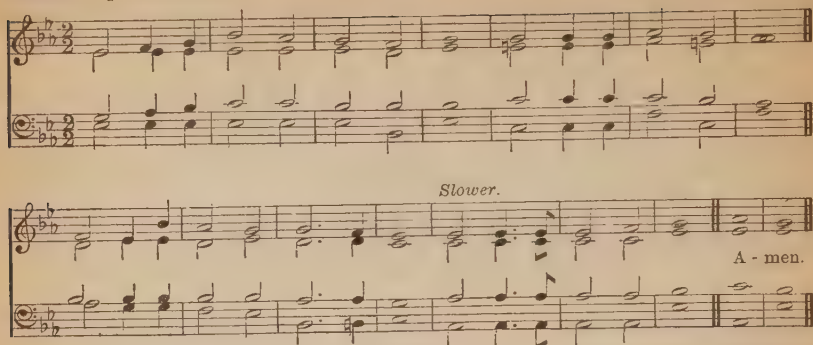
- mp* 1 **M**Y Father, it is good for me
To trust and not to trace ;
And wait with deep humility
For Thy revealing grace.
- 2 Lord, when Thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense,
I love Thee in the mystery,
I trust Thy providence.
- 3 I cannot see Thy secret things
In this my dark abode ;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.
- mf* 4 So, faith and patience ! wait awhile,,
Not doubting, not in fear ;
For soon in heaven my Father's smile
Shall render all things clear.
- cr* 5 Then Thou shalt end time's short eclipse,
Its dim uncertain night ;
f Bring in the grand apocalypse,
Reveal the perfect light.

George Rawson.

Merton. [FIRST TUNE.]

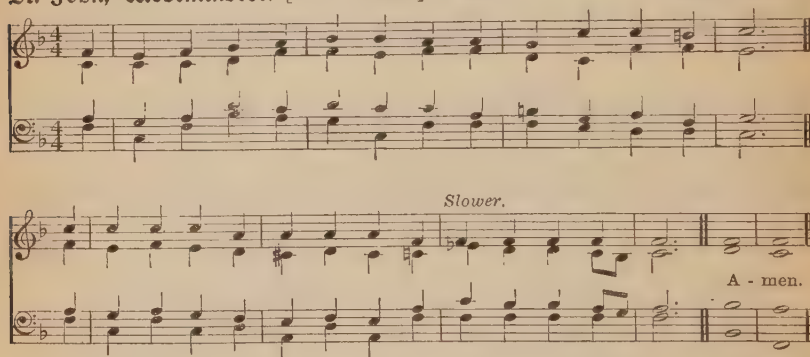
C.M.

J. P. JEWSON.



St. John, Westminster. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M.

JAMES TURLE.



358 According to Thy mercy remember Thou me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.—Ps. xxv. 7.

p 1 **O** THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee :
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon speak, new peace impart :
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day :
For good remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear, and remember me.

5 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

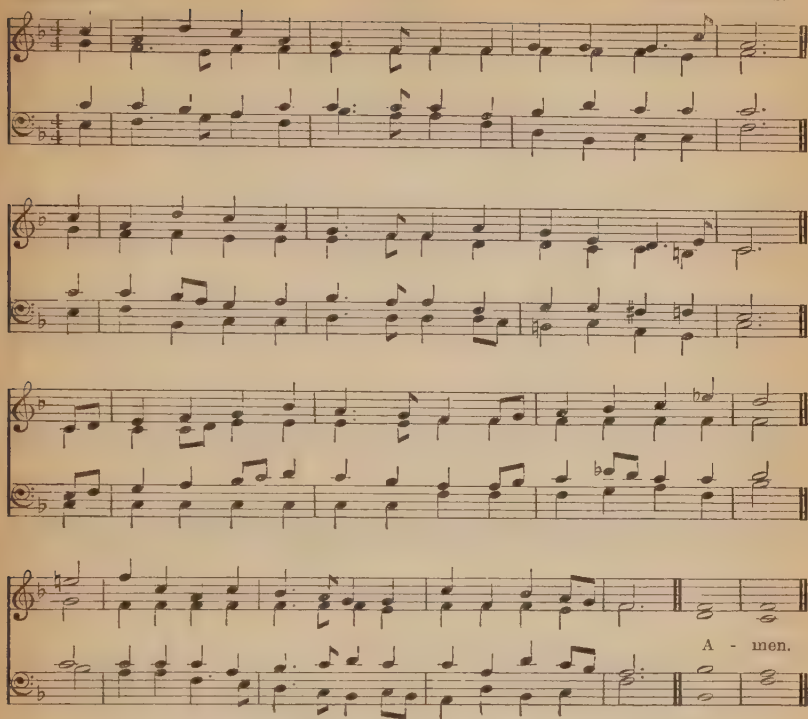
6 When in the solemn hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, Remember me.

Thomas Harveys.

Langdale.

C. M. D.

THOMAS ADAMS.



359

Behold, Thou hast made my days as an handbreadth.—Ps. xxxix. 5.

1 I HOPED that with the brave and strong
 My portioned task might lie ;
 To toil amid the busy throng
 With purpose pure and high :
 But God has fixed another part,
 And He has fixed it well ;
 I said so with my breaking heart,
 When first this trouble fell.

2 These weary hours will not be lost,
 These days of misery,
 These nights of darkness, tempest-tossed,—
 Can I but turn to Thee,
 With secret labour to sustain
 In patience every blow,
 To gather fortitude from pain,
 And holiness from woe.

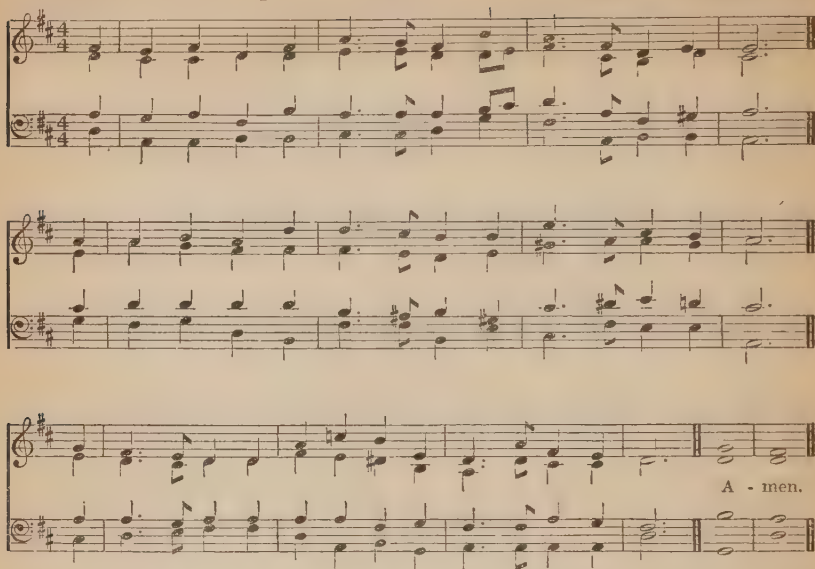
3 If Thou should'st bring me back to life,
 More humble I should be,
 More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
 More apt to lean on Thee ;
 Should death be standing at the gate,
 Thus should I keep my vow :
 But, Lord, whatever be my fate,
 O let me serve Thee now !

Anne Brontë.

Allballows. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.6., six lines.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



360

Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.—Ps. xxxviii. 22.

mf 1 **G**O not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away ;
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

2 On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress ;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less :
O 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

3 Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace ;
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee, 'mid the
storm,
As in a secret place.

p 4 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
cr Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay ;
f And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

f 5 There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died ;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified ;
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.

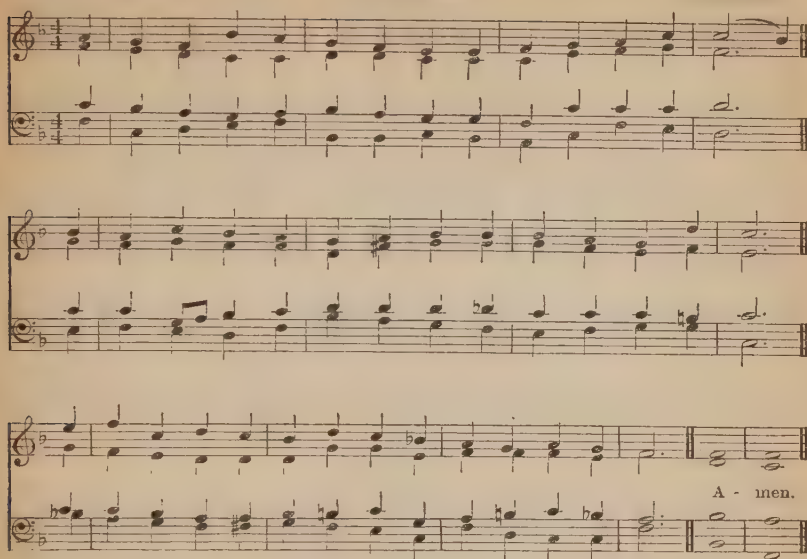
6 My heart is fixed, O God, my Strength,
My heart is strong to bear ;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
dim And peaceful in Thy care :
p Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.

Anna L. Waring.

St. Silas. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.6., six lines.

J. LANCASTER.



361

When I awake, I am still with Thee.—Ps. cxxxix. 18.

1.

SWEET is the solace of Thy love,
My heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home with Thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.

2.

Though from the shadow of Thy peace
My feet would often stray,
Thy mercy follows all my steps,
And will not turn away ;
Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,
As none beneath Thee may.

3.

O there is nothing in the world
To weigh against Thy will ;
E'en the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil :
And when the pleasant morning dawns
I find Thee with me still.

4.

Then in the secret of my soul,
Though hosts my peace invade,
Though through a waste and weary land
My lonely way be made,
Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me—
I need not be afraid.

5.

Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of Thy love
My heart is satisfied ;
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at Thy side.

Anna L. Waring.

Southgate. [FIRST TUNE.]

84.84.8884.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.

Upsal. [SECOND TUNE.]

84.84.8884.

362

Is it well with thee? . . . It is well.—2 KINGS IV. 26.

- f* 1 **T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour;
 All will be well;
 Free and changeless is His favour,
 All, all is well.
 Precious is the blood that healed us,
 Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
 Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
 All must be well.
- mf* 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well;
 Ours is such a full salvation,
 All, all is well.

Happy, still in God confiding;
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
 All must be well.

- f* 3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
 All will be well;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow
 'All, all is well.'
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living or in dying,
 All must be well.

Clewet.

6.5.6.5.

German.



363

He hath said, I will never leave thee.—HEB. xiii. 5.

p 1 O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

2 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

3 God will never leave thee ;
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

5 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

6 All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

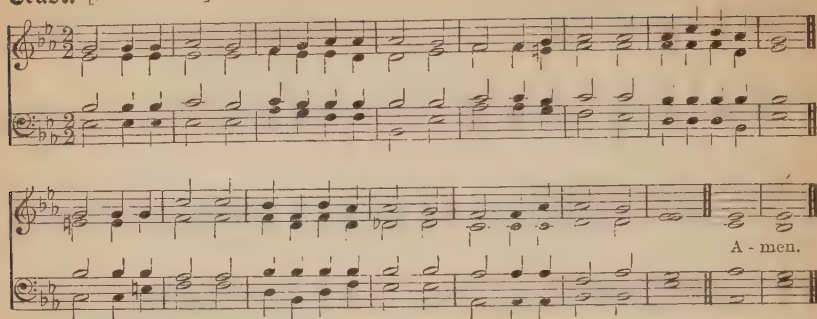
cr 7 Jesus, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above
Crown us with Thy favour,
Fill us with Thy love.

H. S. Oswald, tr. F. E. Cox.

Trust. [FIRST TUNE.]

11.10.11.6.

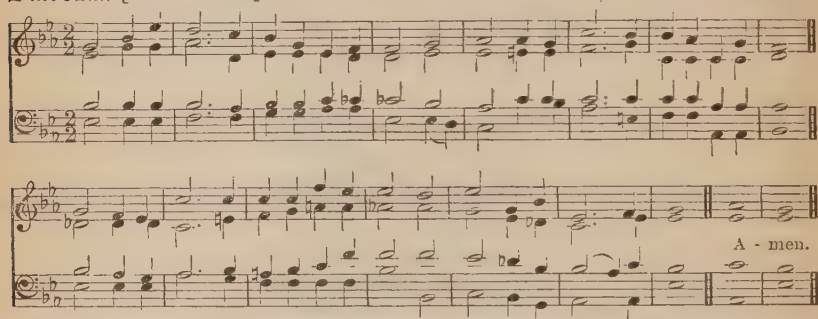
C. E. KETTLE.



Diadema. [SECOND TUNE.]

11.10.11.6.

J. BARNBY.



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364

I will trust and not be afraid.—ISA. xii. 2.

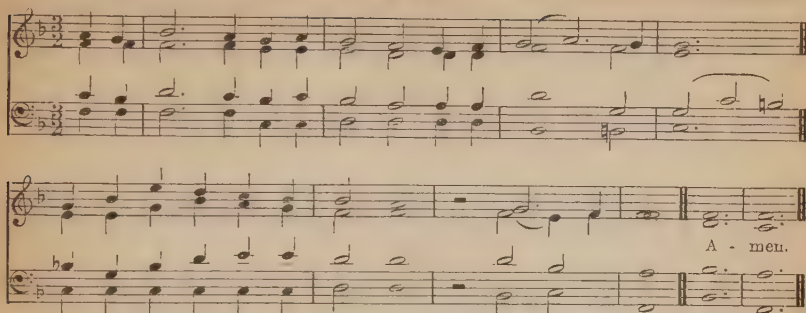
- 1 **S**TILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary
Still will we trust in God.
- 2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again,
- 3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed;
Choose for us, God, Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.
- 4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

W. H. Burleigh.

Ashford. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

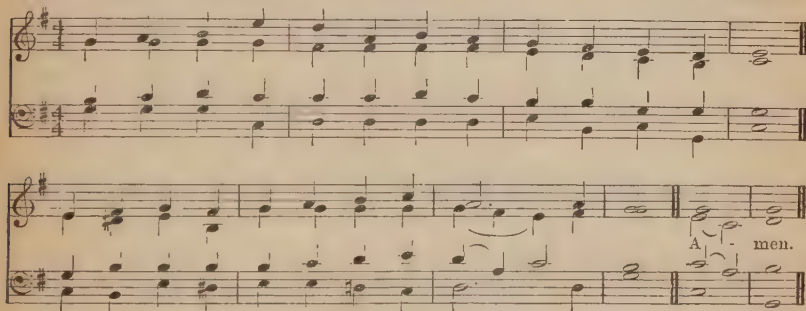
W. C. FILBY.



Hillside. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

H. A. HARDING.



365

Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.—Ps. lv. 22.

mp 1 **D**OST thou bow beneath the burden
Of a crushing care?
Bring it to the feet of Jesus,—
Lay it there.

2 What thy need? He can supply it:
Longing? He can grant:
In Him is exhaustless fulness
For each want.

3 Was there ever one that sought Him
Yet to be denied?
Hope has in His gracious presence
Never died.

4 Who has ever found Him faithless?
Who has found Him weak?
or Multitudes His mighty praises
Joyful speak.

5 Aged men and gentle maidens,
Young men, children sweet,
Lay their crowns of adoration
At His feet.

G. T. Coster.

Dominus Misericordia. [FIRST TUNE.] 11.10.11.10.10.10.

J. STAINER.

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O Lord, Thou knowest.—JER. xv. 15.

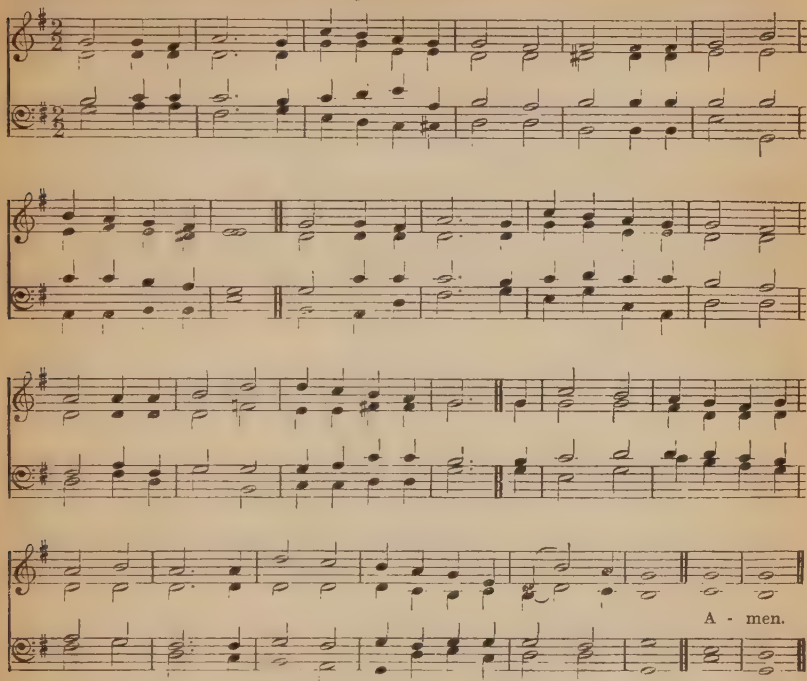
366

- 1 **T**HOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest ;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed :
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet : Thou knowest, Lord.
- 2 Thou knowest all the past : how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed ;
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life and hope and strength again.
- 3 Thou knowest all the present : each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones than self more dear ;
All pensive memories, as I journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

Warrenne, No. 4. [SECOND TUNE.] 11.10.11.10.10.10.

O. R. BARNICOTT.



4 Thou knowest all the future : gleams of gladness
 By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;
 Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
 And the dark river to be crossed at last ;
 O what could hope and confidence afford
 To tread that path, but this : 'Thou knowest, Lord !'

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing ;
 As Man our mortal weakness Thou hast proved ;
 On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
 O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved ;
 And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
 And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

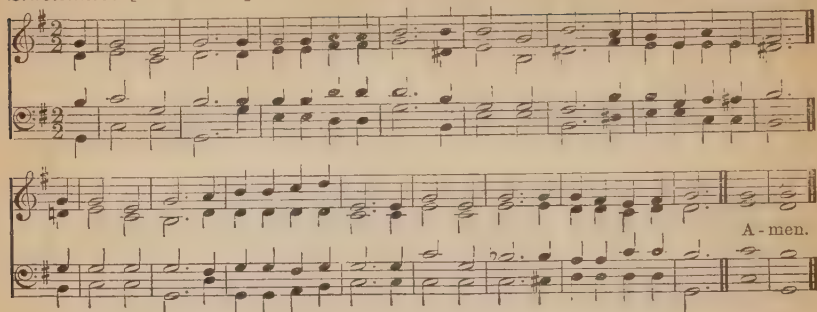
6 Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
 And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,,
 On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
 Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete ;
 Then, rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne,
 And follow on to know as I am known.

June Borthwick.

Auckland. [FIRST TUNE.]

4.6., eight lines.

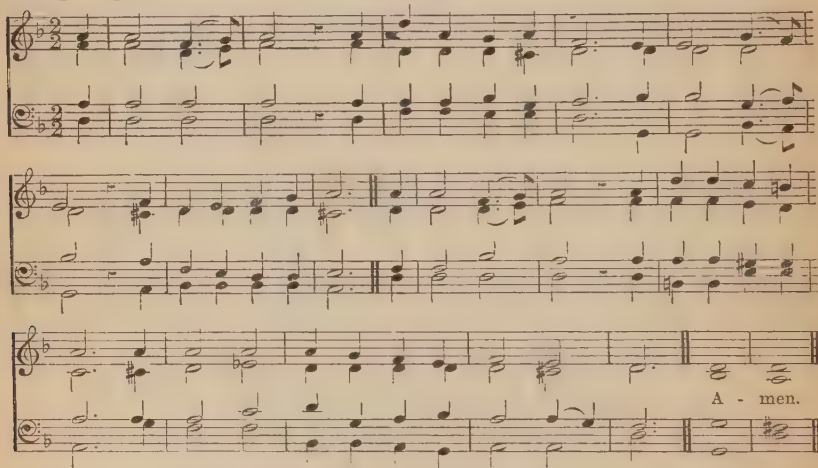
F. C. MAKER.



Worral. [SECOND TUNE.]

4.6., eight lines.

E. J. HOPKINS.



367 *Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.—Ps. ciii. 13.*

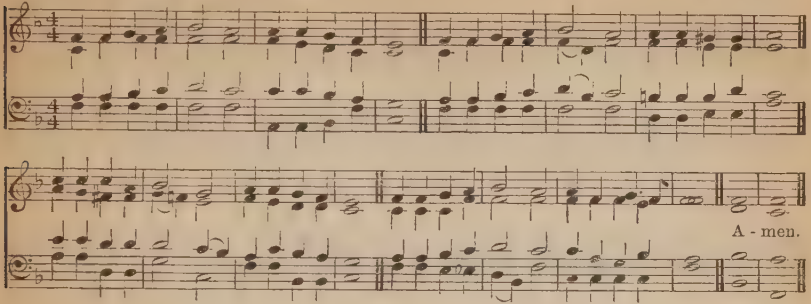
- p 1 **SHOW** pity, Lord :
 For we are frail and faint ;
 We fade away,
 O list to our complaint !
 We fade away
 Like flowers in the sun ;
 We just begin,
 And then our work is done.
- 2 Show pity, Lord :
 Our souls are sore distressed ;
 As troubled seas
 Our natures have no rest ;
 As troubled seas
 That, surging, beat the shore,
 We throb and heave,
 Ever and evermore.

- 3 Show pity, Lord :
 Our grief is in our sin ;
 We would be cleansed,
 O make us pure within !
 We would be cleansed,
 For this we cry to Thee ;
 Thy word of love
 Can make the conscience free.
- 4 Show pity, Lord :
 Inspire our hearts with love,—
 That holy love
 Which draws the soul above ;
 That holy love
 Which makes us one with Thee,
 And with Thy saints,
 Through all eternity.

David Thomas.

St. Mary Magdalene. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.5., eight lines.

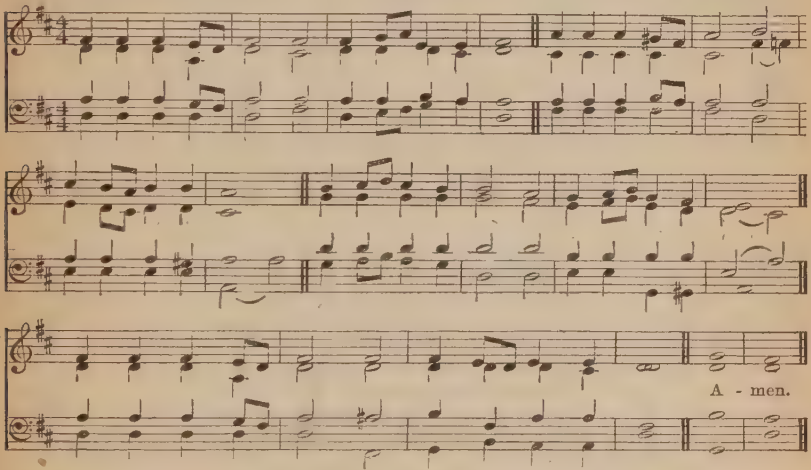
J. B. DYKES.



Eripe Me. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5., eight lines.

T. H. H. CROSSLEY.



368

I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.—LUKE xxii. 32.

- p 1 IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,—
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

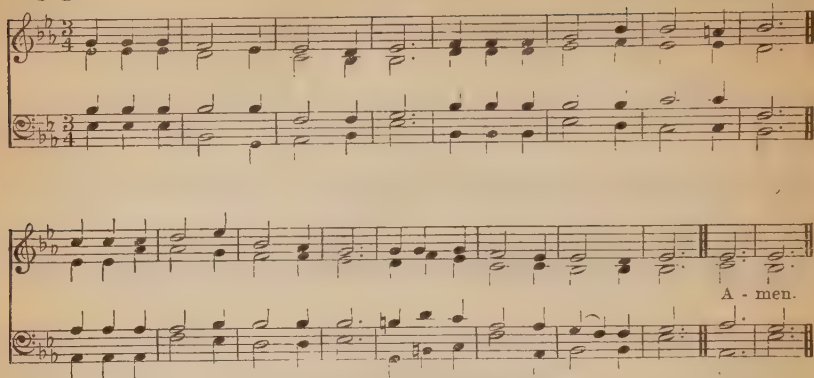
- 3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice:
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.
- 4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery.

Saxby.

L.M.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



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369

Let Thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live.—Ps. cxix. 77.

mp 1 **L**ORD, Thou hast all my frailty made,
 And Thou my inmost want canst read;
cr Prepare Thy light for every shade,
 Prepare Thy strength for every need.

2 When at Thy word the tempests form,
 When at Thy breath the mists o'ershroud,
 Provide Thy still voice for the storm,
 Provide Thy rainbow for the cloud.

3 What time I sojourn in the night,
 Let Bethlehem's star rule all the sky;
 And when I climb steep Calvary's height,
 Let Olivet be clear on high.

4 I may not bid the shadows flee—
 They are the shadows of Thy wing;
 Give but the eye more power to see
 The love behind their gathering.

5 I may not cast Thy cross away;
 Thou gavest me Thy yoke to share;
cr Give but the arm new nerve each day.
 Give but the heart fresh love to bear,—

cr 6 Until my thorn become my flower,
 Till death itself in life shall rise.
 And human sorrow's midnight hour
 Ring the first chimes of Paradise.

G. Matheson.

Bentley.

7.6., eight lines.

JOHN HULLAH.

A - men.

370

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.—Ps. cxii. 4.

mf 1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings ;
 It is the Lord who rises
 With healing in His wings :
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new :
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 'E'en let the unknown morrow
 Bring with it what it may,—

3 'It can bring with it nothing
 But He will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe His people too :
 Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed ;
 And He who feeds the ravens
 Will give His children bread.'

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit should bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet, God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For, while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

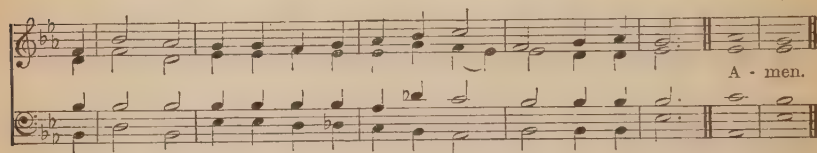
W. Cowper.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Submission. [FIRST TUNE.]

10.4.10.4.

GEORGE LOMAS.



Eskdale. [SECOND TUNE.]

10.4.10.4.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



371 *I am thy God . . . which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.—ISA. xlviii. 17.*

p 1 I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load :

2 I do not ask that flowers should always
spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though
heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst
shed

Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

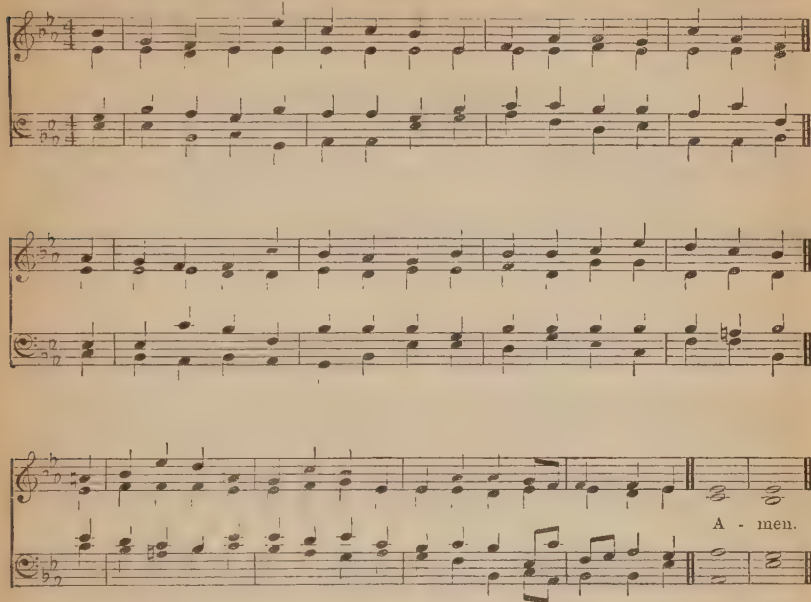
5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day, but peace divine.
Like quiet night :
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall
shine
Through peace to light.

A. A. Procter.

Silver Howe (St. Mathias). 8s., six lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



(9) PEACEFUL TRUST.

372

Commit thy way unto the Lord : trust also in Him.—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

1.

mf **L**EAVE God to order all thy ways,
 And hope in Him whate'er betide ;
 Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
 Thine all-sufficient Strength and Guide :
cr Who trusts in God's unchanging love
 Builds on the rock that naught can move.

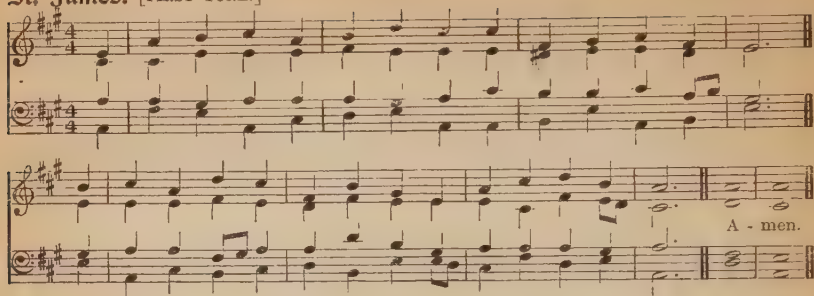
2.

mf Only thy restless heart keep still,
 And wait in cheerful hope, content
 To take whate'er His gracious will,
 His all-discerning love, hath sent :
 Doubt not our inmost wants are known
 To Him, who chose us for his own.
George Neumarch, tr. C. Winkworth.

St. James. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

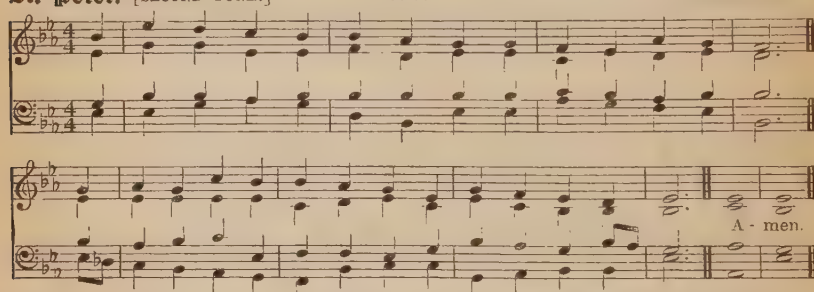
COURTEVILLE.



St. Peter. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



373 *I wait for the Lord, . . . and in His word do I hope.—Ps. cxxx. 5.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, on Thy word of truth
In earnest hope I live ;
I ask for all the precious things
Thy boundless love can give.
- 2 In holy expectation held,
Thy strength my heart shall stay ;
For Thy right hand will never let
My trust be cast away.
- 3 It is not as Thou wilt with me,
Till, humbled in the dust,
I know no place in all my heart
Wherein to put my trust :
- 4 Until I find, O Lord, in Thee,
The lowly and the meek,
That fulness which Thine own redeemed
Go nowhere else to seek.
- 5 Then, O my Saviour, on my soul,
Cast down but not dismayed,
Still be Thy chastening, healing hand
In tender mercy laid.
- 6 And, while I wait for all Thy joys
My yearning heart to fill,
Teach me to walk and work with Thee,
And at Thy feet sit still.

Anna L. Waring.

374 *Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.—Ps. xxxiv. 8.*

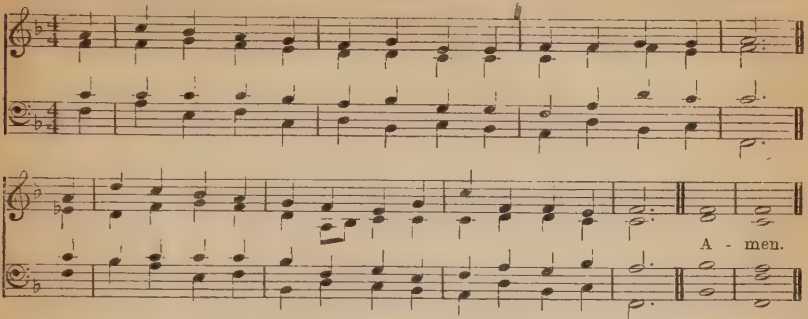
- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes
of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From mine example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Protection He affords to all
Who make His name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make but His service your delight ;
Your wants shall be His care.

Tate and Brailly.

Albano. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

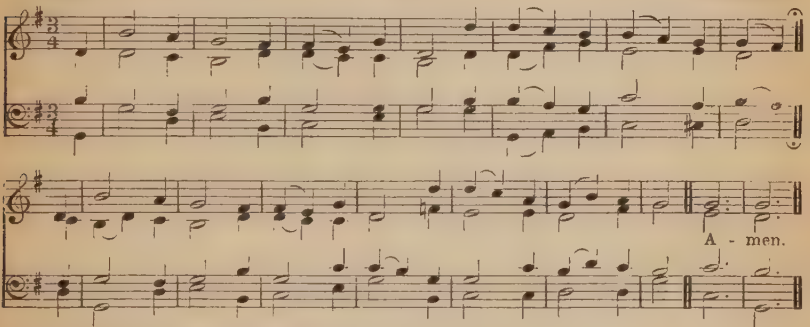
V. NOVELLO.



Belmont. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

S. WEBBE.



375 *The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds.—PHIL. iv. 7.*

- mf* 1 **W**E bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.
- 2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast,—
- 3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee ;
- 4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.
- 5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

376 *The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.—Ps. xix. 9.*

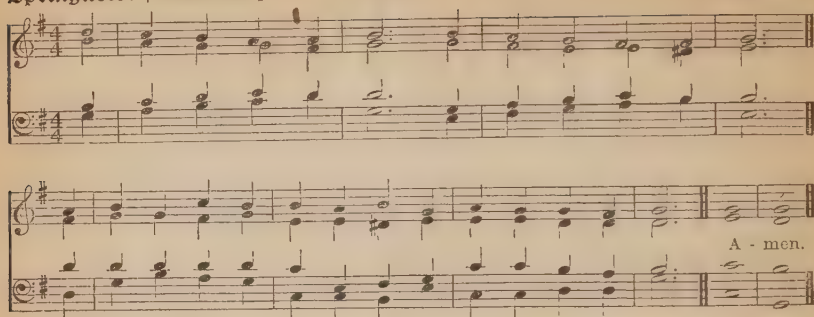
- 1 **I** SEE the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within ;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.
- 2 Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings :
I know that God is good !
- 3 I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.
- 4 And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.
- 5 And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee !

J. G. Whittier.

Springfield. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

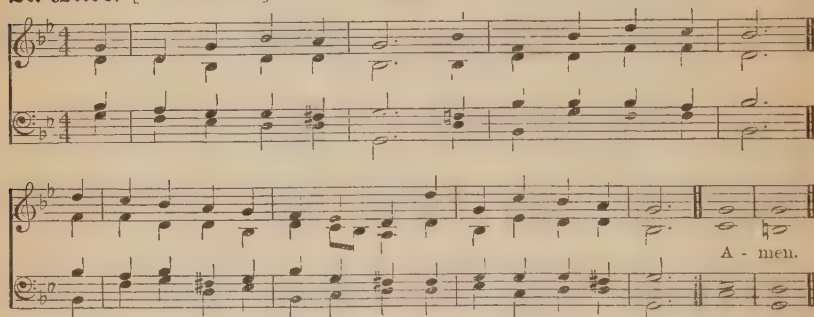
A. G. LEIGH.



St. Bride. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

S. HOWARD.



377 *He that believeth shall not make haste.—ISA. xxviii. 16.*

- 1 NOT so in haste, my heart !
Have faith in God and wait ;
Although He seems to linger long,
He never comes too late.
- 2 He never comes too late,
He knoweth what is best ;
Vex not thyself—it is in vain ;
Until He cometh, rest.
- 3 Until He cometh, rest,
Nor grudge the hours that roll ;
The feet that wait for God—'tis they
Are soonest at the goal.
- 4 Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed,
Then hold thee still, O restless heart,
For I shall wait His lead,

Bayard Taylor.

378 *My times are in Thy hand.—Ps. xxxi. 15.*

- 1 MY times are in Thy hand :
My God, I wish them there ;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.
- 2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 My times are in Thy hand :
Why should I doubt or fear ?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified ;
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide.
- 5 My times are in Thy hand :
I'll always trust in Thee ;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

W. F. Lloyd.

Evening Shadows.

S.M. D.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.

379

As for God, His way is perfect.—Ps. xviii. 30.

1 SAY not, my soul, 'From whence
Can God relieve my care?'
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere :
But if as weak and poor
Thou seekest charity,
Christ may come knocking at thy door,
And ask relief of thee.

2 He comes as truth denied,
Comes as a wounded heart ;
Sees if with courage well supplied
And kindness thou art.
Will He an alms receive ?
Then never doubt and fret ;
Is He less able to relieve,
More likely to forget ?

3 God's help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed ;
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest :
His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind ;
God never is before His time,
And never is behind.

4 Hast thou assumed a load
Which few will share with thee,
And art thou carrying it for God,
And shall He fail to see ?
Be comforted at heart,
Thou art not left alone :
Now thou the Lord's companion art ;
Soon thou wilt share His throne.

T. T. Lynch.

Strength. [FIRST TUNE.]

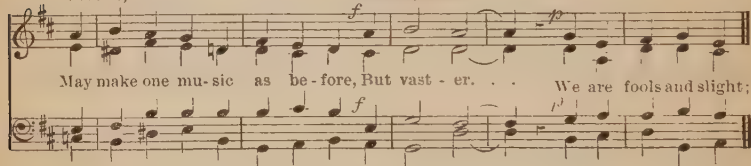
L.M.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



Verse 6, line 4.

Verse 7, line 1.



380

In Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.—COL. ii. 3.

mf 1 **S**TRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

p 2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him : Thou art just.

3 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou ;
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

4 Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
cr And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

mf 5 We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
cr And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

mf 6 Let knowledge grow from more to more,
dim But more of reverence in us dwell ;
cr That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

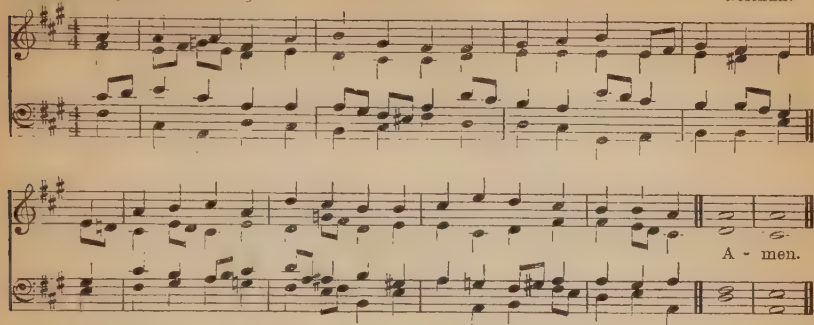
f-p 7 But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock Thee when we do not fear :
But help Thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

A. Tennyson.

Breslau. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

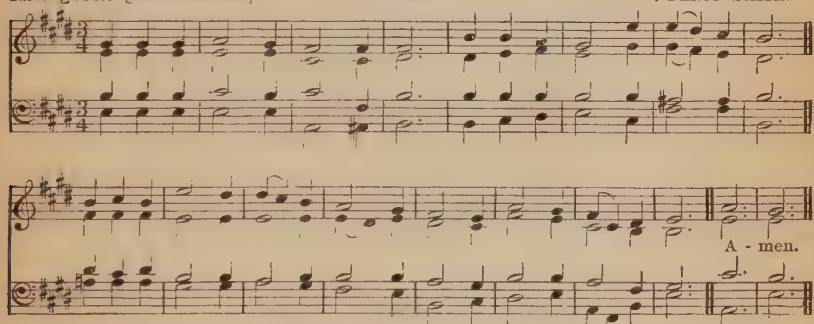
German.



Maryton. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

H. PERCY SMITH.



381

All things are for your sakes.—2 Cor. iv. 15.

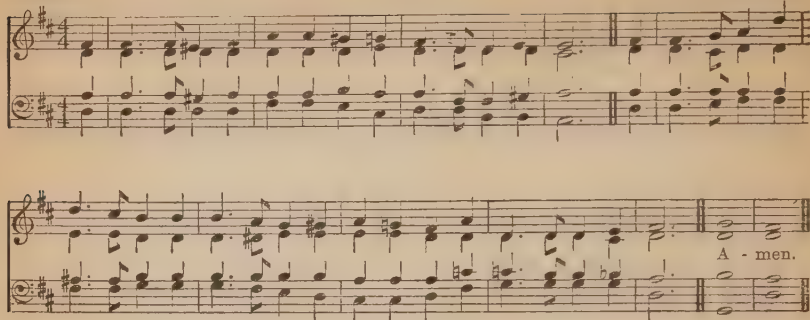
- 1 **F**ATHER, beneath Thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring;
In life, in death, supremely blest.
- 2 For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life divine that all things sways.
- 3 And good it is to bear the cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.
- 4 Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide;
The grace that yields so rich a store
Will grant us all we need beside.

W. H. Burleigh.

Rest.

86.886.

F. C. MAKER.



382

And after the fire a still small voice.—1 KINGS xix. 12.

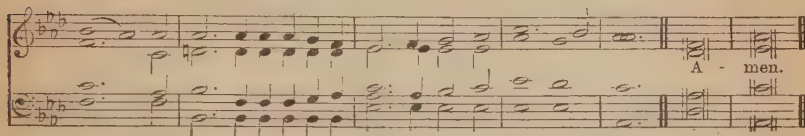
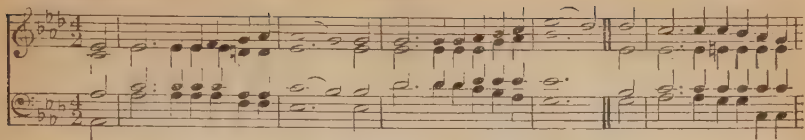
- mf* 1 **D**EAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways;
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
 In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.
- 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
 The gracious calling of the Lord,
 Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow Thee.
- p* 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
 Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love!
- p* 4 With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of Thy call,
 As noiseless let Thy blessing fall,
 As fell Thy manna down.
- 5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.
- 6 Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;
 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm!

J. G. Whittier.

St. Margaret.

83.834.

A. L. PEACE.



383

How shall I give thee up?—Hos. xi. 8.

p 1 O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee :
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee ;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee ;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

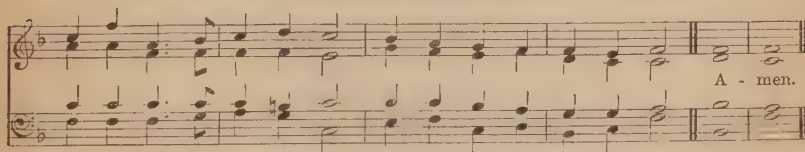
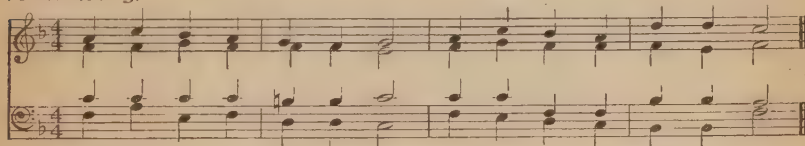
4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee ;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

G. Matheson.

Even Song.

7.7.7.7.

E. J. WALLIS.



384

Give us day by day our daily bread.—LUKE xi. 3.

1 DAY by day the manna fell ;
O to learn this lesson well !
Still, by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 'Day by day,' the promise reads ;
Daily strength for daily needs :
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand ;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give,
Day by day to Thee I live ;
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

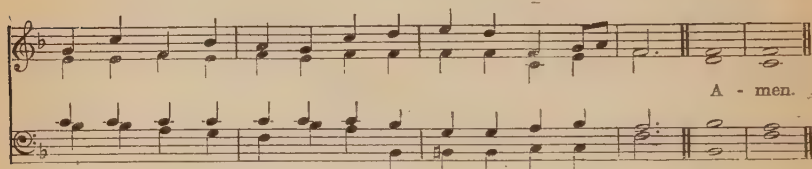
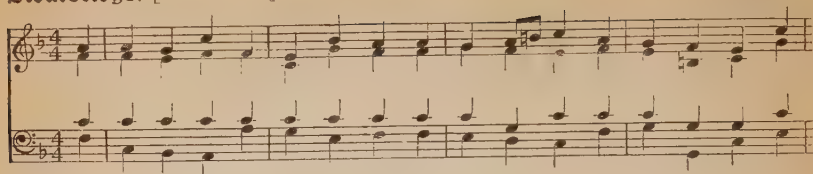
5 O to live with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude ;
Strong in faith, exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer.

Josiah Conder.

Stourbridge. [FIRST TUNE.]

886.886.

C. E. KETTLE.



A - men.

385

Casting all your care upon Him.—1 PET. v. 7

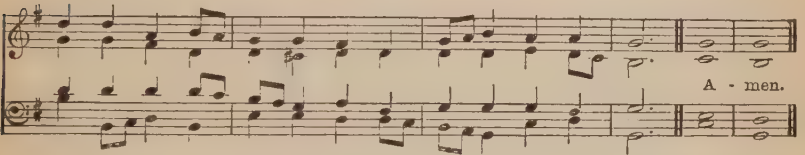
mp 1 O LORD, how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on Thee,
 If we from self could rest,
 And feel at heart that One above,
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best.

2 How far from this our daily life!
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden wild alarms!
 Oh, could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On Thine almighty arms!

Innsbrück. [SECOND TUNE.]

886.886.

German.



3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God ;
 Then rise with lightened cheer,
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished ravens' cry,
 Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should ;
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;
 But birds and flowers around us preach,
 And all the present evil teach
 Sufficient for the day.

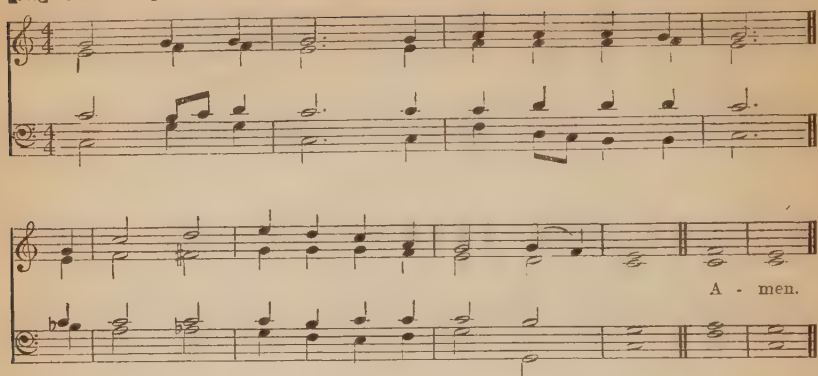
5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
 Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
 Make them from self to cease,
 Leave all things to a Father's will,
 And taste, before Him lying still,
 E'en in affliction, peace.

Joseph Anstice.

Par Tecum. [FIRST TUNE.]

10.10.

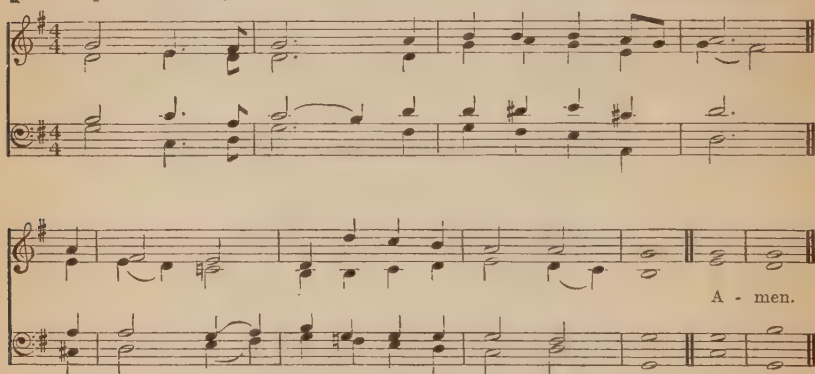
G. T. CALDBECK.



Peace. [SECOND TUNE.]

10.10.

H. FORD BENSON.



386

My peace I give unto you.—JOHN xiv. 27.

1.

mf **P**EACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
p The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2.

mf Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
p To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3.

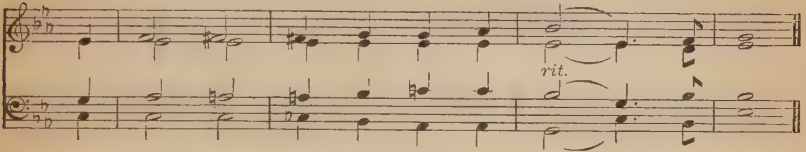
mf Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
p On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

PEACEFUL TRUST.

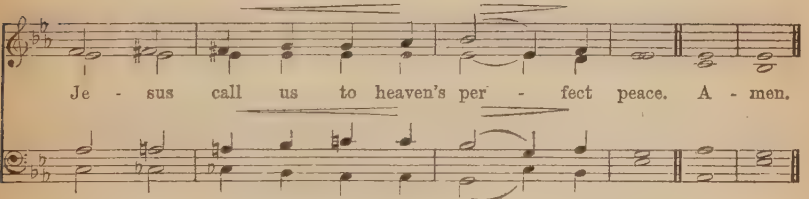
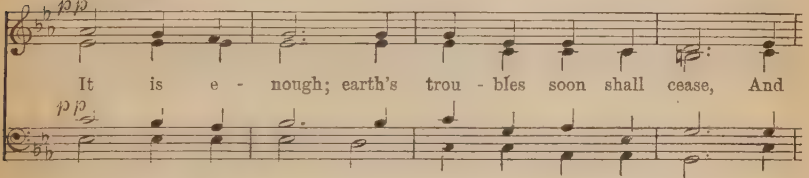
St. Just. [THIRD TUNE.]

10.10.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



Last verse.



4.

p Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5.

p Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown
cr Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6.

p Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
f Jesus hath vanquished death and all its powers.

7.

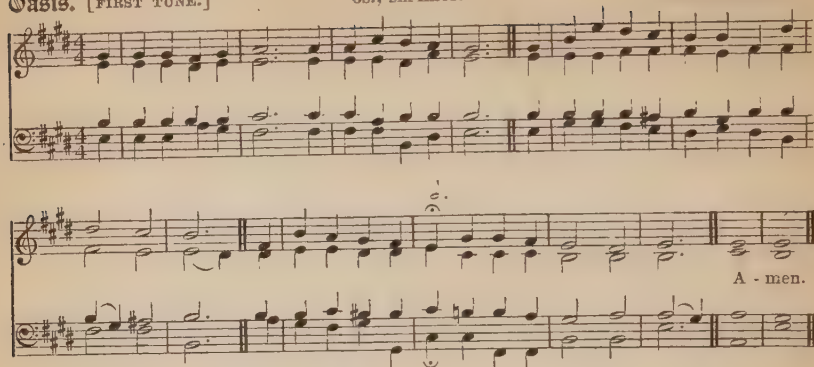
p It is enough; earth's troubles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

E. H. Bickersteth.

Oasis. [FIRST TUNE.]

6s., six lines.

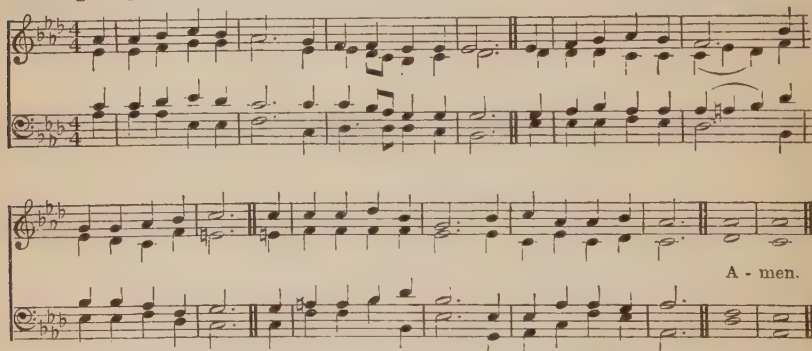
GEORGE LOMAS.



Thavergal. [SECOND TUNE.]

6s., six lines.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



(10) CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

387

Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.—GAL. ii. 20.

p 1 **T**HY life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead:

cr Thy life was given for me;
p What have I given for Thee?

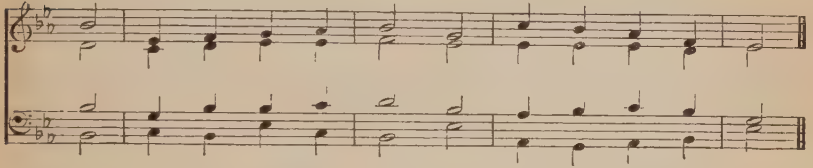
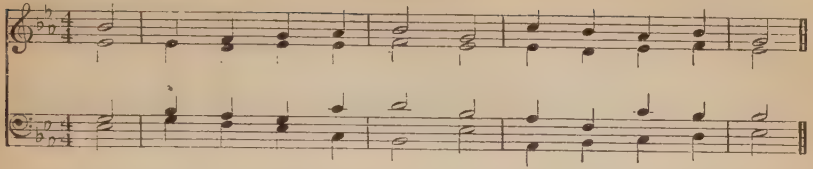
2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know:

cr Long years were spent for me;
p Have I spent one for Thee?

Baca. [THIRD TUNE.]

Gs., six lines.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



3 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,

To rescue me from hell:

cr Thou sufferedst all for me;

p What have I borne for Thee?

mf 4 And Thou hast brought to me

Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,

Thy pardon and Thy love:

cr Great gifts Thou broughtest me;

p What have I brought to Thee?

p 5 O let my life be given,

My years for Thee be spent,

cr World-fetters all be riven,

And joy with suffering blent:

f Thou gav'st Thyself for me;

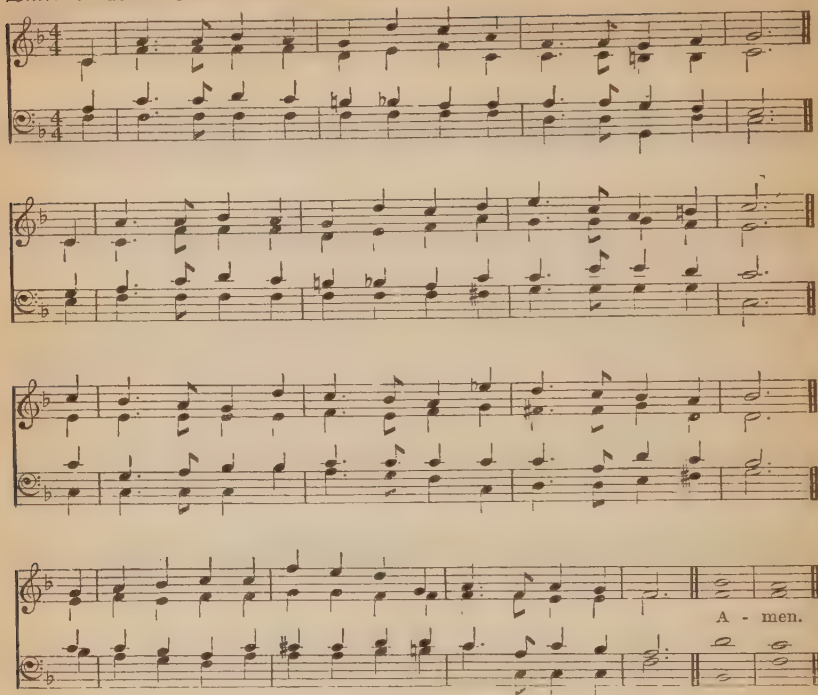
I give myself to Thee!

Frances R. Havergal.

Land of Rest. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M. D.

R. S. NEWMAN.



388

A servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ.—JAMES i. 1.

1 **H**OW blessèd, from the bonds of sin
 And earthly fetters free,
 In singleness of heart and aim,
 Thy servant, Lord, to be ;
 The hardest toil to undertake
 With joy at Thy command,
 The meanest office to receive
 With meekness at Thy hand.

2 With willing heart and longing eyes
 To watch before Thy gate,
 Ready to run the weary race,
 To bear the heavy weight ;
 No voice of thunder to expect,
 But follow, calm and still ;
 For love can easily divine
 The One Belovèd's will.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord,
 Thus ever Thine alone,
 My soul and body given to Thee,
 The purchase Thou hast won ;
 Through evil or through good report
 Still keeping by Thy side,
 By life or death, in this poor flesh
 Let Christ be magnified.

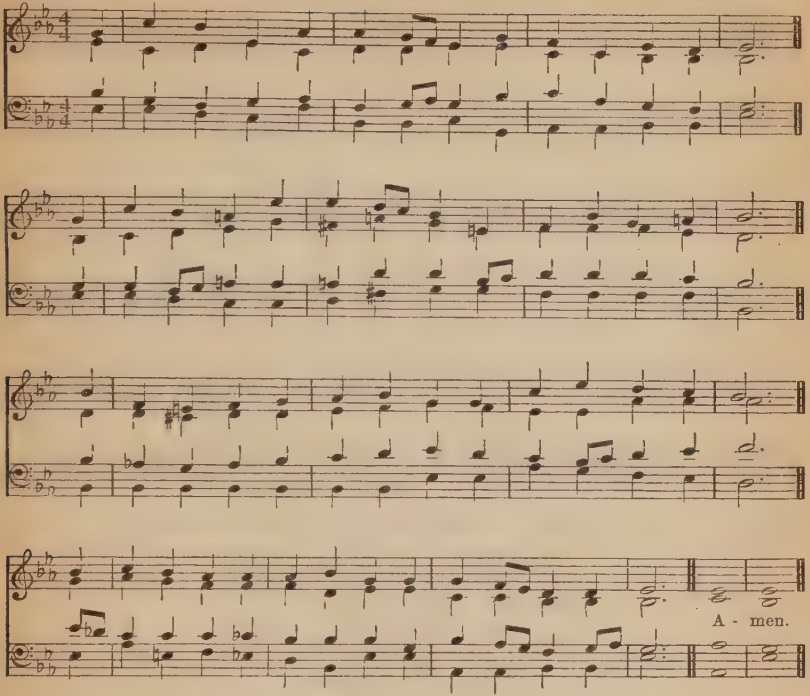
4 How happily the working days
 In this dear service fly ;
 How rapidly the closing hour,
 The time of rest draws nigh,
 When all the faithful gather home,
 A joyful company,
 And ever where the Master is
 Shall His blest servants be.

C. J. Spitta, tr. H. L. L.

Kirkstall, [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M. D.

JAMES SHAW.



389

Upon God my soul waiteth in silence.—Ps. lxi. 1.

1 **B**E still my heart, be still my mind,
In silent service rest ;
The Hidden One thou canst not find,
To wait for Him is best ;
Thy powers are all too weak to rise,
Thine eyes too dim to see ;
Be still ; and wait the sweet surprise
When God shall find out thee.

2 He'll find thee 'mid the busy strife
Of duty bravely done ;
Or in the quiet walks of life,
Where wisdom's prize is won ;
He'll turn thy darkness into dawn,
Thy trembling faith to sight,
Thy anxious fears and hope forlorn
To raptures of delight.

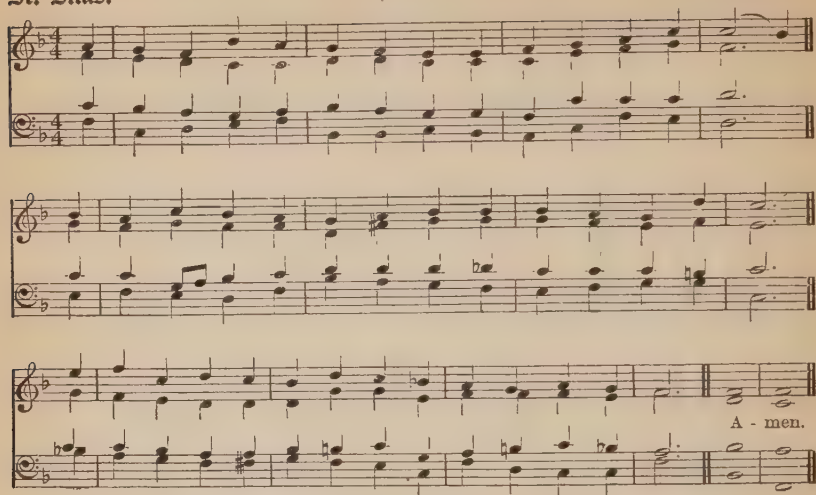
3 God works for those who trust and wait
In patience on His will,
Assured that either soon or late
His word He must fulfil :
The face of truth thine eyes shall see
More clearly than the sun ;
The crown of life held out to thee,
By faith is always won.

W. E. Winks.

St. Silas.

8.6., six lines.

J. LANCASTER.



390

The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them.—JOHN xvii. 22.

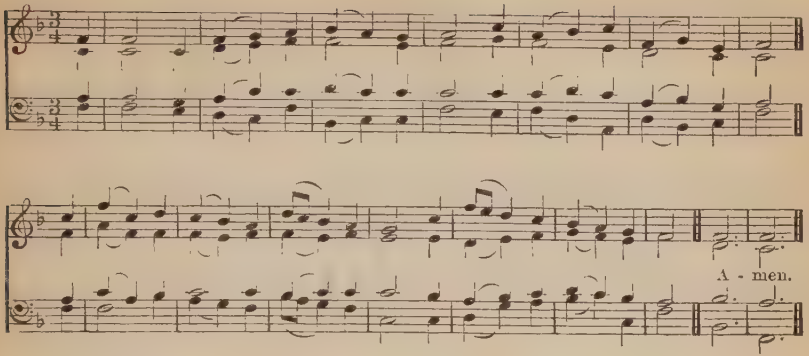
- 1 **D**ISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I in fields so broad
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.
- 2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come;
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some:
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.
- 3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity:
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.
- 4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

T. T. Lynch.

Irish.

C.M.

ISAAC SMITH.



391

*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren,
ye have done it unto Me.—MATT. XXV. 40.*

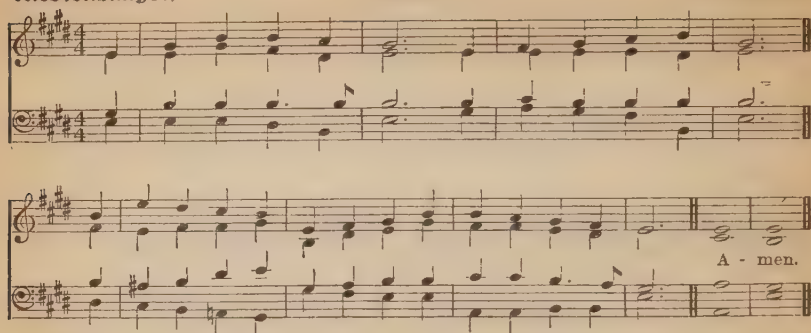
- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?
- 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before Thy Father's face.
- 3 And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed.
And visited and cheered.
- 4 Then help us, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
Delight to do Thy will,
Each others' burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.
- 5 To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we move and live;
Freely we have received of Thee,
As freely may we give.
- 6 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

P. Doddridge, alt

Westenbanger.

S.M.

C. W. POOLE.



392

All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee —1 CHRON. xxix. 14.

1.

mf WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blestest us,
To Thee our firstfruits give.

3.

p O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4.

cr To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6.

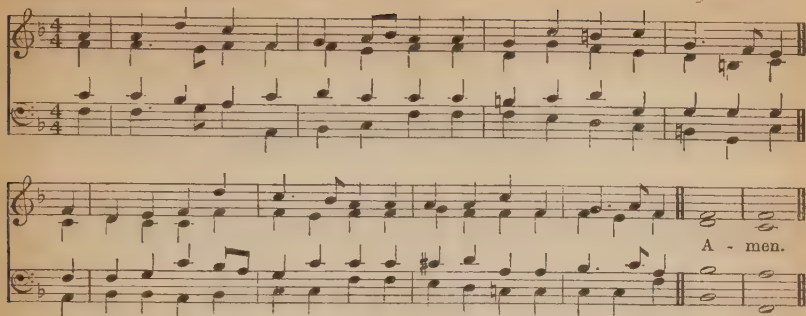
And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How.

Devotion. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

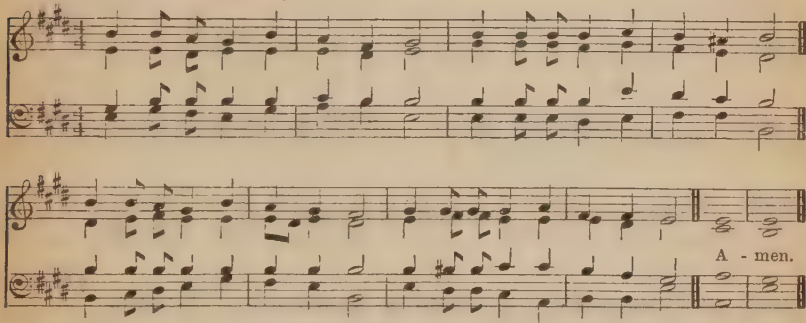
J. BOOTH.



Hamstead. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

W. SMALLWOOD.



393 *The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out.—LEV. vi. 13.*

- 1 O THOU who camest from above
The pure, celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And, trembling, to its source return
In humble love and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for
Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me;
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

C. Wesley.

394 *As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world.—JOHN xvii. 18.*

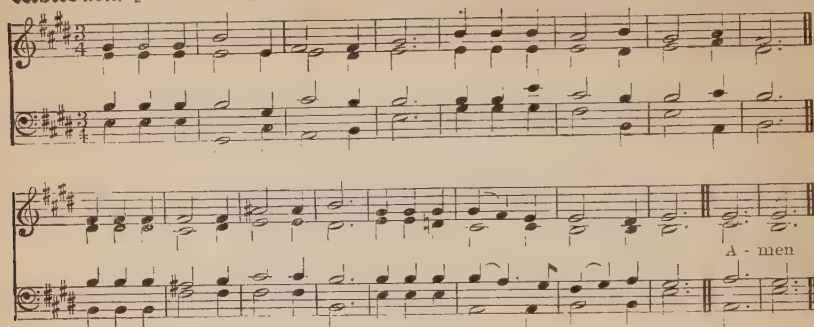
- 1 A ND didst Thou, Lord, our sorrows take?
And didst Thou, Lord, our burdens
bear?
Didst Thou for love of us forsake
Those glorious heights, that heavenly air?
- 2 O could our weakness move Thy might?
Our misery make us sought of Thee?
Our gloom allure Thy glory bright?
Our sins win down Thy purity?
- 3 We who so tenderly were sought,
Shall we not joyful seekers be,
And, to Thy feet divinely brought,
Help weaker souls, dear Lord, to Thee?
- 4 Celestial Seeker, send us forth!
Almighty Lover, teach us love!
When shall we yearn to help our earth,
As yearned the Holy One above?

T. H. Gill.

Whitburn. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

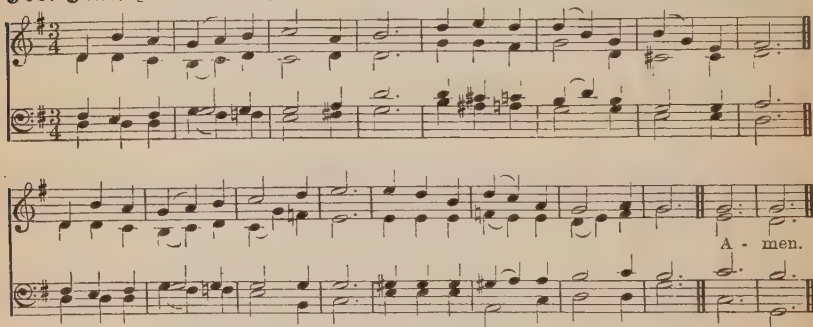
H. BAKER.



Joel Fras. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

H. A. HARDING.



395

Speak, for Thy servant heareth.—1 SAM. iii. 10.

mf 1 **L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

cr 3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

p 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

f 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

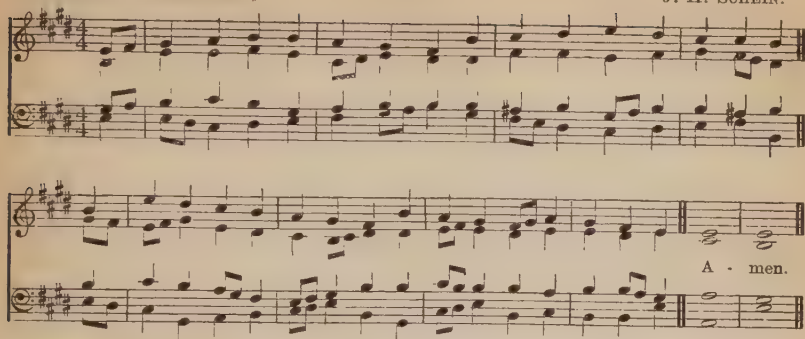
mf 7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal.

Eisenach. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

J. H. SCHEIN.



396 *Let us not be weary in well-doing.—*
GAL. vi. 9.

1.

mf GO, labour on, spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2.

Go, labour on: 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises; what are men?

3.

Go, labour on: your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

4.

Go, labour on while it is day:
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

5.

cr Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
cr Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
cr Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, 'Behold, I come!'

H. Bonar.

397 *None of us liveth to himself, and no*
man dieth to himself.—ROM. xiv. 7.

1.

MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.

2.

What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend!

3.

I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4.

'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

5.

His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

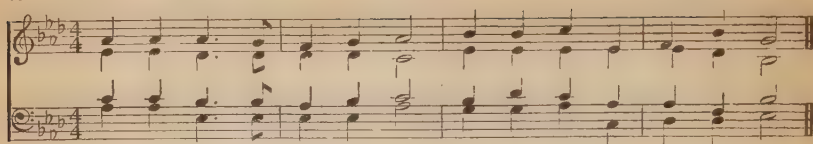
P. Doddridge.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

St. Bees. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

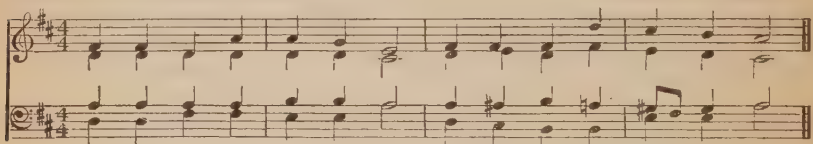
J. B. DYKES.



Consecration. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

CHARLES VINCENT.



398

Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price. 1 COR. vi. 19, 20.

1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love:
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King:
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee,

4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart—it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

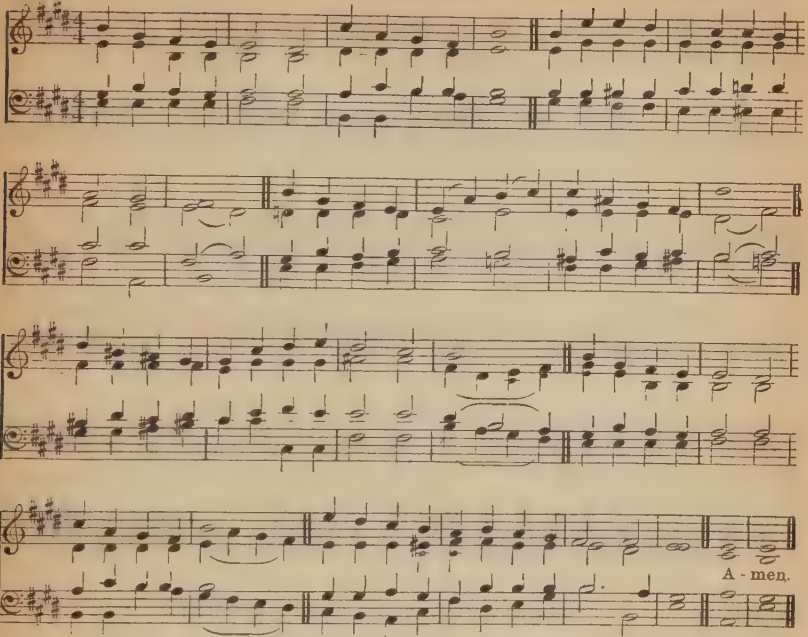
6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store:
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

Sumus Tibi.

6.5., twelve lines.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



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399

Who is on the Lord's side?—Ex. xxxii. 26.

f 1 WHO is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?
 Who will be His helpers
 Other lives to bring?
 Who will leave the world's side?
 Who will face the foe?
 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who for Him will go?
 By Thy call of mercy,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine.

mf 2 Not for weight of glory,
 Not for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior-psalm;
 But for love that claimeth
 Lives for whom He died:
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on His side.
f By Thy love constraining,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine.

f 3 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow:
 Round His standard ranging,
 Victory is secure,
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Joyfully enlisting
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine.

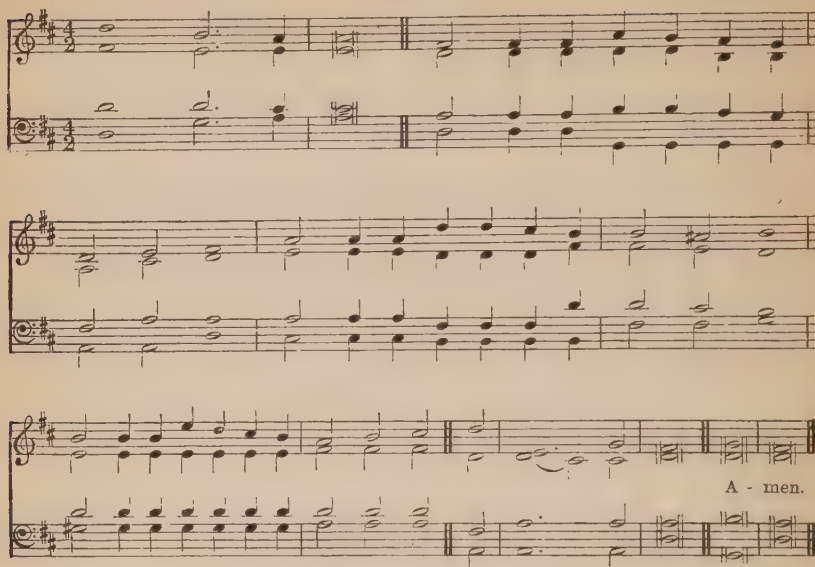
mf 4 Chosen to be soldiers
 In an alien land,
 Chosen, called, and faithful
 For our Captain's band,
 In the service royal
 Let us not grow cold;
cr Let us be right loyal,
 Noble, true, and bold.
f Master, Thou wilt keep us,
 By Thy grace divine,
 Always on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, always Thine.

Frances R. Havergal.

Ora, Labora. [FIRST TUNE.]

4.10.10.10.4.

R. P. STEWART.



400

Why stand ye here all the day idle?—MATT. XX. 6.

1.

mf COME, labour on:
 Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
 While all around him waves the golden grain,
cr And to each servant does the Master say,
 'Go, work to-day'?

2.

f Come, labour on:
 Claim the high calling angels cannot share;
 To young and old the joyful tidings bear;
 Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly,
 The night draws nigh.

3.

mf Come, labour on:
 The enemy is watching, night and day,
 To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away:
 While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
 He slumbereth not.

Borthwick. [SECOND TUNE.]

4.10.10.10.4.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

The musical score is written for a vocal part and an organ accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/2. The organ part is marked 'Org.' and includes a 'A - men.' section at the end.

4.

Come, labour on :

Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear !
No arm so weak but may do service here ;
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

5.

Come, labour on :

No time for rest till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
'Servants, well done !'

6.

f Come, labour on :

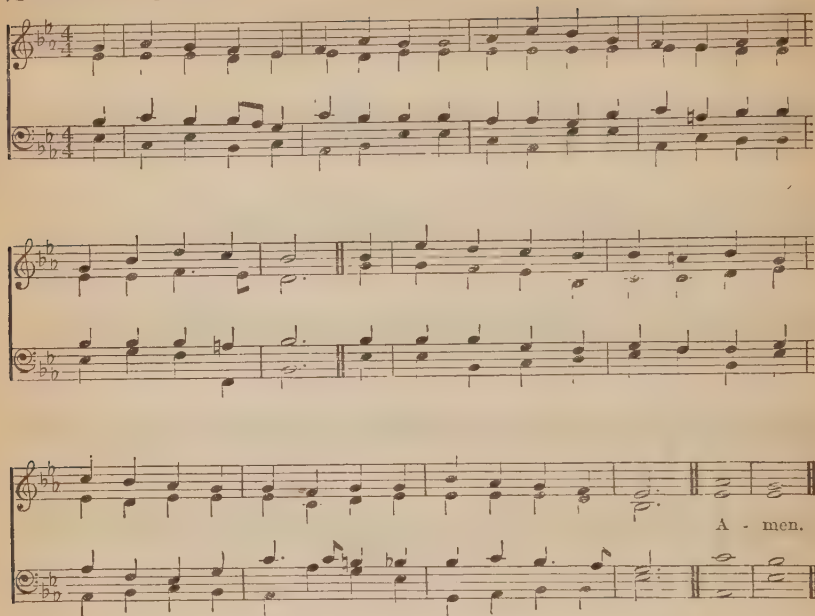
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure ;
Bless'd are those who to the end endure ;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee !

Jane Borthwick.

Eastbourne. [FIRST TUNE.]

886.886.

HENRY W. HARDY.



401

We trust in the living God.—1 TIM. iv. 10.

1.

mf NOT, Lord, Thine ancient works alone,
 Thy wonders to past ages shown,
 Make our glad spirits glow:
cr Our eyes behold Thy works of might;
 On us full beam Thy wonders bright;
f The Living God we know.

2.

mf We joy not only to be told,
 How with Thy saints and seers of old
 Thou madest sweet abode:
 We of Thy presence bright can tell;
 Thou in Thy living saints dost dwell;
cr We feel the Living God.

Stourbridge. [SECOND TUNE.]

886.886.

C. E. KITTLE.



3.

mf Thou settest us each task divine ;
 We bless that helping hand of Thine,
 This strength by Thee bestowed :
cr Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
 Thine own the cause, Thine own the might ;
f We serve the Living God.

4.

p Ah ! soon we droop ; ah ! soon we tire ;
 Our fainting hearts new strength require,
 Again would quickened be :
 We ask no priest ; we seek no shrine ;
cr To Thee we come for life divine,
 Thou Living God, to Thee !

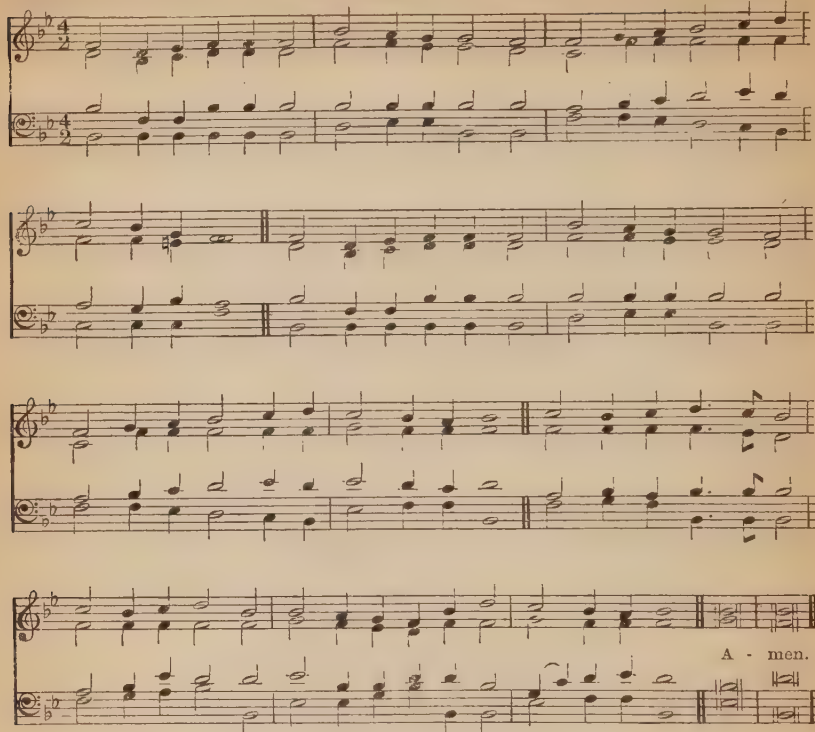
5.

O more than satisfy our need ;
 Our most divine desires exceed ;
 Our daily Quickener be :
cr Thou living God, possess us still ;
 Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,
 Our blessed life in Thee !

T. H. Gill,

Rescue the Perishing. [FIRST TUNE.] 11.10., six lines.

W. H. DOANE.



402

Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.—LUKE xiv. 23.

1.

RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
 Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
 Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
 Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2.

Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
 Waiting the penitent child to receive;
 Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently:
 He will forgive if they only believe.
 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
 Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Seawardstone. [SECOND TUNE.] 11.10., six lines.

F. A. MANN.

3.

Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
 Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
 Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

4.

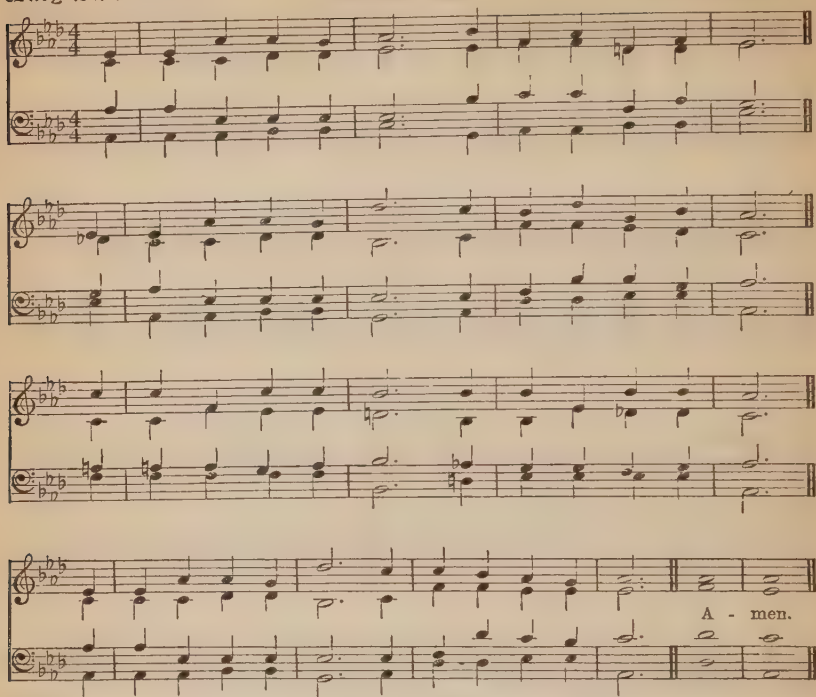
Rescue the perishing,—duty demands it;
 Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
 Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
 Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Mrs. F. Van Alstyne.

Bury St. Edmunds.

6s., eight lines.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



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(For Teachers.)

403

The word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak.—NUM. xxii. 35.

1 SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
True Light of men, to-day ;
And through the written word
Thy very self display ;
That so from hearts which burn
With gazing on Thy face,
The little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy name :
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee ;
According to Thy word
Let all our teaching be ;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice.

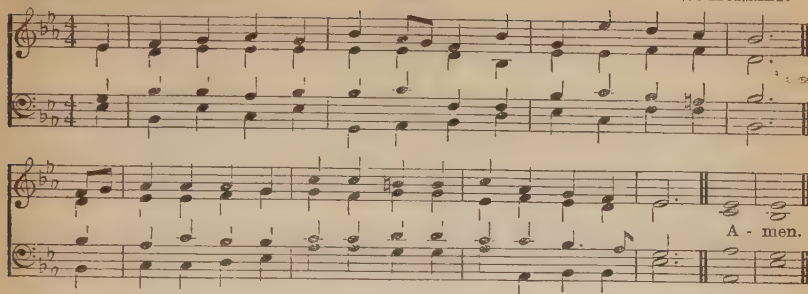
4 Live Thou within us, Lord,
Thy mind and will be ours ;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served with all our powers ;
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart.

J. Ellerton.

Horsley. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

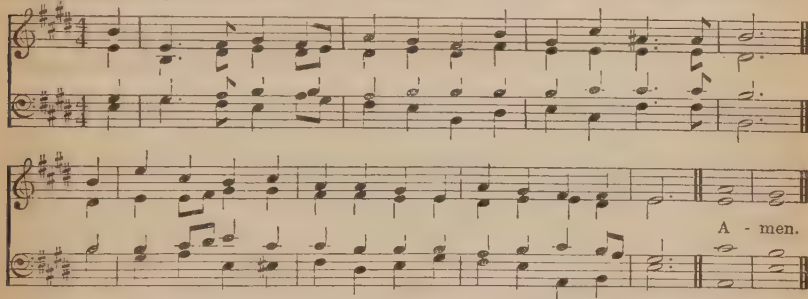
W. HORSLEY.



St. Bernard. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

W. RICHARDSON.



404 In Thy light shall we see light.

—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

- 1 **L**ORD, give us light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light by which these eyes
The work of truth can see.
- 2 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strown,
We wander oft, and think it Thine
When walking in our own.
- 3 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee
And pleasant is the way,
But, Lord, the world is dark, and we
Are prone to go astray.
- 4 O send us light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give ;
Then shall we work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth we live.
- 5 The work is Thine, not ours, O Lord ;
It is Thy race we run ;
Give light, and then shall all we do
Be well and truly done.

H. Bonar.

405 Be strong and of a good courage . . .
for the Lord thy God is with thee
whithersoever thou goest.—JOSH. i. 9.

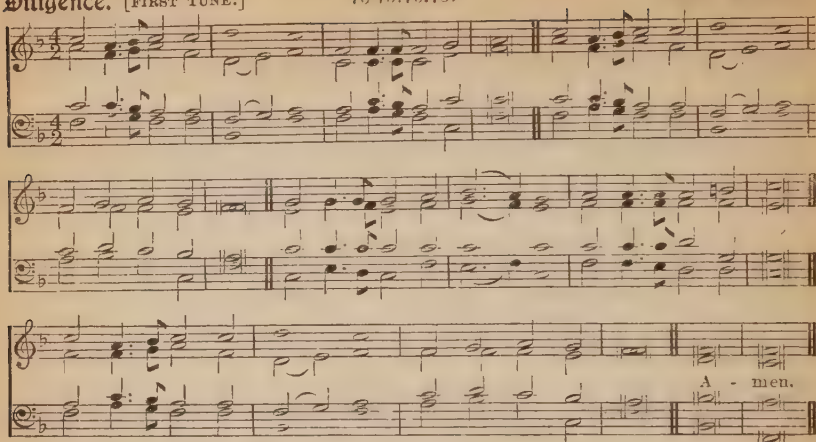
- mf* 1 **O** IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !
- 2 He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
- 3 Ah ! God is other than we think ;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.
- cr* 4 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.
- f* 5 Workman of God ! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And, in the darkest battlefield,
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- ff* 6 For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. Faber.

Diligence. [FIRST TUNE.]

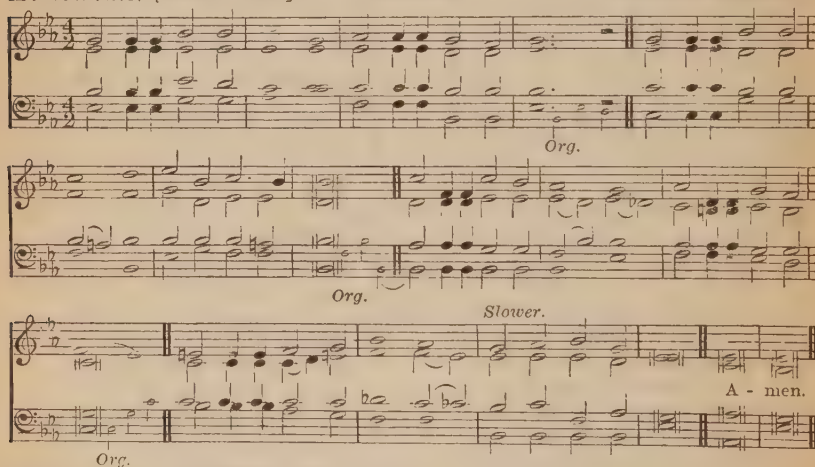
76 75.76.75.

LOWELL MASON.

**Borrowdale.** [SECOND TUNE.]

76.75.76.75.

CHARLES VINCENT.



406

The night cometh, when no man can work.—JOHN ix. 4.

mf 1 **W**ORK, for the night is coming ;
 Work through the morning hours,
 Work while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flowers ;
 Work while the day grows brighter
 Under the glowing sun ;
dim Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

mf 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill the bright hours with labour,
 Rest comes sure and soon.

dim Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

mf 3 Work, for the night is coming ;
 Under the sunset skies,
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.

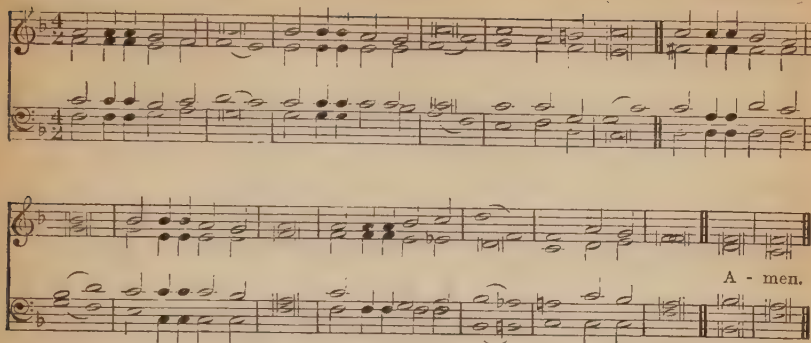
dim Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

Mrs. A. L. Coghill.

Kirby Bedon. [FIRST TUNE.]

664.6664.

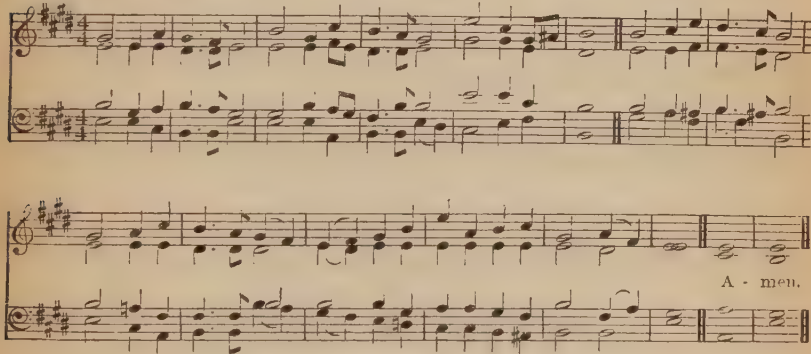
E. BUNNETT.



Wleston. [SECOND TUNE.]

664.6664.

ARTHUR E. DYER.



407 *I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me. — JOHN xii. 32.*

mf 1 **C**HRISt for the world we sing :
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal ;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing :
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer ;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing :
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord ;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear
For Christ our Lord.

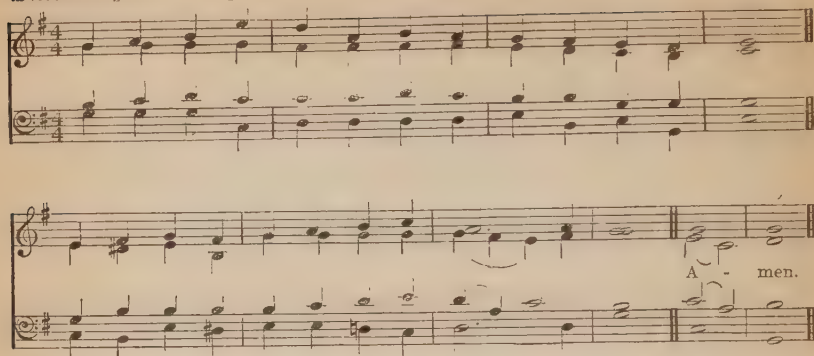
f 4 Christ for the world we sing :
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song ;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott.

Hillside. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

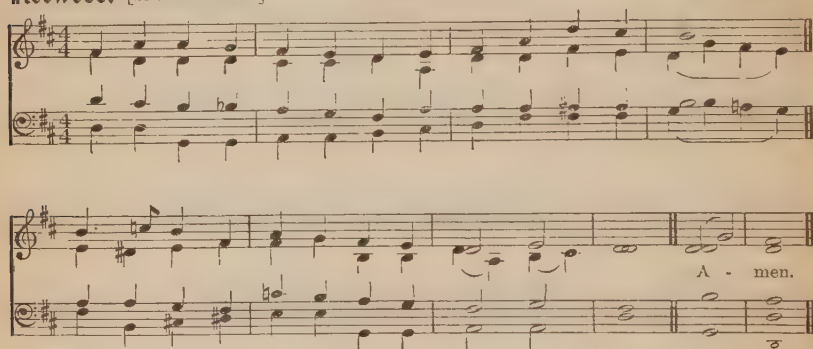
H. A. HARDING.



Morwood. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

A. J. EYRE.



408

Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find.—JOHN xxi. 6.

p 1 **I**N the night our toil is fruitless,
Toil and nothing more ;
mf With the morning comes the Saviour,
By the shore.

2 Hark ! He speaks as to His children ;
'Have ye any meat ?'
'No,' we answer, humbly falling
At His feet.

3 Then the Lord directs our labour,
Speaks in accents kind ;
'On the right side of the vessel
Ye shall find.'

cr 4 Lo, a multitude of fishes
Fill and strain the net ;
Strength to lift the burden faileth,
Help we get.

5 Now the eyes of love are opened,
'Tis the Lord,' we cry ;
All our toil is blest when Jesus
Draweth nigh.

p 6 Lord, we labour mid the darkness,
cr Come with morning light ;
f Then Thy saints will reap Thy harvest
In Thy sight.

W. E. Winks.

Sunderland.

S.M.

HENRY SMART.



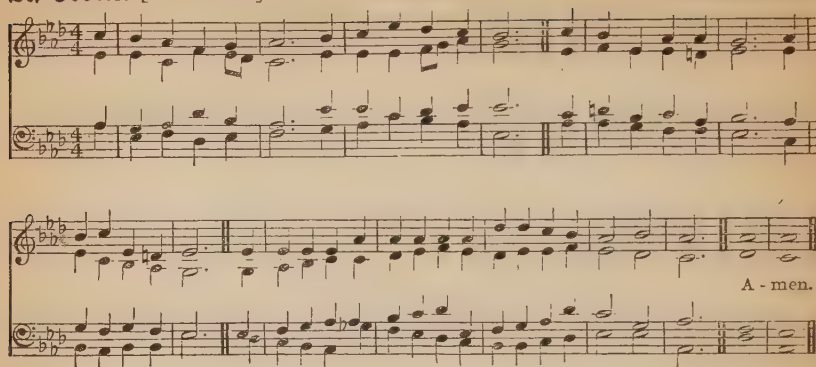
409 In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand.—
ECCLES. xi. 6.

- mf* 1 SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow;
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow;
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive
When and wherever strown.
- cr* 5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
- f* 7. Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry 'Harvest Home.'
- James Montgomery.*

St. Godric. [FIRST TUNE.]

66.66.88.

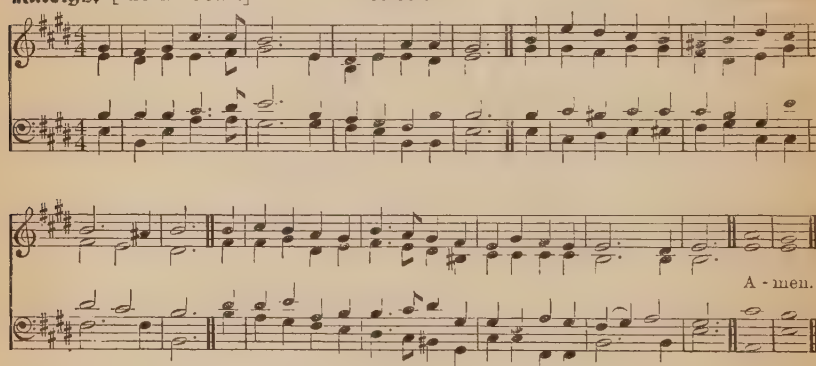
J. E. DYKES.



Raleigh. [SECOND TUNE.]

66.66.88.

E. PROUT.



410

Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?—ACTS ix. 6.

1 OFT when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task
Involving care and strife :
Is this the boon for which we sought ?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought ?

2 This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems ;
We pierce the rock, and soon
The blessing on us streams ;
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.

3 We toil as in a field,
Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
Which may be all our own ;
And shall we of the toil complain,
That speedily will bring such gain ?

4 We dig the wells of life,
And God the waters gives ;
We win our way by strife,
Then He within us lives :
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

T. T. LYNCH.

St. Oswald. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

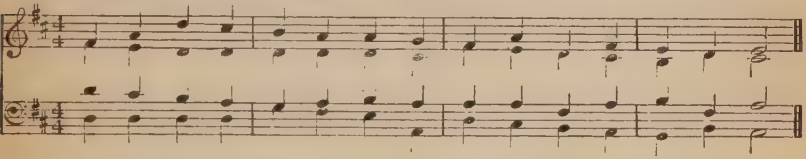
J. B. DYKES.



All for Jesus. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER.



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411

Nevertheless, afterward.—HEB. xii. 11.

mp 1 NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard, and waiting long;
cr Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.

mp 2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot:
cr Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

mp 3 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
cr Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

mp 4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
cr Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

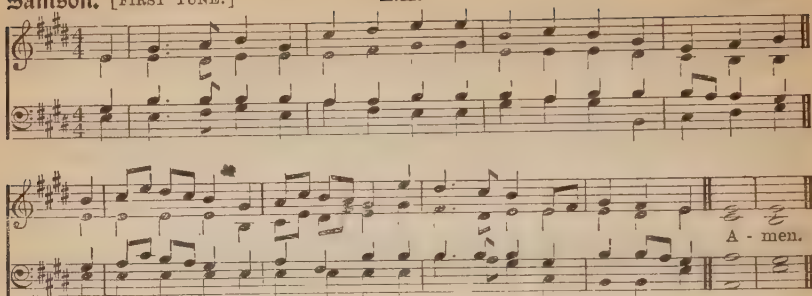
mp 5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
cr Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's 'Enter thou.'

Frances R. Havergal.

Samson. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

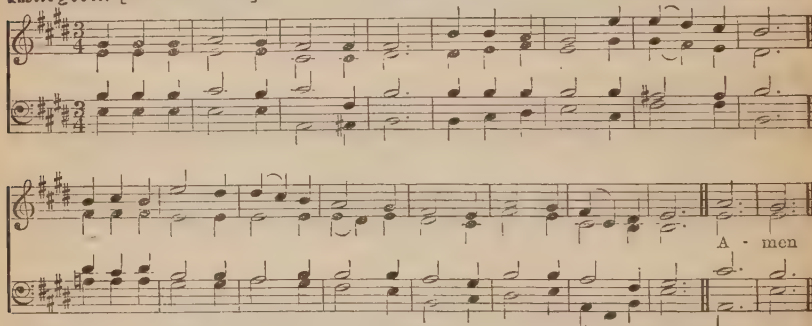
HANDEL.



Maryton. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

H. PERCY SMITH.



(11) ZEAL AND COURAGE.

412 They that wait upon the Lord shall
renew their strength.—ISA. XL. 31.

f 1 **A** WAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be
gone ;

Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

mf 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;

cr But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint,—

f 3 Thee, mighty God! whose matchless
power

Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall faint away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode :
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

I. Watts.

413 Steadfast, unmoveable.—1 COR. XV. 58.

1 **F**ATHER, though storm on storm appear,
Let not our faith forego her hold ;
Deliver us from craven fear,
And make us steadfast, firm, and bold.

2 Out of our weakness make us strong,
Arm us as in the ancient days ;
Loose in Thy cause each stammering
tongue,
And perfect, e'en in us, Thy praise.

3 Come, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord ;
O Father, Son, and Spirit, come ;
Be mindful of Thy changeless word,
And make the faithful soul Thy home.

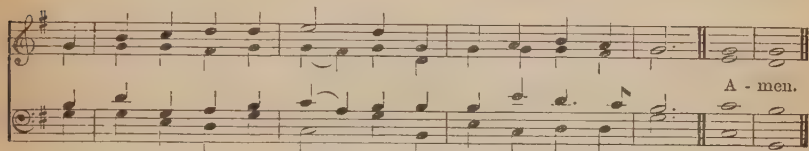
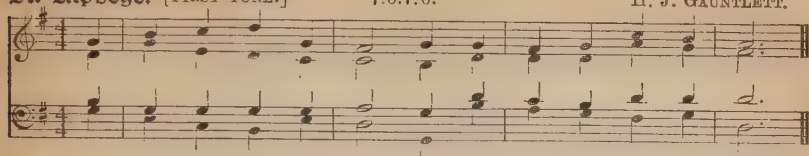
4 If we can witness, Lord, for Thee,
Let us despise our fleeting breath ;
Give us the opening heaven to see,
And make us faithful unto death.

C. Wesley.

St. Albège. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



White Robes. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

J. DOWNING FARRE.



414

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?—PSALM xxvii. 1.

f 1 GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My light, my help is near.

2 Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

3 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.

4 His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

J. Montgomery.

St. Gertrude. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5., twelve lines.

A. SULLIVAN.

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415

Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.—Ex. xiv. 15.

f 1 'FORWARD!' be our watchword,
 Steps and voices joined;
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind;
 Burns the fiery pillar
 At our army's head;
 Who shall dream of shrinking,
 By our Captain led?
 Forward through the desert,
 Through the toil and fight:
 Jordan flows before us,
 Zion beams with light.

mf 2 Forward, when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind;
 All through youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind;
cr Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace,
 Faint not, till in glory
 Gleams our Father's face:
f Forward, all the lifetime,
 Climb from height to height;
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.

St. Joseph. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5., twelve lines.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.

Org. *f*

A - men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

mf 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth :
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day ;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray :
f Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night ;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

mf 4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared :
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard ;

Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word :
f Forward, marching forward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

f 5 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth ;
That fair home is ours :
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold,
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold :
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might :
Pilgrims, to your country
Forward into light !

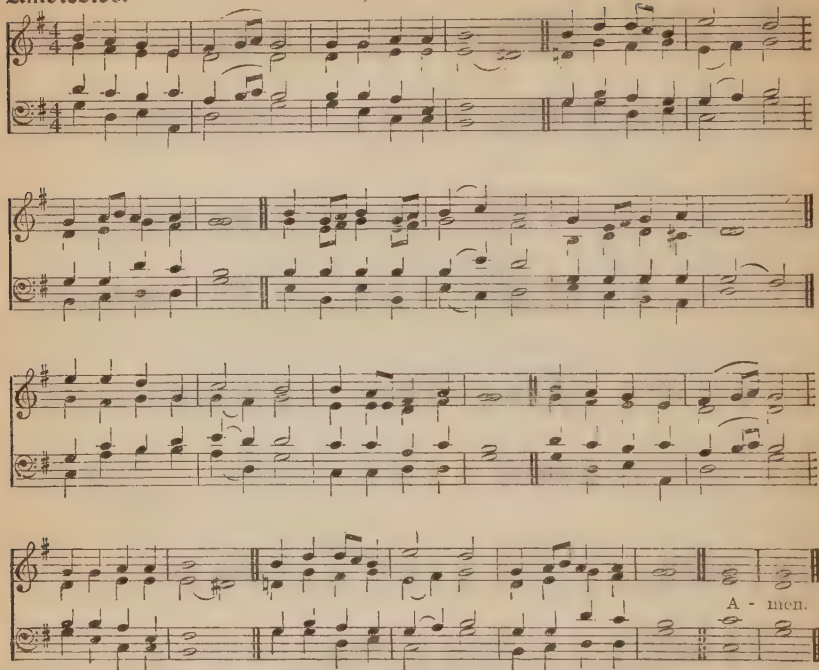
H. Alford.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Ambleside.

6.5., twelve lines.

ALBERT LOWE.



416

I press toward the mark for the prize.—PHIL. iii. 14.

f 1 **O**NWARD! Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before:
 Christ, the royal Master
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle
 See! His banners go.
 Onward! Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

2 Liké a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod:
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope, in doctrine,
 One in charity.
 Onward! Christian soldiers, etc.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain:
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward! Christian soldiers, etc.

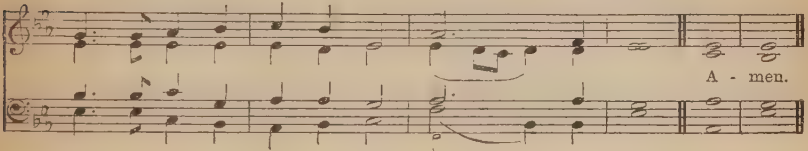
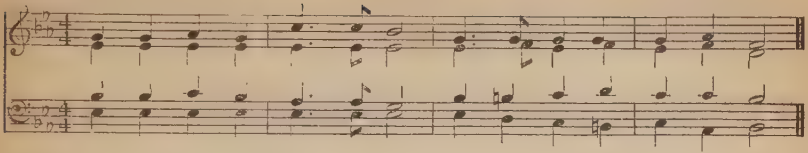
4 Onward then, ye people!
 Join our happy throng;
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song,
 'Glory, praise, and honour,
 Unto Christ the King!'
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.
 Onward! Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

S. Baring-Gould,

Vigilate. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.3.

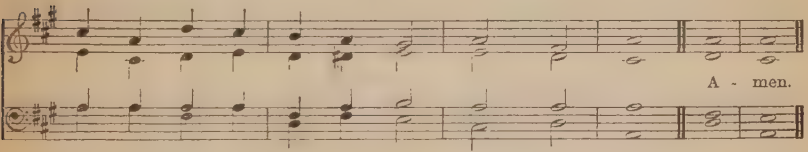
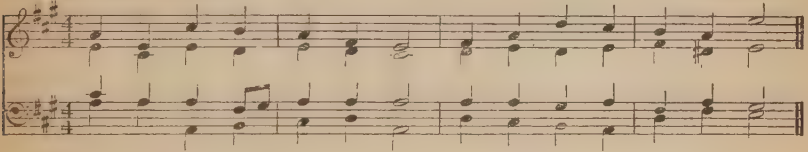
W. H. MONK.



Samos. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.3.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



417

Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober.—1 THESS. v. 6.

mf 1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian angel say
'Thou art in the midst of foes :
p Watch and pray.'

mf 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours :
p Watch and pray.

mf 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one :
p Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
' Watch and pray.'

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word,
' Watch and pray.'

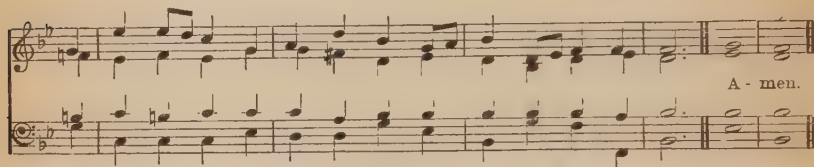
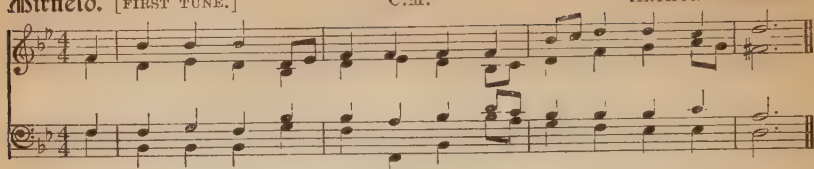
f 6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
p Pray, that help may be sent down :
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott,

Witfield. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.

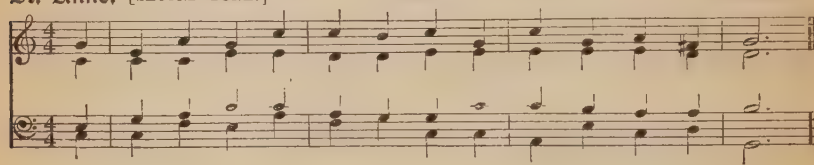


A - men.

St. Anne. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

W. CROFT.



A - men.

418

So run, that ye may obtain.—
1 COR. ix. 24.

- f* 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

P. Doddridge.

419

Endure hardness, as a good soldier
of Jesus Christ.—2 TIM. ii. 3.

- mf* 1 **A** RE we the soldiers of the cross,
The followers of the Lamb ?
And shall we fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name ?
- 2 No ! we must fight if we would reign ;
Increase our courage, Lord :
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they're slain :
cr They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.
- f* 4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

I. Watts.

Bardknott,

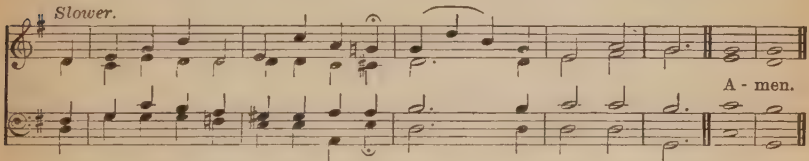
C.M. D.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

Vigorously.



Slower.



A - men.

420

He went forth conquering, and to conquer.—REV. vi. 2.

f 1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in His train ?

mf Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,

dim Who patient bears his cross below ;
He follows in His train.

mf 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save :
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,

dim He prayed for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in his train ?

mf 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
knew,

And mocked the cross and flame :
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane ;

dim They bowed their necks the death to feel :
Who follows in their train ?

f 4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed :
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain :

p O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

R. Heber.

Holy War,

UNISON.

6.5., eight lines.

J. BOOTH.

Org.

HARMONY.

A - men.

421 We wrestle . . . against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world.—Eph. vi. 12.

mp 1 CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them

On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Compass thee around?

f Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy cross.

mp 2 Christian, dost thou feel them,

How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?

f Christian, never tremble,
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the conflict,
Watch and pray and fast.

mp 3 Christian, dost thou hear them,

How they speak thee fair?—
'Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?'

f Christian, answer boldly,
'While I breathe I pray';
Peace shall follow battle.
Night shall end in day.

p 4 'Well I know thy trouble,

O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,—

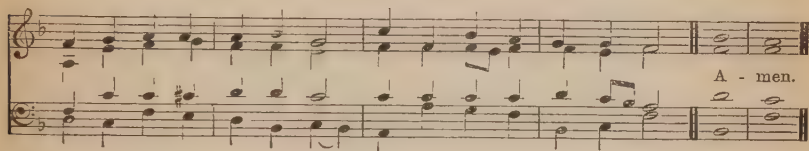
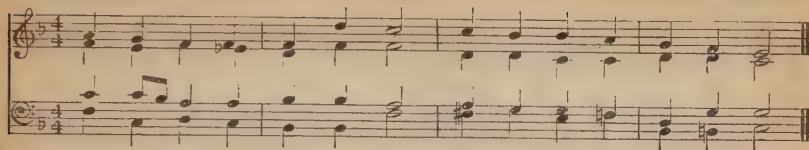
pp I was weary too:
cr But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne.'

Andrew of Crete, tr. J. M. Neale.

Ulverston. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

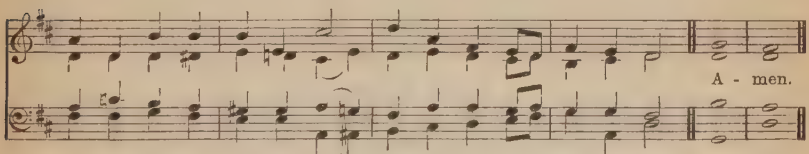
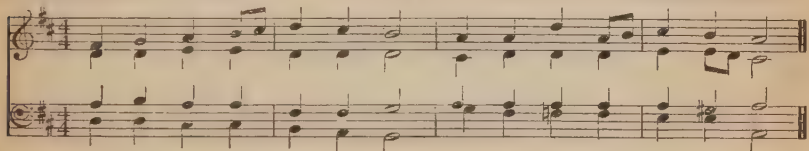
R. B. DANIEL.



Valour. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

H. FORD BENSON.



422

Be thou faithful unto death.—REV. H. 10.

f 1 **M**UCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

mf 2 Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

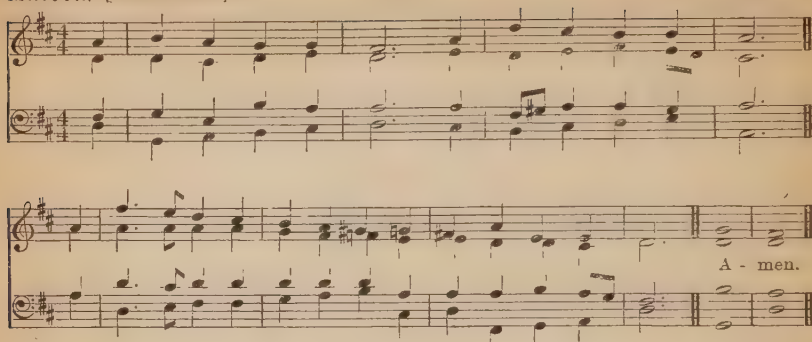
6 Onward, then, to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

H. Kirke White, and Miss Fuller Maitland,

Barren. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

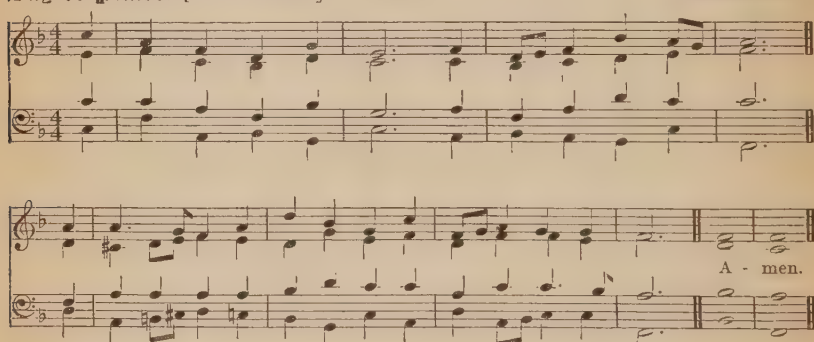
JOHN ADCOCK.



Day of Praise. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

C. STEGGALL.



423

Put on the whole armour of God.—Eph. vi. 11.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p><i>f</i> 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God
supplies
Through His eternal Son ;</p> <p>2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power :
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.</p> <p>3 Stand then in His great night,
With all His strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.</p> | <p>4 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care ;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.</p> <p>5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness
down,
And win the well-fought day.</p> <p>6 Then, having all things done,
And every conflict passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.</p> |
|--|--|

C. Wesley.

Brading.

9.8.10.8.

J. A. BATCHELOR.



424

They shall fight because the Lord is with them.—ZECH. x. 5.

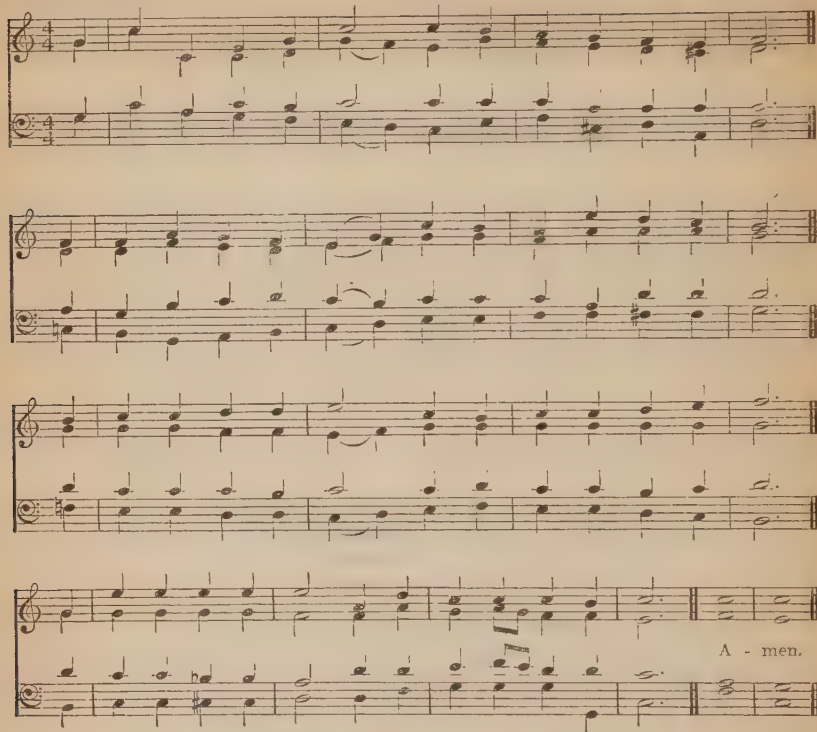
- f* 1 **M**ARCH on, march on, O ye soldiers true,
 In the cross of Christ confiding,
 For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
 And the Lord His own is guiding.
- 2 We march to fight with the powers of night
 That hold the world in sorrow;
 And the broken heart shall be healed of its smart,
 And arise to a joyful morrow.
- 3 We fight against wrong with the weapon strong
 Of the Love that all hate shall banish;
 And the chains shall fall from the down-trodden thrall
 As the thrones of the tyrants vanish.
- 4 O'er the realms of night shall our standard bright
 Arise, their darkness clearing;
 And the souls that were dead to the Lord who bled
 Shall revive at His glad appearing.
- 5 Long, long is the fight, but the God of light
 Is ever watching near us;
 And prayers that rise to the listening skies
 Like a song of hope shall cheer us.
- 6 Till the sunrise broad of the day of God
 Shall shine on the Victor's glory,
 And earth at rest, in her Lord confessed,
 Shall rejoice in the finished story.

Mrs. E. S. Armitage.

Lustleigh. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

S. WEEKES.



425

Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

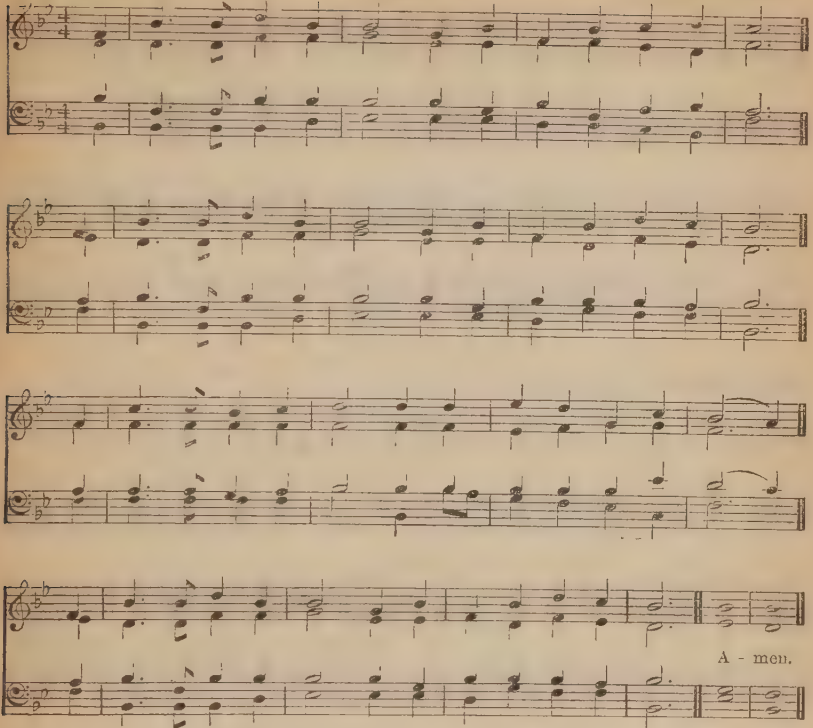
f 1 **S**TAND up! stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His royal banner;
 It must not suffer loss:
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet-call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict
 In this His glorious day:
 Ye that are men, now serve Him
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Let courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

New York. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

G. J. WEBB.



3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Stand in His strength alone ;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own :
 Put on the gospel armour,
 Each piece put on with prayer ;
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

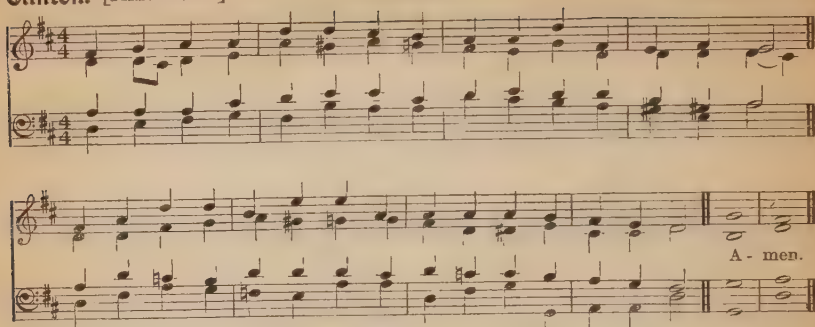
4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 The strife will not be long ;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song :
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be ;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield.

Clinton. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

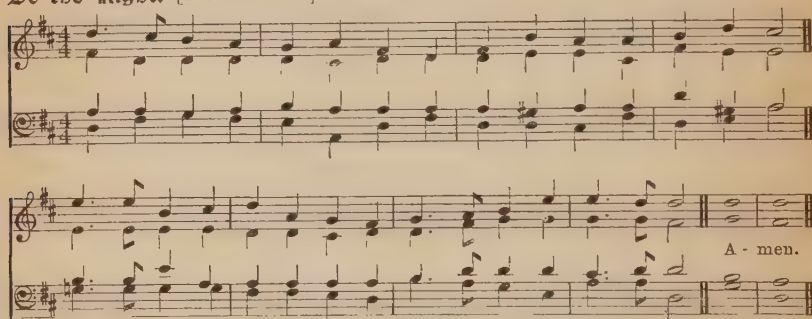
ARTHUR PAGE.



Do the Right. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

CYRIL BOWDLER.



426

Be strong and of a good courage.—JOSH. 1. 6.

f 1 COURAGE, brother ! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night ;
There's a star to guide the humble ;—
'Trust in God, and do the right.'

mf 2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely ; strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light !
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

4 Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
Fiends may look like angels bright ;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion :
Trust in God, and do the right.

5 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, and look above thee :
Trust in God, and do the right.

6 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
'Trust in God, and do the right.'

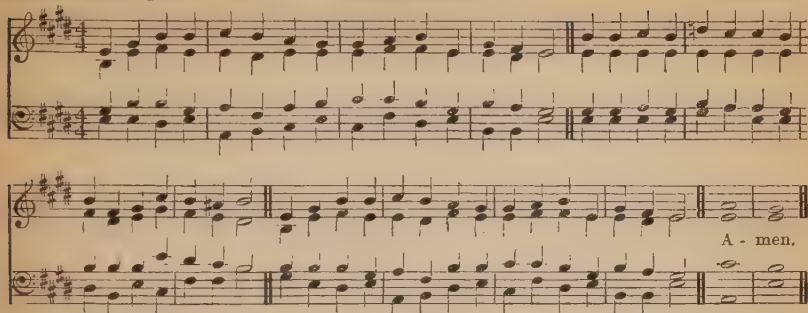
f 7 Courage, brother ! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night ;
There's a star to guide the humble ;—
'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Norman Macleod.

Mannheim. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7., six lines.

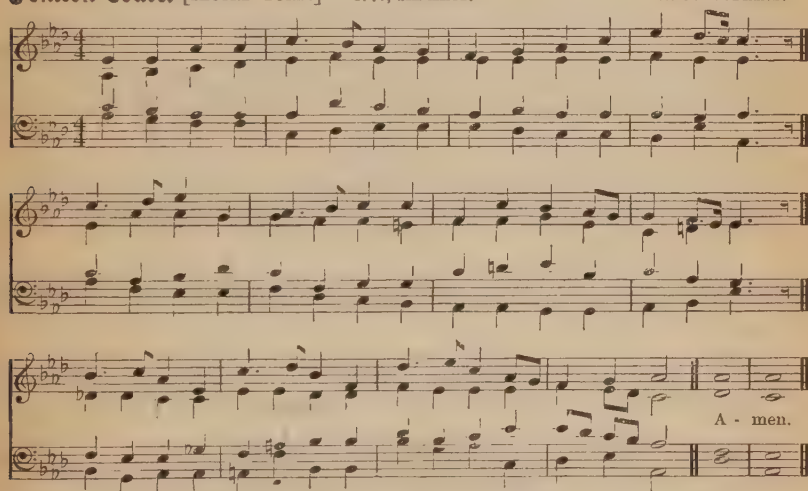
German.



Feniton Court. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7., six lines.

E. J. HOPKINS.



(12) DIVINE GUIDANCE.

427

He led them forth by the right way.—Ps. cvii. 7.

mf 1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,
cr Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

mf 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
dim Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

mf 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy ;
cr Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

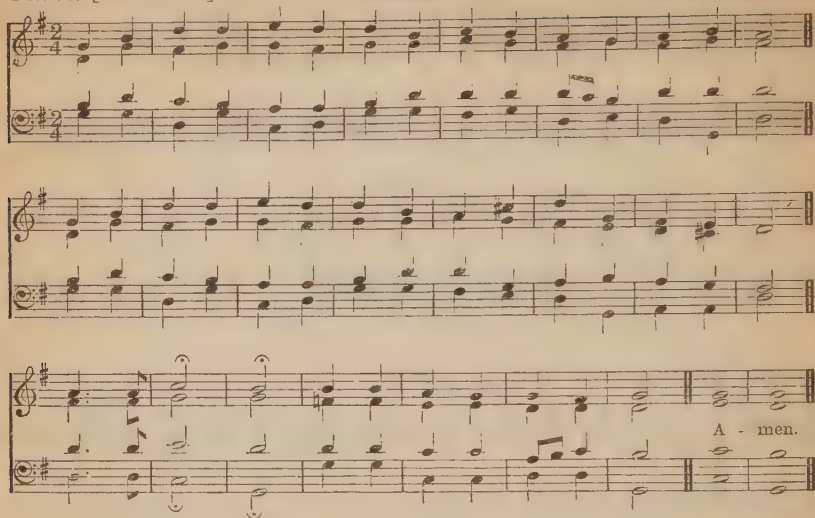
James Edmeston.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Olivet. [FIRST TUNE.]

87.87.47.

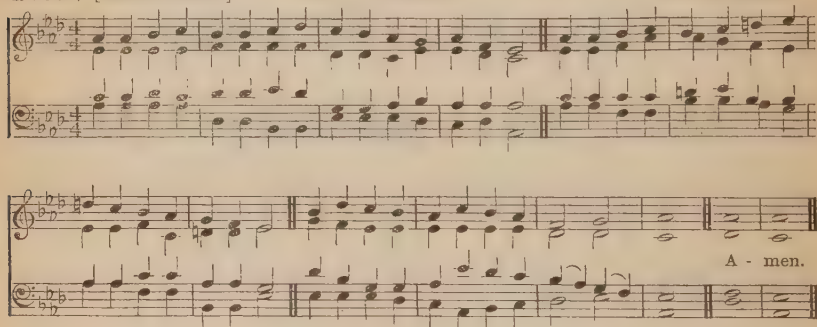
G. HIRST.



Heber. [SECOND TUNE.]

87.87.47.

E. J. HOPKINS.



428 O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction.—Hos. xiii. 14.

mf 1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

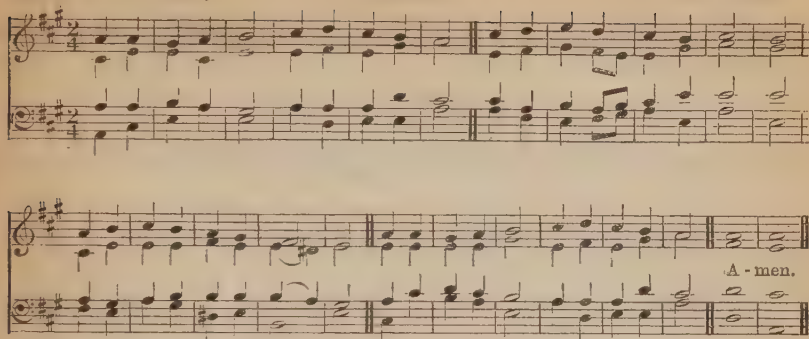
p 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
cr Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
f Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

W. Williams.

Spire. [FIRST TUNE.]

55:88.55.

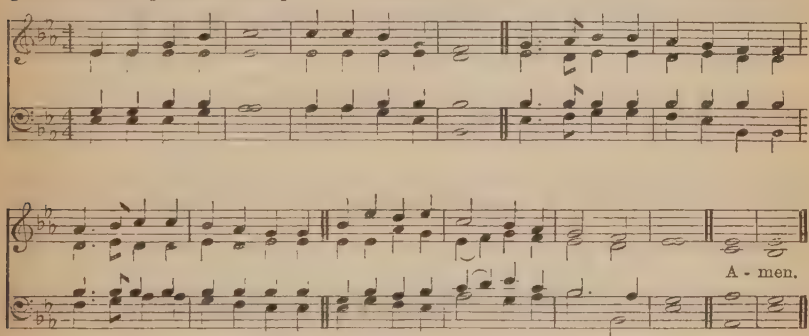
ADAM DRESSE.



Fatherland. [SECOND TUNE.]

55.88.55.

F. C. MAKER.



429

He that hath mercy on them shall lead them.—ISA. xlix. 10.

f 1 JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

mf 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
cr For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

mf 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
cr Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

f 4 Jesus, still lead on
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

N. L. Zinzendorf, tr. H. L. L.

Lead, Kindly Light. [FIRST TUNE]. 10.4.10.4.10.10

A. SULLIVAN.

Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, lead Thou me on; the night is dark, and

Keep Thou . . my feet ;
I am far from home ; lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to

see the dis-tant scene ; one step e-nough for mè. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that

Thou shouldst lead me on ; I loved to choose and see my path ; but now lead Thou me on ; I

loved the ga - rish day,
loved the ga-rish day, and, spite of fears, pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on o'er moor and

cres. and with the morn those angel
f fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till the night is gone; and with the morn those an - gel
cres.
dim. *pp* *Slower.*
dim. *pp*
 fa-ces smile which I have loved long since, and . . lost a - while. A - men.

Sandon. [SECOND TUNE.]

10.4.10.4.10.10.

C. H. PURDAY.

A - men.

430

The pillar of the cloud.—Ex. xiii. 22.

mf 1 **L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

p Lead Thou me on;

p The night is dark, and I am far from home;

cr Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

p 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;

cr I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on;

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

mf 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on

cr O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

f And with the morn those angel faces smile

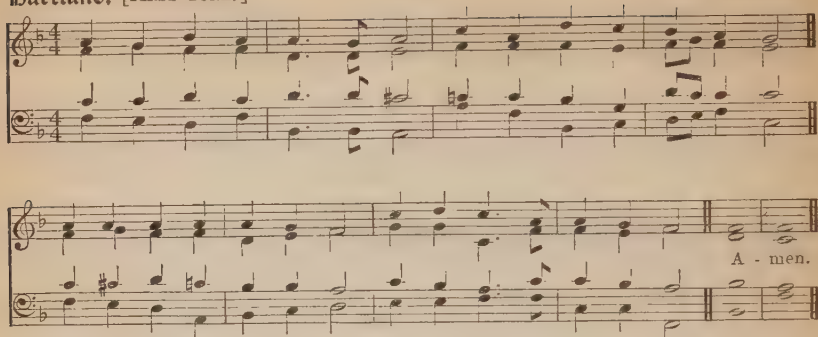
dim p Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.

Bartland. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

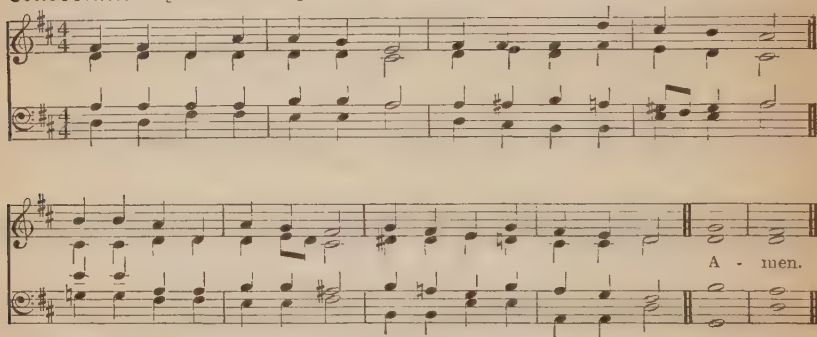
E. J. WALLIS.



Consecration. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

CHARLES VINCENT.



431

By faith they passed through the Red Sea as by dry land. —HEB. xi. 29.

1 **W**HEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey;
He who bids us forward go
Cannot fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied,
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it be the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light,
Since the Lord Himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

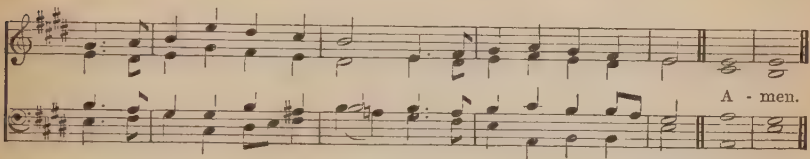
4 Night with Him is never night,
Where He is, there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

5 Be it ours, then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear,
Where He calls us, there to go,
What He bids us, that to do.

T. Kelly.

Innocents. [THIRD TUNE.]

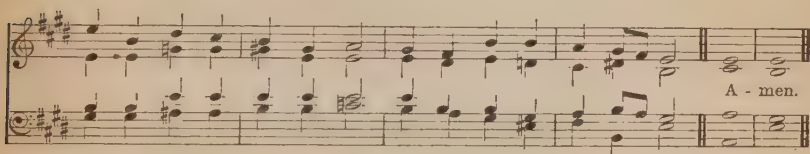
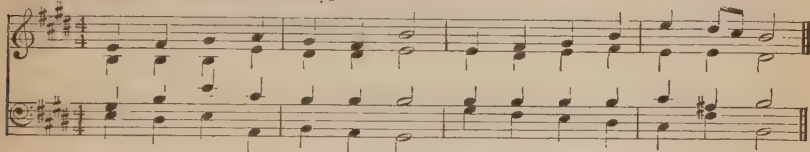
7.7.7.7.



Laudate Pueri. [FOURTH TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

F. G. EDWARDS.



432

The ransomed of the Lord shall . . . come to Zion with songs.—ISA. xxxv. 10.

f 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, you sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

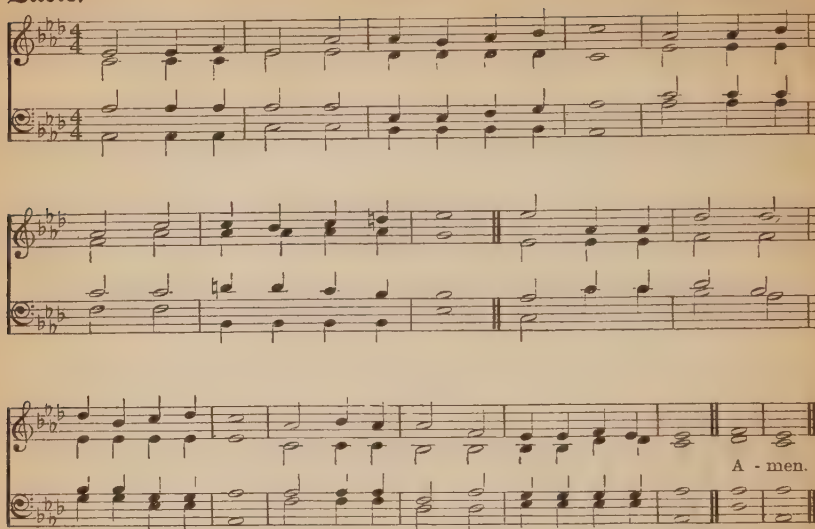
6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

J. Cennick.

Ellers.

10.10.10.10.

E. J. HOPKINS.



433

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.—Ps. lxxx. 1.

1.

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace:
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

2.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth:
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

3.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right:
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4.

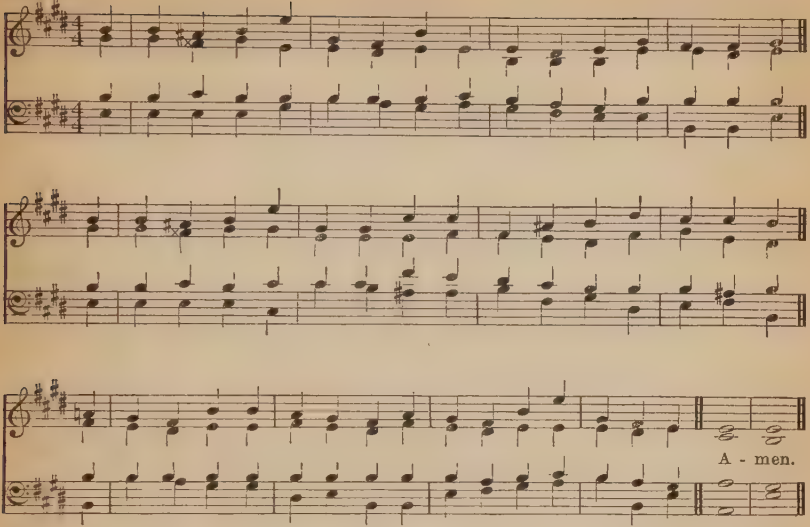
Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. Burleigh,

Dura.

8s., six lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



434

They . . . declare plainly that they seek a country.—HEB. xi. 14.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely ;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place ;
We hasten through this vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight ;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We tread the way the saints have trod ;
The Church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads, arise
And meet our Captain in the skies.

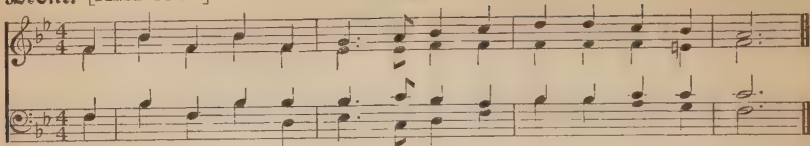
Charles Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Brent. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

S. WEEKES.



Winchester Old. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

ESTE'S PSALTER.



435

Your life is hid with Christ in God.—COL. iii. 3.

f 1 **R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

mf 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though unperceived by mortal sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence:
Then what have you to fear?

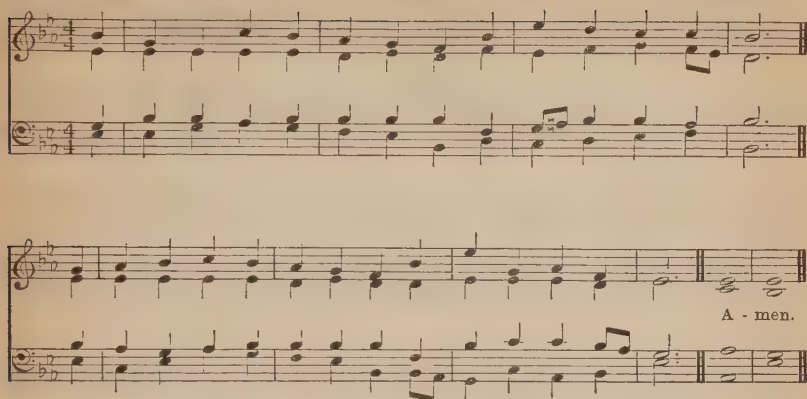
cr 5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
f So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too.

John Newton.

Bedford. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

W. WHEALE.



436

In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.—GEN. xxii. 14.

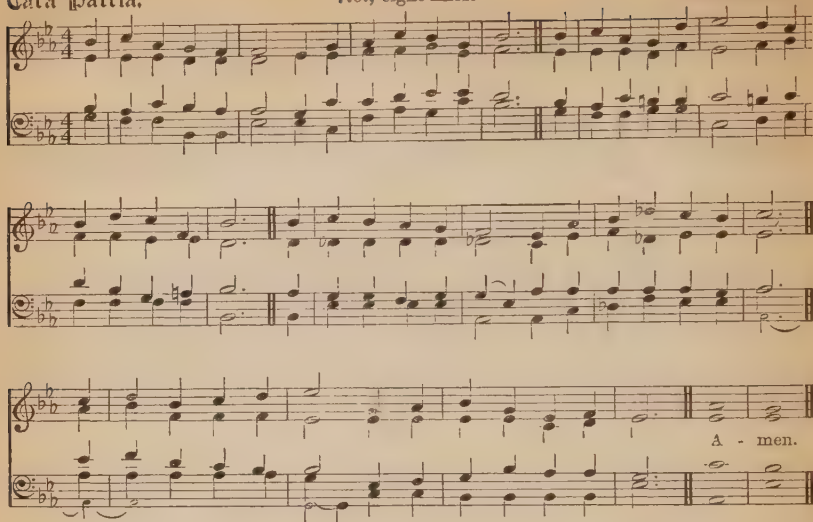
- 1 FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.
- 2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.
- 3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time,
Deliverance shall arise.
- 4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, and solitude;
Thus make our spirits pure.
- 5 Christ by no flowery pathway came,
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.
- 6 And till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

W. J. Irons.

Cara Patria.

7.6., eight lines.

H. M. HIGGS.



437

Fear not, little flock.—LUKE xii. 32.

- 1 **I**N heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here :
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed ?
- 2 Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back ;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack :
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim,
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen ;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where the dark clouds have been :
 My hope I cannot measure,
 My path to life is free,
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

Corinth,

8.7., eight lines.

438

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 SAM. vii. 12.

<i>f</i> 1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ; Streams of mercy never ceasing Call for songs of loudest praise : Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by flaming tongues above : O the vast, the boundless treasure, Of my Lord's unchanging love !	<i>mf</i> 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer, Hither by Thy help I'm come, And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home. Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God ; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.
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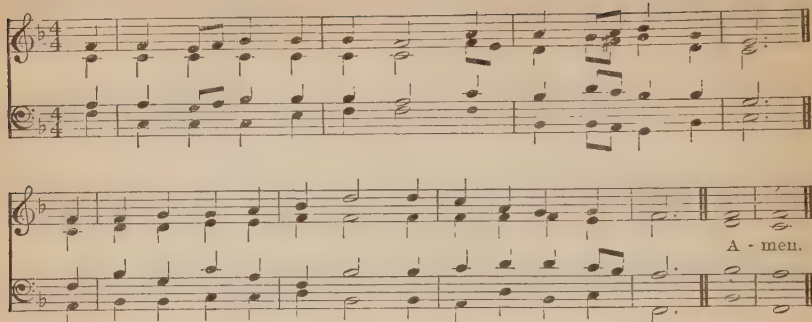
3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee :
Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel it,—
Prone to leave the God I love :
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson, altd.

Barton. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

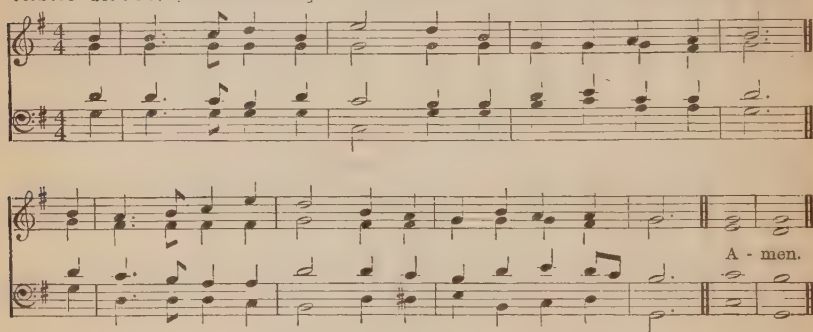
J. H. KNECHT.



White Robes. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

J. DOWNING FARRER.



439

Strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—HEB. xi. 13.

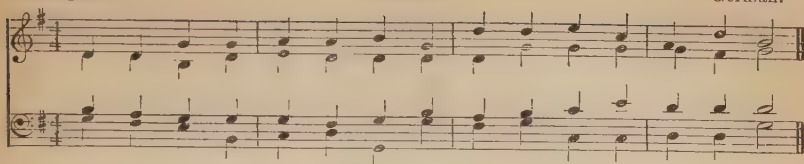
- f* 1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!
- mf* 2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!
- mp* 3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
cr The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—

- 5 What are they but the heralds
To lead you to His sight?
What are they but the effluence
Of uncreated light?
- 6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—
- cr* 7 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?
- f* 8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize!
Joseph of the Studium, tr. J. M. Neule.

Stuttgart.

8.7.8.7.

German.



440

He led them on safely, so that they feared not.—Ps. lxxviii. 53.

f 1 **T**HROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;

4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith that never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

5 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

6 Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

B. S. Ingemann, tr. S. Baring-Gould.

Fairfield.

S.M. D.

P. LA TROBE.

A - men.

441

Blessed are all they that wait for Him.—ISA. xxx. 18.

f 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake :
Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

mf 2 Fastened within the veil,
Hope be your anchor strong ;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along :
Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

3 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name :
Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

f 4 Tarry His leisure then,
Although He seem to stay ;
A moment's intercourse with Him
Thy grief will overpay :
Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee ;
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

A. M. Toplady.

HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

Wheatley.

L.M.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



(13) HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

Strangers and pilgrims.—1 PET. ii. 11.

1.

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2.

Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3.

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

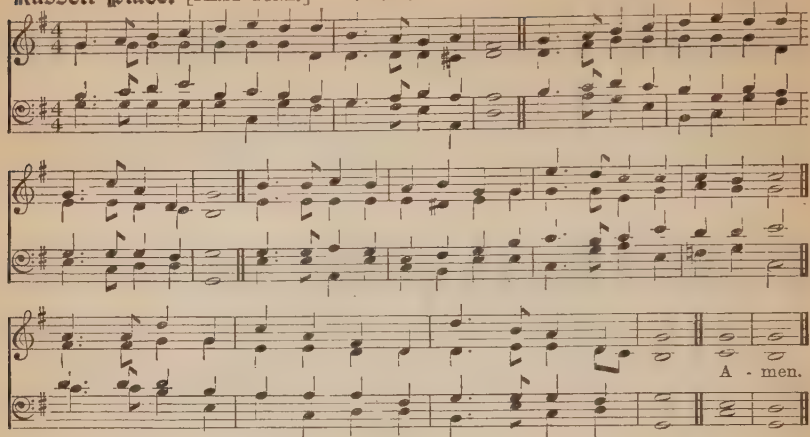
4.

To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the fair dawn of heaven below.

Thomas Gibbons.

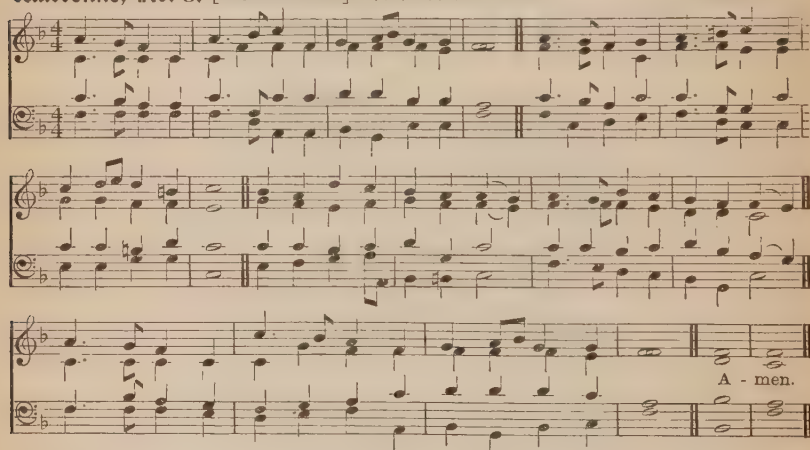
Russell Place. [FIRST TUNE.] 76.76.77.76.

W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT.



Warrenne, No. 3. [SECOND TUNE.] 76.76.77.76.

O. R. BARNICOTT.



443

Seek those things which are above.—COL. iii. 1.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :

So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

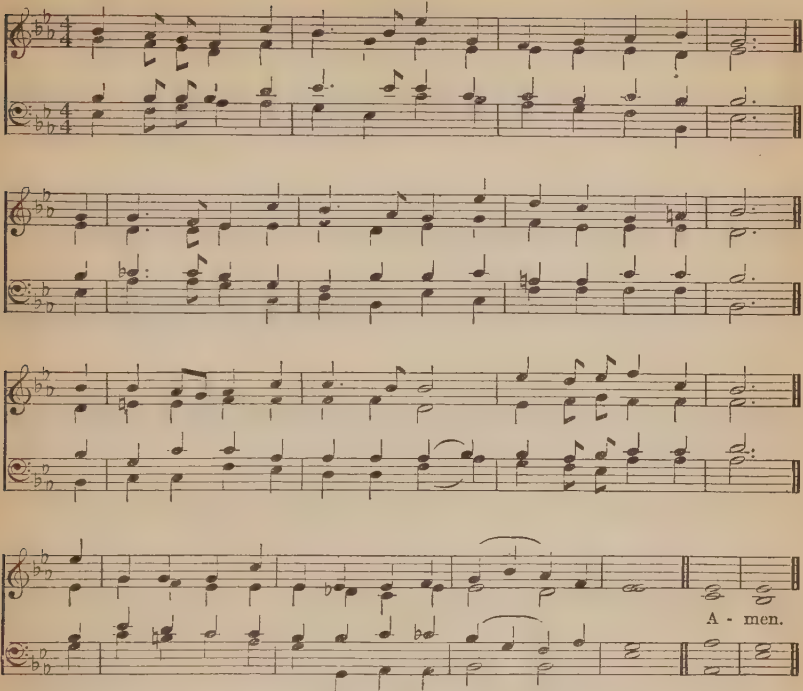
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave.

After the Darkness.

86.86.86.84.

W. C. FILBY.



444

Hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts.—ROM. v. 5.

1 **A**FTER the darkness, lo, the light
 Shall all the past repair;
 The perfect bliss, the spotless sight,—
 It is not here, but there;
 So still I sing in every state,
 Always, where'er I be:
 'Be still, my heart, be still and wait;
 He loveth thee.'

2 Oh, but for Him I could not sing,
 However fair my lot;
 For dark night droops, and dark things spring
 Round me on every spot;
 But now I sing with joy elate,
 Always, where'er I be:
 'Be still, my heart, be still and wait;
 He loveth thee.'

3 And now, whatever things I see,
 The mighty or the fair,
 I know the best is waiting me,
 For perfect things are there;
 A child of grace, and not of fate,
 I sing, where'er I be:
 'Be still, my heart, be still and wait;
 He loveth thee.'

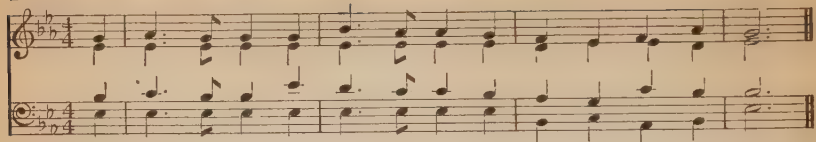
4 My God will end where He began,
 His end cannot be pain;
 The glory of the Incarnate Son
 Must be eternal gain;
 So, there in His eternal state,
 His meaning thou shalt see:
 'Be still, my heart, be still and wait;
 He loveth thee.'

E. Paxton Hood.

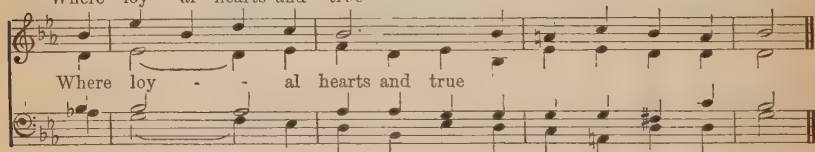
Paradise. [FIRST TUNE.]

86.86.6666.

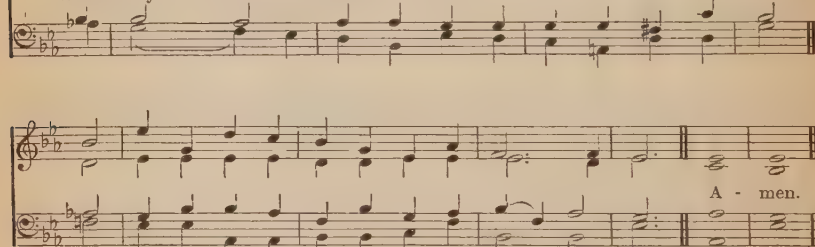
J. BARNBY.



Where loy - al hearts and true



Where loy - al hearts and true



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

445

With Me in paradise.—LUKE xxiii. 43.

1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!
 Who doth not crave for rest?
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light;
 All rapture through and through
 In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light;
 All rapture through and through
 In God's most holy sight?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 'Tis weary waiting here;
 I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light;
 All rapture through and through
 In God's most holy sight.

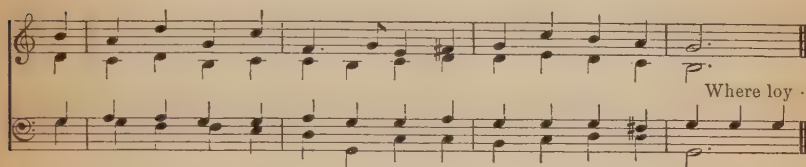
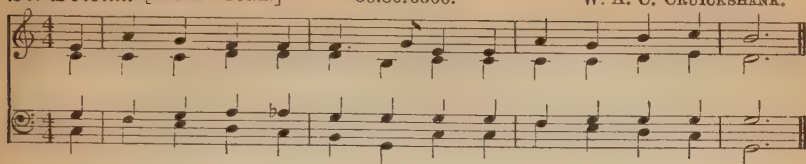
4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I want to sin no more;
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light;
 All rapture through and through
 In God's most holy sight.

HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

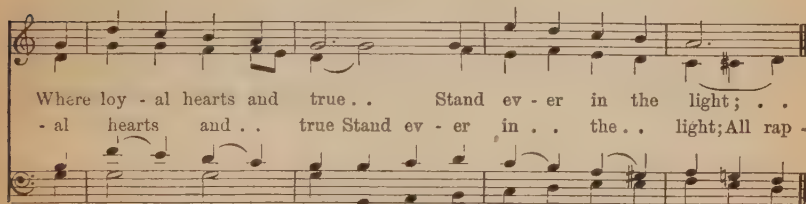
St. Helena. [SECOND TUNE.]

86.86.6666.

W. A. C. CRUIKSHANK.

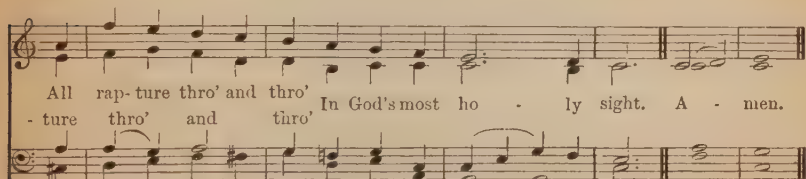


Where loy -



Where loy - al hearts and true . . Stand ev - er in the light ; . .
- al hearts and . . true Stand ev - er in . . the . . light ; All rap -

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light ; . .



All rap - ture thro' and thro' In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.
- ture thro' and thro'

All rap - ture thro' and thro' In God's most ho - ly sight.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

F. W. Faber.

Chalvey. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.D.

L. G. HAYNE.

A - men.

446

Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.—LUKE xxi. 28.

p 1 **A** FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those that rest
 Asleep within the tomb :
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that great day ;
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hills of time,
cr And we shall be where suns are not,—
 A far serener clime :
mf Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that bright day ;
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

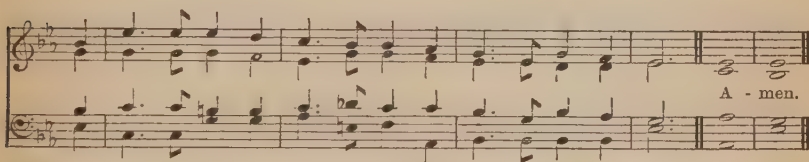
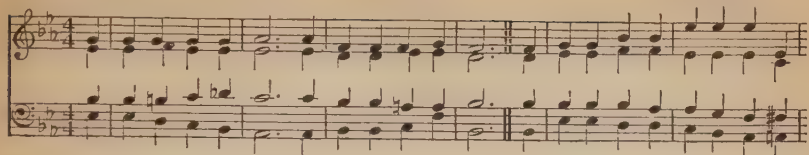
3 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore,
dim And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more :
mf Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that calm day ;
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

Leominster. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.D.

G. W. MARTIN.



p 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

mf 5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

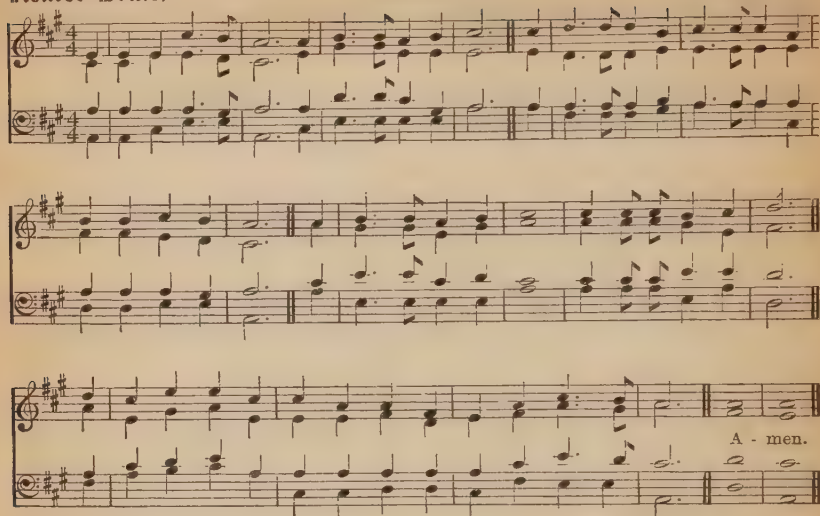
6 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again
cr Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
f My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

H. Bonar.

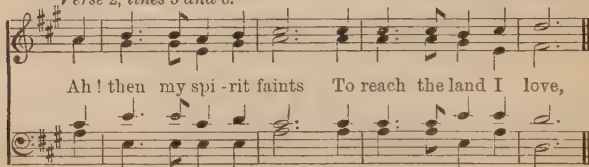
Nearer Home.

S. M. D.

WOODBURY.



Verse 2, lines 5 and 6.



447

So shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 THESS. iv. 17.

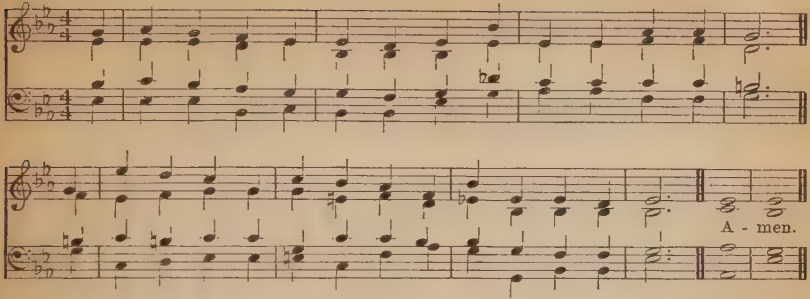
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p><i>f</i> 1 FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.</p> <p><i>mf</i> Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,</p> <p><i>cr</i> Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.</p> <p><i>f</i> 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!</p> <p><i>mf</i> Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.</p> | <p>3 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.</p> <p><i>f</i> Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
<i>cr</i> By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
<i>f</i> And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord!'</p> |
|--|--|

J. Montgomery.

Fingal. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

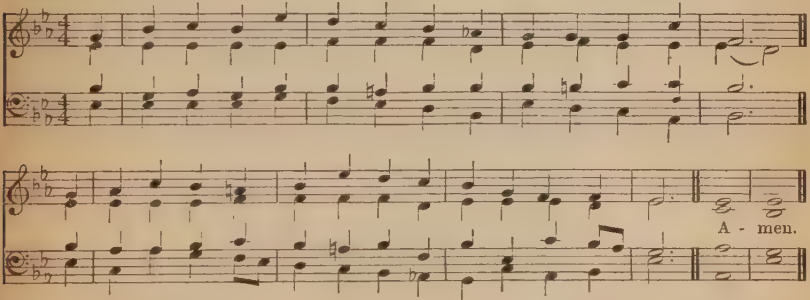
J. S. ANDERSON.



Jerusalem. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

A. CROIL FALCONER.



448 *The holy city, new Jerusalem.*

—REV. xxi. 2.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy
scenes
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home! .
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.
Hymn of VIII. century.

449 *We look . . . at the things which are
not seen.—2 Cor. iv. 18.*

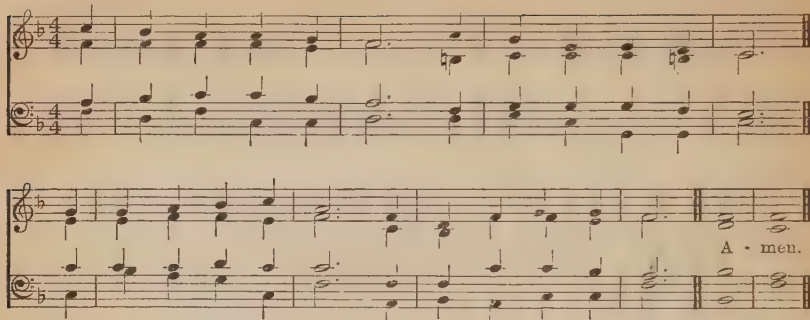
- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;—
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

I. Watts.

St. Cecilia. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.6.6.6.

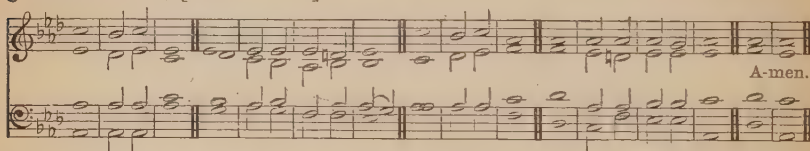
L. G. HAYNE.



Jacobs' Chant. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.6.6.6.

WILLIAM JACOBS.



450

Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.—ROM. xiii. 11.

p 1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er :
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I have been before :

cr 2 Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea ;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down,
Where pilgrims leave the cross,
And victors gain the crown.

p 4 But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
Rolls the deep unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 O if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink ;
If I am nearer home,
Nearer than now I think ;

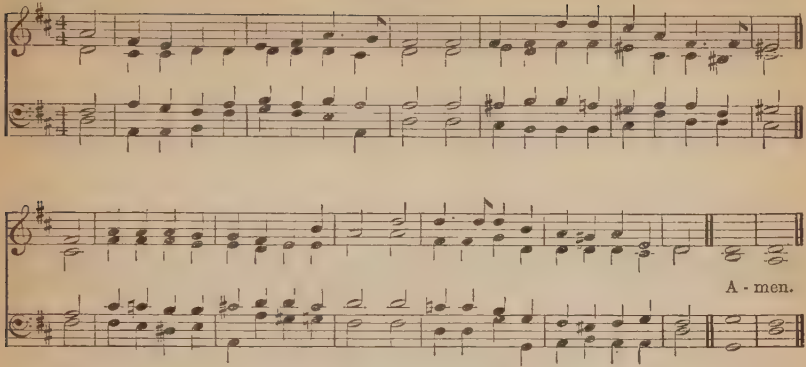
mf 6 Jesus, in whom I trust,
Perfect my feeble faith,
That I may calmly cross
That unknown stream of death !

Phoebe Cary, alt.

Dalketh.

10.10.10.10.

T. HEWLETT.



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451

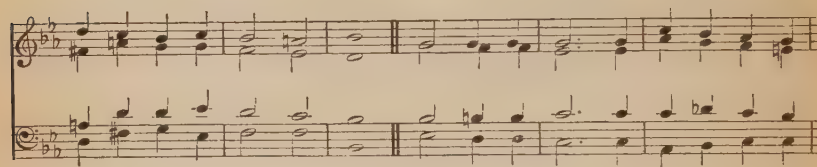
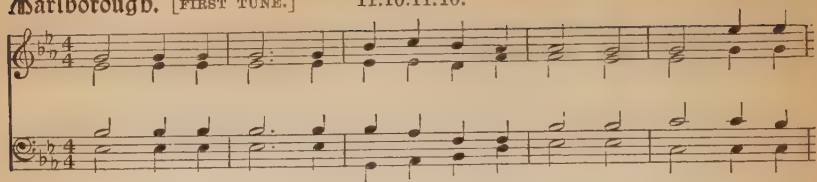
Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.—Ps. li. 12.

- p* 1 **W**EARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
 I look at heaven and long to enter in;
 But there no evil thing may find a home,
 And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
 In the pure glory of that holy land,
 Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
 Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
 Evil is ever with me day by day;
 Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
 'Repent, believe, thou shalt be loosed from all.'
- mf* 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
 And His the blood that can for all atone,
 And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 O Great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
 The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
 That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
 May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
- 6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
 Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.
- 7 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
 Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
 Like ointment sweet, let my devotion prove,
 Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

S. J. Stone.

Marlborough. [FIRST TUNE.]

11.10.11.10.



452

A little while, and ye shall see Me.—JOHN xvi. 16.

1.

mf **O** FOR the peace that floweth as a river,
 Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
 O for the faith to grasp heaven's light 'for ever,'
 Amid the shadows of earth's 'little while!'

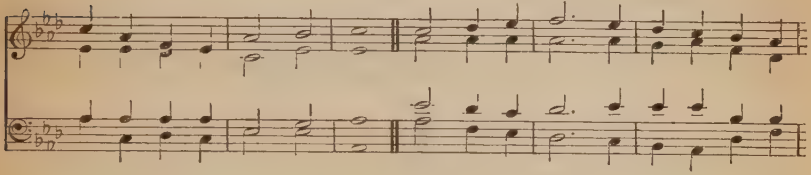
2.

p 'A little while' for patient vigil keeping,
 To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
 'A little while' to sow the seed with weeping,
cr Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

Aurora. [SECOND TUNE.]

11.10.11.10.

A. CROIL FALCONER.



3.

p 'A little while,' mid shadow and illusion,
 To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell;
cr Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
 Then hail sight's verdict, 'He doth all things well.'

4.

p 'A little while' the earthen pitcher taking
 To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
cr Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
 Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

5.

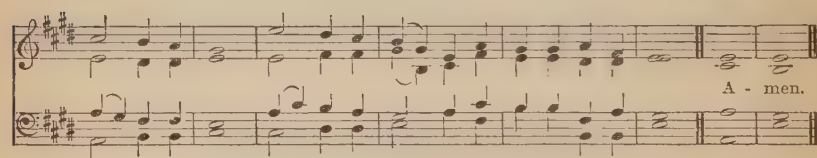
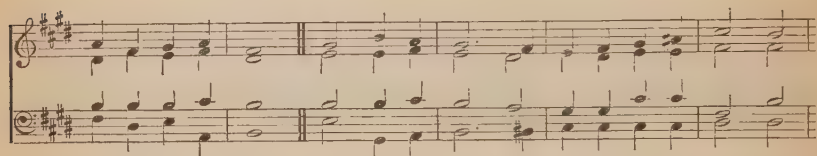
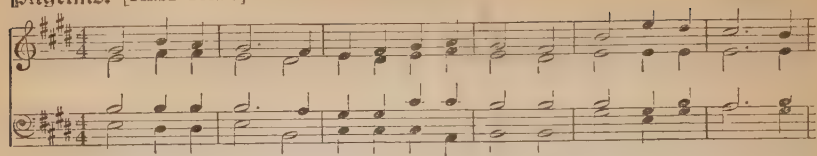
p 'A little while' to keep the oil from failing,
 'A little while' faith's flickering lamp to trim;
cr And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
 To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn!

Jane Crewdson.

Pilgrims. [FIRST TUNE.]

11.10.11.10:9.10.

H. SMART.



453

An innumerable company of Angels.—HEB. xii. 22.

f 1 **H**ARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come';
 And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the gospel leads us home:
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Angelic Songs. [SECOND TUNE.] 11.10.11.10:9.10.

J. WALCH.

A - men.

p 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee:
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

p 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
cr The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last:
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

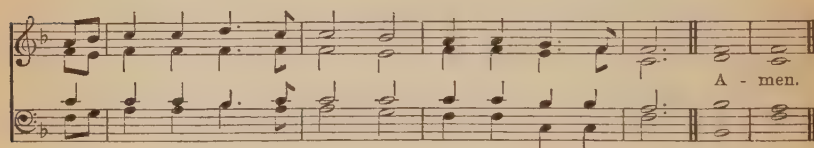
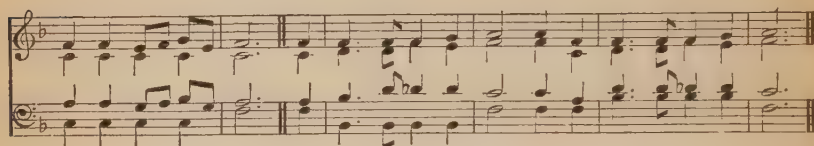
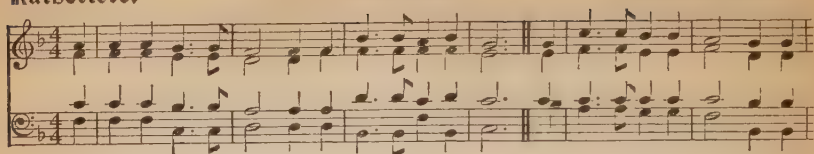
f 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love:
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

F. W. Faber.

Rutherford.

76.76.76.75.

Lausanne Psalter.



454

Thy land, O Immanuel. — ISA. viii. 8.

mf 1 THE sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of heaven breaks ;
 The summer morn I've sighed for,
 The fair, sweet morn, awakes :
dim Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
cr But dayspring is at hand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

f 2 The King there, in His beauty,
 Without a veil is seen ;
 It were a well-spent journey,
 Though seven deaths lay between :
 The Lamb, with His fair army,
 Doth on Mount Zion stand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

mf 3 O Christ, He is the Fountain,
 The deep, sweet well of love ;
 The streams on earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above :
cr There, to an ocean fulness,
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

mf 4 With mercy and with judgment,
 My web of time He wove ;
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lusted with His love :
 I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that planned,
 When throned where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

5 The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear bridegroom's face ;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of grace,
 Not at the crown He giveth,
 But on His pierced hand :
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Immanuel's land.

f 6 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
 'Gainst storm and wind and tide ;
p Now, like a weary traveller
 That leaneth on his guide,
 Amid the shades of evening,
 While sinks life's lingering sand,
cr I hail the glory dawning
 From Immanuel's land.

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin.

St. Mary. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

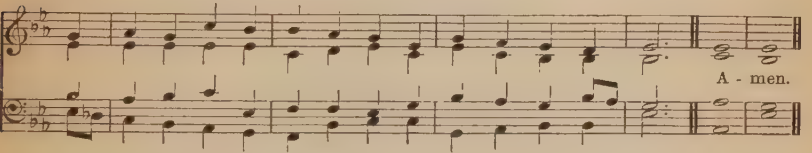
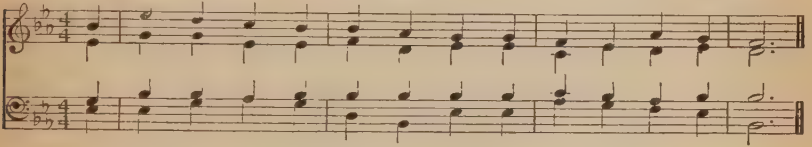
PLAYFORD'S Psalter.



St. Peter. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



(14) VICTORY OVER DEATH.

Funeral and Memorial Services.

455 *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*—REV. xiv. 13.

r 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are,
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

I. Watts.

456 *A good soldier of Jesus Christ.*—
2 TIM. ii. 3.

mf 1 **C**APTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry,
We bless Thee for our comrade true,
Now summoned up to Thee.

2 We bless Thee for his every step
In faithful following Thee ;
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.

mp 3 We thank Thee that the way-worn sleeps
The sleep in Jesus blest ;
The purified and ransomed soul
Hath entered into rest.

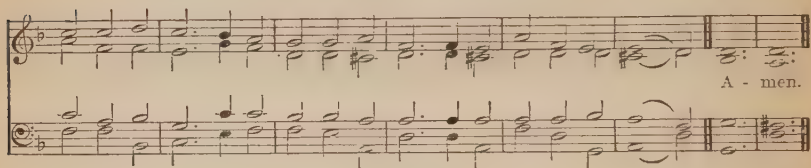
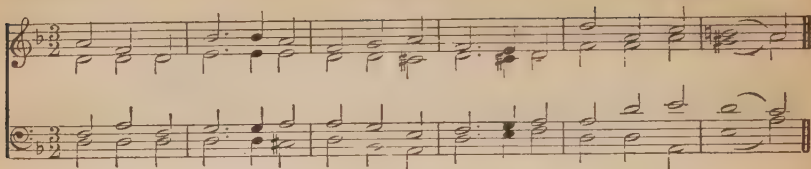
mf 4 We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard ;
We bless Thee for his blessedness,
And for his rich reward.

G. Rawson.

Sevenoaks.

664.664.

FREYLINGHAUSEN.



457

Give ear unto my cry: hold not Thy peace at my tears.—Ps. xxxix. 12.

p 1 **L**OWLY and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to Thee,
 Father divine,—
 A hymn of suppliant breath,
 Owning that life and death
 Alike are Thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
 When earth all succouring power
 Shall disavow,
 When spear and shield and crown
 In faintness are cast down,
 Sustain us, Thou.

3 By Him, who bowed to take
 The death-cup for our sake,
 The thorn, the rod,
 From whom the last dismay
 Was not to pass away,
 Aid us, O God.

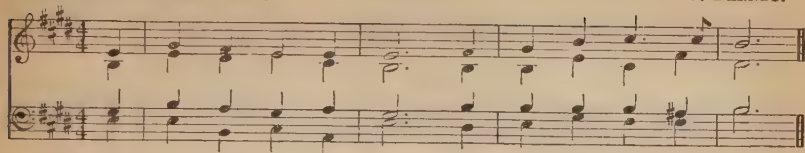
4 Tremblers beside the grave,
 We call on Thee to save,
 Father divine;
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
 Keep us in life and death;
 Thine, only Thine.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

Via Crucis. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.6.6.6.

J. BARNBY.



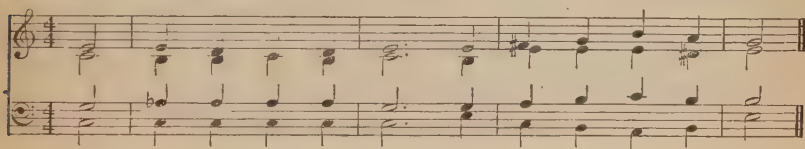
A - men.

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Newdale. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.6.6.6.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



A - men.

458

At home with the Lord.—2 Cor. v. 8.

p 1 **H**USH, blessed are the dead
In Jesus' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on His breast,

mf 2 O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light
Whom here they loved unseen.

p 3 Ours only are the tears,
Who weep around their tomb
The light of bygone years,
And shadowing years to come.

4 Their voice, their touch, their smile,
Those love-springs flowing o'er,—
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

5 O tender hearts and true,
Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you;
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

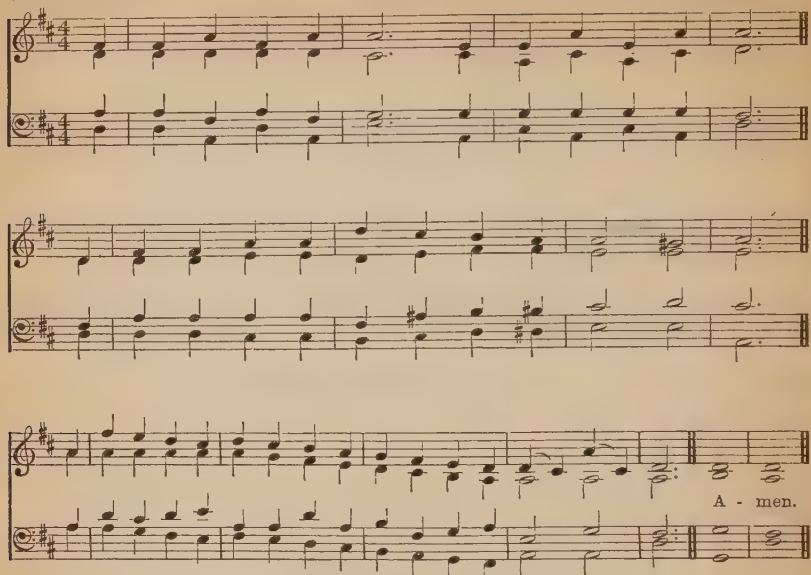
or 6 But soon, at break of day,
His calm Almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
Awake! Arise! Rejoice!

E. H. Bickersteth.

Safe Home.

66.66.88.

A. SULLIVAN.



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459

He that overcometh.—REV. iii. 5.

1.
mf SAFE home, safe home in port !
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provision short,
 And only not a wreck :
f But O the joy upon the shore
 To tell the voyage perils o'er !

2.
mf The prize, the prize secure !
 The athlete nearly fell ;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well :
f But he may smile at troubles gone
 Who sets the victor-garland on.

3.
f No more the foe can harm ;
 No more of leaguered camp,
 And cry of night-alarm,
 And need of ready lamp :
mf And yet how nearly had he failed ;
 How nearly had that foe prevailed !

4.
 The lamb is in the fold,
 In perfect safety penned ;
cr The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end :
p But One came by with wounded side,
 And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5.
p The exile is at home ;
 O nights and days of tears !
 O longings not to roam !
 O sins and doubts and fears !
f What matters now grief's darkest day ?
 The King has wiped those tears away.

Joseph of the Studium,
 tr. J. M. Neale.

St. Chrysostom.

Ss., six lines.

J. BARNBY.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines. The third system ends with the instruction 'A - men.' written above the vocal staff.

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460

All live unto Him, — LUKE xx. 38.

1.

mf GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine; — we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

2.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works,
their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree:
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just:
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

5.

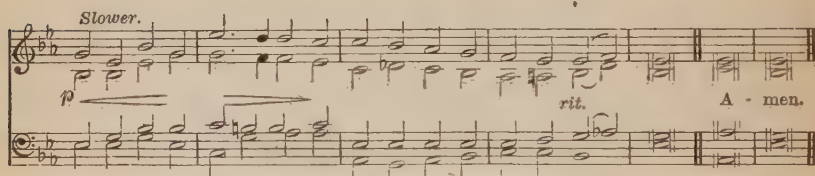
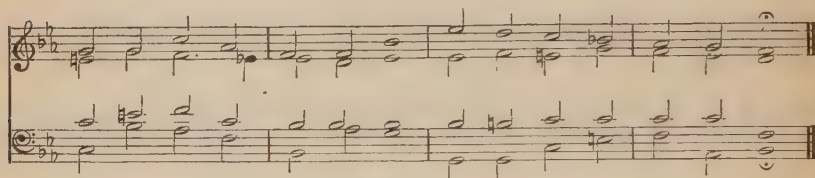
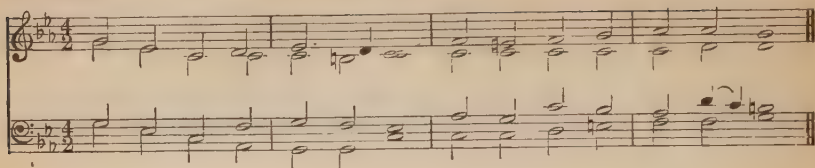
O Giver unto man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Quickener of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee!

J. Ellerton.

Hebron. [FIRST TUNE.]

77.77.88.

J. BARNBY.



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461

Them that are asleep.—1 THESS. iv. 13.

1.

p NOW the labourer's task is o'er,
 Now the battle-day is past;
 Now upon the farther shore
 Lands the voyager at last.
dim Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2.

mf There the tears of earth are dried;
 There its hidden things are clear;
 There the work of life is tried
 By a juster Judge than here.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

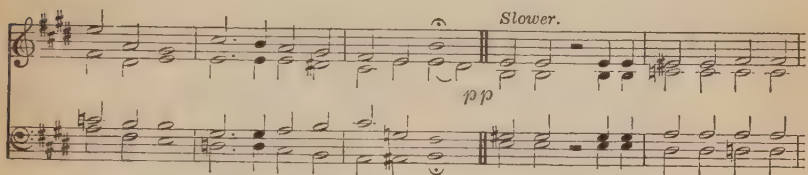
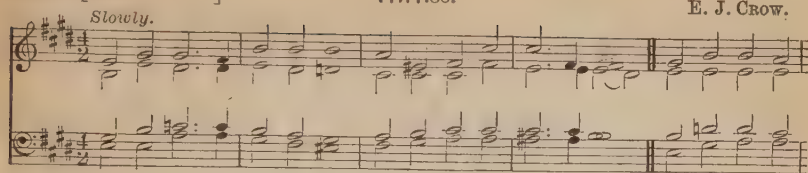
3.

mf There the Shepherd, bringing home
 Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
 Shelters each, no more to roam,
 Where the wolf can ne'er invade.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Rest, [SECOND TUNE.]

77.77.88.

E. J. CROW.



4.

mf There the penitents who turn
 To the cross their dying eyes,
 All the love of Jesus learn
 At His feet in Paradise.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5.

mf There no more the powers of hell
 Can prevail to mar their peace;
 Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
 He who died for their release.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

6.

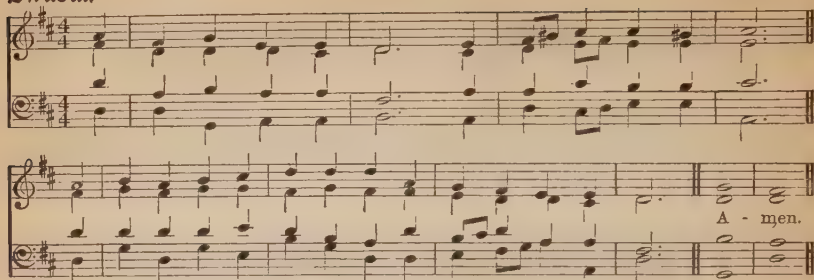
p 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
 Calmly now the words we say;
 Left behind, we wait in trust,
 For the Resurrection day.
dim Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

J. Ellerton.

Swabia.

S.M.

German.



462

As is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.—1 Cor. xv. 48.

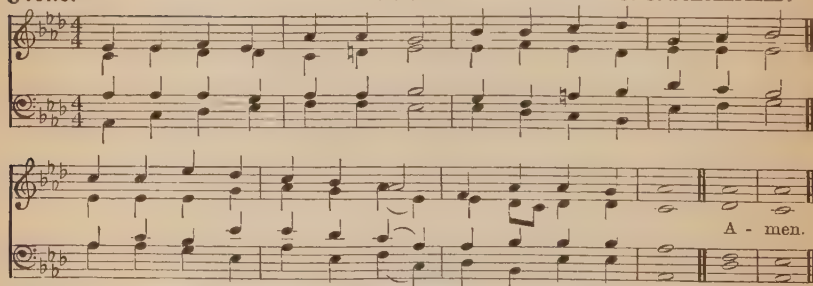
- mf* 1 IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And 'midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
The wretch that sets us free
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
cr And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

mf 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
cr Like Thee they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.
H. A. C. Malan, tr. G. W. Bethune.

Irene.

7.7.7.5.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



463

Ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance.—HEB. x. 34.

- p* 1 WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.
- p* 2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,—
Peace for evermore.
- mf* 3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
Light for evermore.
- p* 4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
or Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.
- p* 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
cr Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.
- p* 6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
cr Lord of Life, be ours Thy crown,—
Life for evermore.

J. Ellerton.

Titchfield.

7s. eight lines.

R. W. BEATY.

Death of a Child.

464

Is it well with the child? . . . It is well.—2 KINGS iv. 26.

p 1 SAFELY, safely gathered in,
 No more sorrow, no more sin,
 No more childish griefs or fears,
 No more sadness, no more tears;
cr For the life, so young and fair,
 Now hath passed from earthly care;
 God Himself the soul will keep,
 Giving His beloved sleep.

p 2 Safely, safely gathered in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin,
cr Passed beyond all grief and pain,
 Death for thee is truest gain:
 For our loss we must not weep,
 Nor our loved one long to keep
 From the home of rest and peace,
 Where all sin and sorrow cease.

p 3 Safely, safely gathered in,
 No more sorrow, no more sin;
cr God has saved from weary strife,
 In its dawn, this fresh young life,
 Which awaits us now above,
 Resting in the Saviour's love:
p Jesus, grant that we may meet
 There, adoring at Thy feet.

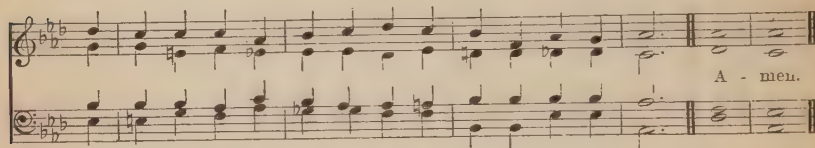
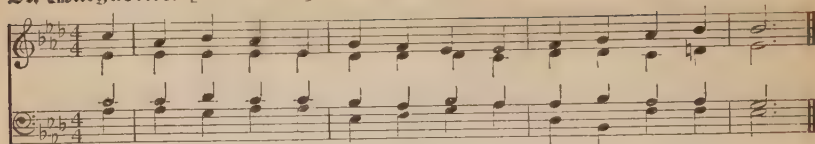
Mrs. Henrietta O. Dobrée.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

St. Marguerite. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

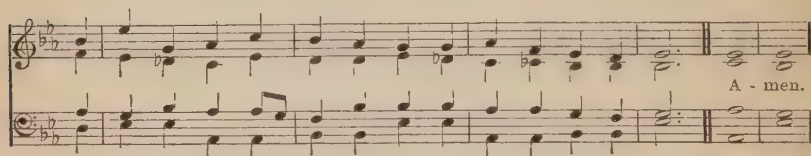
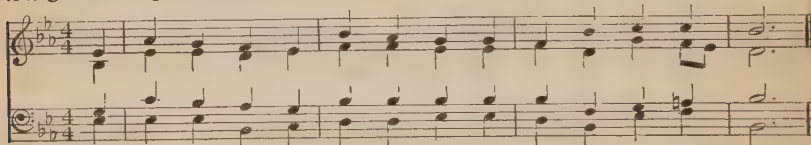
E. C. WALKER.



St. Frances. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

G. A. LÖHR.



(15) FINAL BLESSEDNESS.

465

Redeemed from among men.—REV. xiv. 4.

f 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see.
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

p 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:
f They, with united breath,
Ascribe their victory to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

mf 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

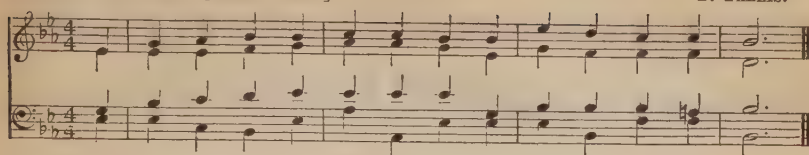
f 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

I. Watts.

Tallis's Ordinal. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

T. TALLIS.



466 *The good land that is beyond
Jordan.—DEUT. iii. 25.*

- f* 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain ;
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
p Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- mf* 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- p* 4 But timorotis mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- cr* 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes,
- cr* 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

J. Watts.

467 *It doth not yet appear what we
shall be.—1 JOHN iii. 2.*

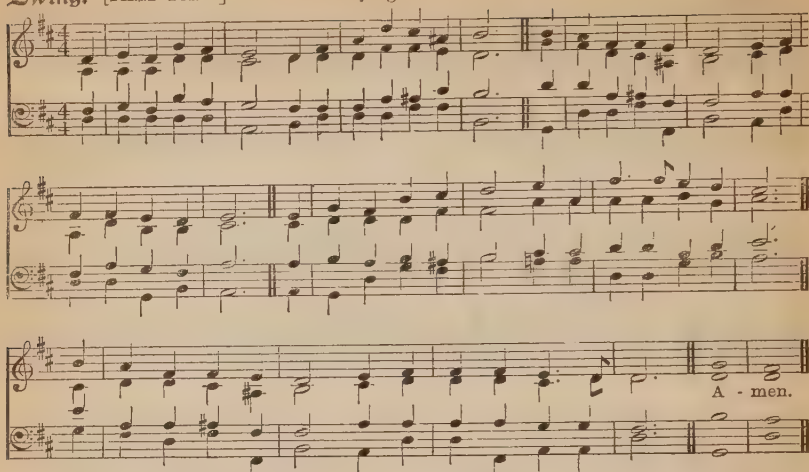
- 1 **T**HERE is a heaven of perfect peace,
The eternal throne is there ;
But what that tearless region is,
It doth not yet appear.
- 2 And there are angels, strong and fair,
Who know not sin nor fear ;
But what the robes of white they wear,
It doth not yet appear.
- 3 And there are ransomed spirits too,
Who once were pilgrims here ;
But how the Saviour's face they view,
It doth not yet appear.
- 4 And theré are sweet commingling
thoughts,
And blest communion there ;
But how they blend their heavenly
notes,
It doth not yet appear.
- 5 And there is worship in the sky,
And songs of loftiest cheer ;
But how they sweep their harps on high,
It doth not yet appear.
- 6 Then, O my soul, with patience wait ;
The happy hour is near
When thou shalt pass the pearly gate,
Where it will all appear.

Eliel Davis.

Ewing. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

A. EWING.

468 *What is your life? It is even
a vapour.—JAS. iv. 14.*

mp 1 **B**RIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
cr The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

mf 2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
cr And He, whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

cr 3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
f Yes, God our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We there shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

mf 4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
dim Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

*Bernard of Morlaix, tr. J. M. Neale.*469 *The glory of God did lighten it, and the
Lamb is the light thereof.—REV. xxi. 23.*

mf 1 **J**ERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

f 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

f 3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

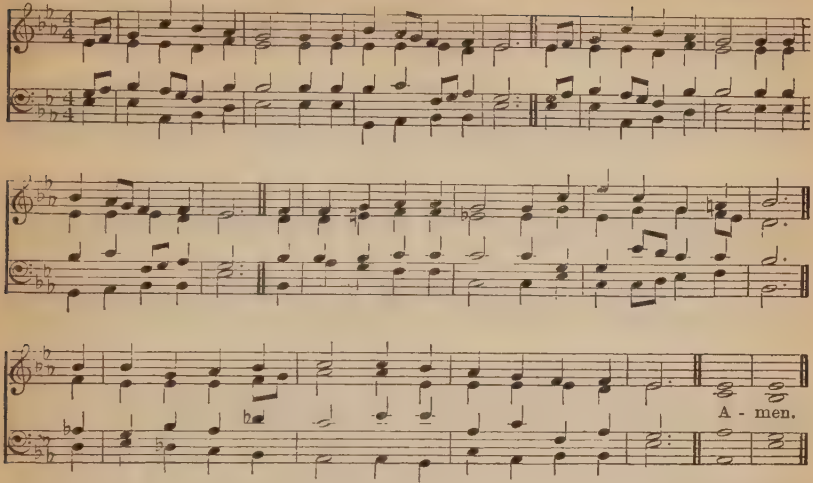
mf 4 O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!
dim Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Morlaix, tr. J. M. Neale.

Munich. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

German.



470

Having the glory of God.—REV. xxi. 11.

mf 1 **F**OR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep :
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion !
O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
The cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays ;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced,
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

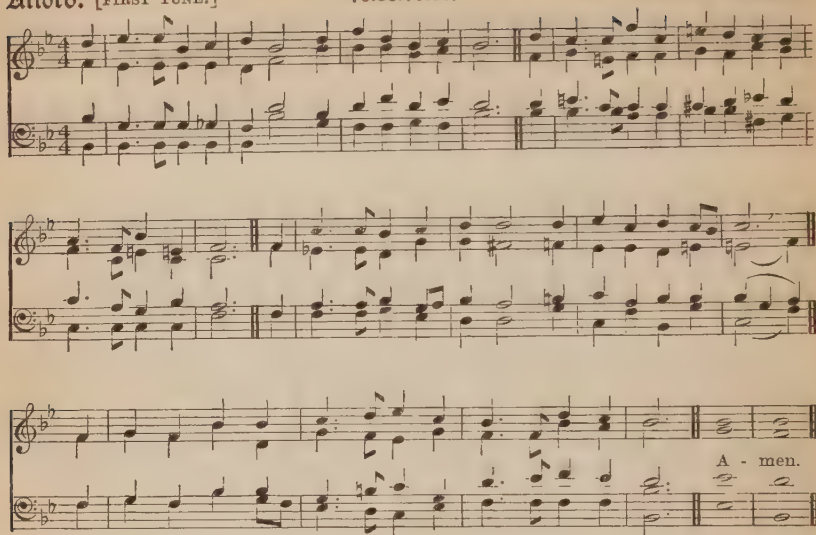
5 O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er see thy face ?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace ?
f Exult, O dust and ashes !
The Lord shall be thy part ;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Bernard of Morlaix, tr. J. M. Neale.

Alford. [FIRST TUNE.]

76.86.76.86.

J. B. DYKES.



471

A great multitude, which no man could number.—REV. vii. 9.

f 1 I HEARD a sound of voices
 Around the great white throne,
 With harpers harping on their harps
 To Him who sat thereon ;
ff 'Salvation, glory, honour,'
 I heard the song arise,
 As through the courts of heaven it rolled
 In wondrous harmonies.

f 2 From every clime and kindred,
 And nations from afar,
 As serried ranks returning home
 In triumph from a war,
 I heard the saints upraising,
 The myriad hosts among,
 In praise of Him who died, and lives,
 Their one glad triumph-song.

mf 3 I saw the Holy City,
 The New Jerusalem
 Come down from heaven a Bride adorned
 With jewelled diadem ;
 The flood of crystal waters
 Flowed down the golden street ;
 And nations brought their honours there,
 And laid them at her feet.

mf 4 And there nor sun was needed,
 Nor moon to shine by night,
 God's glory did enlighten all,—
 The Lamb Himself the Light :
 And there His servants serve Him,
 And, life's long battle o'er,
cr Enthroned with Him, their Saviour King,
 They reign for evermore.

f 5 O great and glorious vision !
 The Lamb upon His throne ;
 O wondrous sight for man to see !
 The Saviour with His own :
 To drink the living waters,
 And stand upon the shore,
 Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
 Shall ever enter more.

6 O Lamb of God who reignest !
 Thou Bright and Morning Star,
 Whose glory lightens that new earth,
 Which now we see from far ;
 O worthy Judge Eternal !
 When Thou dost bid us come,
 Then open wide the gates of pearl,
dim And call Thy servants home.

Godfrey Thring.

Civitas Dei. [SECOND TUNE.]

76.86.76.86.

A. J. CALDICOTT.

The two bars of Introduction to be played before each verse.

* Upper notes for last verse only.

472

The glory which shall be revealed in us.—ROM viii. 18.

- f* 1 **T**EN thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steepes of light :
 'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin ;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of hallelujahs
 Fills all the earth and sky !
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph high !
 O day for which creation
 And all its tribes were made !
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousandfold repaid !

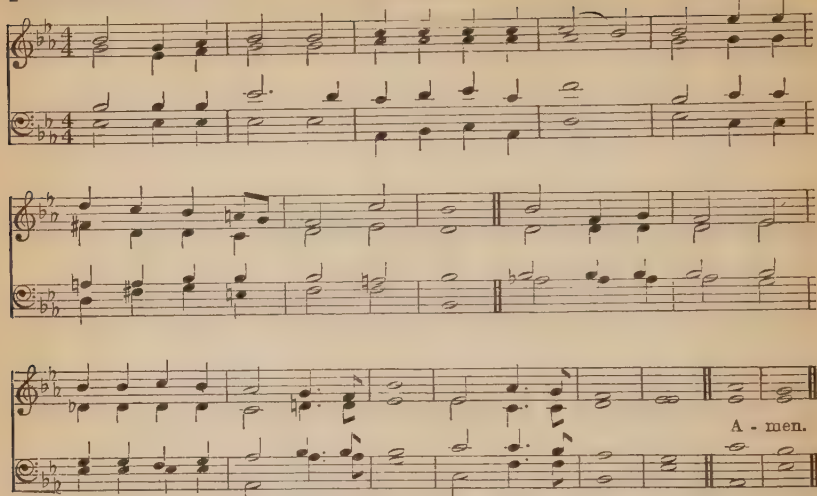
- 3 O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more !
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late ;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power and reign ;
 Appear, Desire of nations,
 Thine exiles long for home ;
 Show in the heavens Thy promised sign ;
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

H. Alford.

Pro omnibus Sanctis.

10.10.10.4.

J. BARNEY.



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473

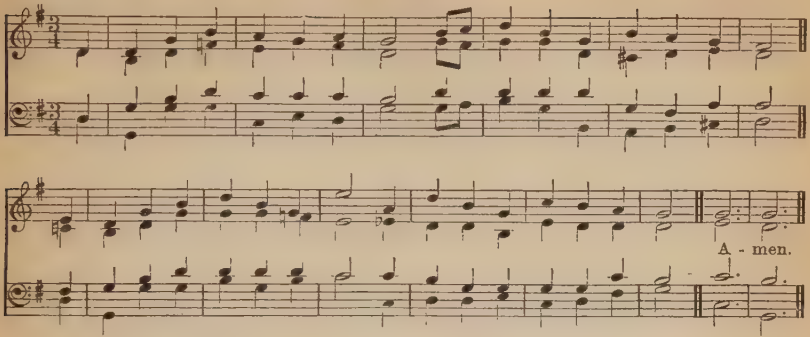
Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.—HEB. xii. 1.

- f* 1 **F**OR all the saints who from their labours rest,
 Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
 Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest. Hallelujah!
- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Hallelujah!
- 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Hallelujah!
- 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine,
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Hallelujah!
- cr* 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Hallelujah!
- mf* 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
dim Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Hallelujah!
- f* 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day:
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of Glory passes on His way. Hallelujah!
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Hallelujah!

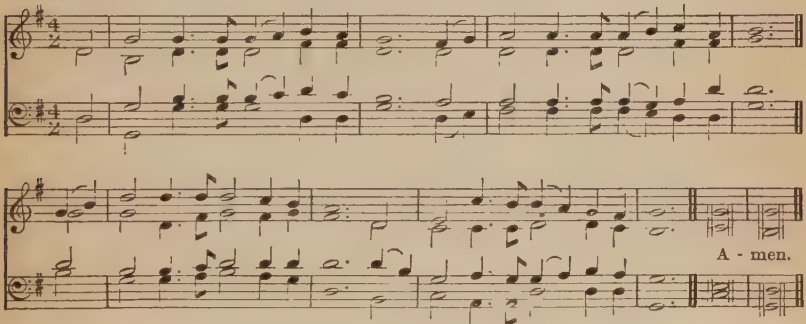
W. W. How.

Tettenball. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.8. (amphibrachic).

F. A. MANN.

**Celeste.** [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.8. (amphibrachic).

Anon.



474

The things which are not seen.—2 COR. iv. 18.

- mf* 1 **W**E speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
cr But what must it be to be there!
- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within;
cr But what must it be to be there!
- 3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first born above;
cr But what must it be to be there!
- 4 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
cr And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

Mrs. Elizabeth K. Mills.

Section 8.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Deerhurst. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7., eight lines.

J. LANGRAN.

(1) ITS UNITY, PRIVILEGES, AND CONFLICTS.

475

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.—Ps. lxxxvii. 3.

f 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He whose word cannot be broken
 Formed thee for His own abode:
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage,—
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age?

Austria. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7., eight lines.

HAYDN.

A - men.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near:
 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.

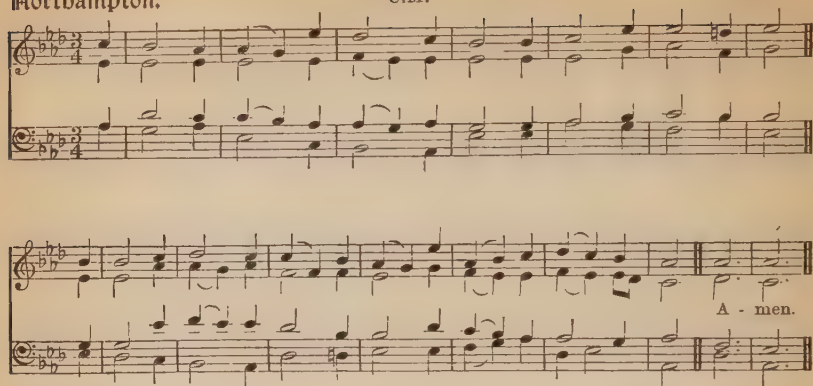
4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy name:
dim Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
cr. Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

John Newton.

Northampton.

C.M.

W. CROFT.



476

The general assembly and church of the first-born.—HEB. xii. 23.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight;

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
For all who dwell where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

I. Watts.

ITS UNITY, PRIVILEGES, AND CONFLICTS.

Blend.

C. M. D.

C. E. KETTLE.

477

The Highest Himself shall establish her.—Ps. lxxxvii. 5.

mf 1 UPON the holy mountains high
Are His foundations still,
p Though silent, sad, and desolate
Is Zion's ruined hill :
mf God hath a lofty city, where
His standard is unfurled ;
His one Church, reared on faithful hearts
That rise above the world.

2 Beyond earth's mists, its turrets stand
In the clear light of heaven ;
And there Jehovah dwells in power,
There is His Spirit given :
Jehovah loves His children's homes,
But more His own abode ;
All glorious is thy destiny,
Thou city of our God !

cr 3 The Highest shall establish thee
To glorify His name ;
All nations soon shall flocking press,
In thee a place to claim :
Within thy safe and beauteous walls,
The song shall never cease ;
In thee are all our springs of joy,
The fountains of our peace.

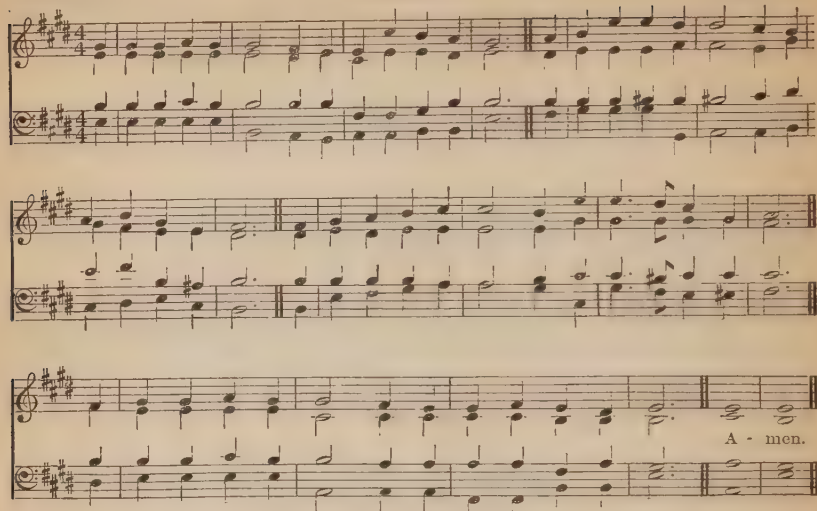
G. Rawson.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Aurelia.

7.6., eight lines.

S. S. WESLEY.



478

He is the Head of the body, the Church.—COL. i. 18.

mf 1 **T**HE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
She is His new creation
By water and the word ;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride ;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

p 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
cr Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long !'
f And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

mf 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. Stone.

ITS UNITY, PRIVILEGES, AND CONFLICTS.

Baca. [FIRST TUNE.]

6s., six lines.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

Havergal. [SECOND TUNE.]

6s., six lines.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

479

For behold, the kingdom of God is within you.—LUKE xvii. 21.

1 **O** THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem !

2 Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above ;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love ;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God ! thou art.

3 Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;
Where martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

4 Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God ! thou art.

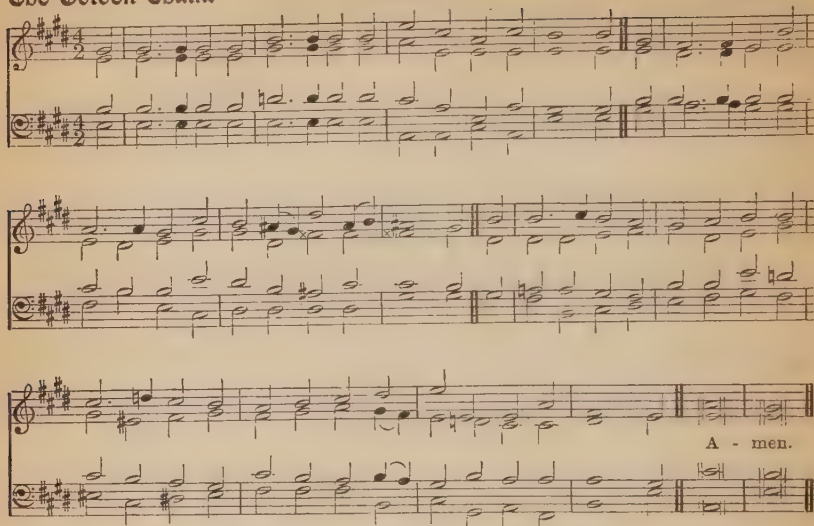
5 Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are,
He in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem !

F. T. Palgrave.

The Golden Chain.

87.87.887.

J. BARNEY.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

480

He is . . . my father's God, and I will exalt Him.—EX. xv. 2.

f 1 WE come unto our fathers' God :
 Their Rock is our salvation :
 The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,
 We make our habitation :
 We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they
 brought ;
 We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
 In every generation.

2 The fire divine, their steps that led,
 Still goeth bright before us ;
 The heavenly shield, around them spread,
 Is still high holden o'er us :

dim The grace those sinners that subdued,
cr The strength those weaklings that renewed,
 Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

p 3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
 Are still our souls oppressing ;
 The tears that from their eyes did flow
 Fall fast, our shame confessing ;
cr As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their
 cry,
 So our strong prayer ascends on high,
 And bringeth down Thy blessing.

f 4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring ;
 Their song to us descendeth :
 The Spirit who in them did sing
 To us His music lendeth.
 His song in them, in us, is one ;
cr We raise it high, we send it on,—
 The song that never endeth !

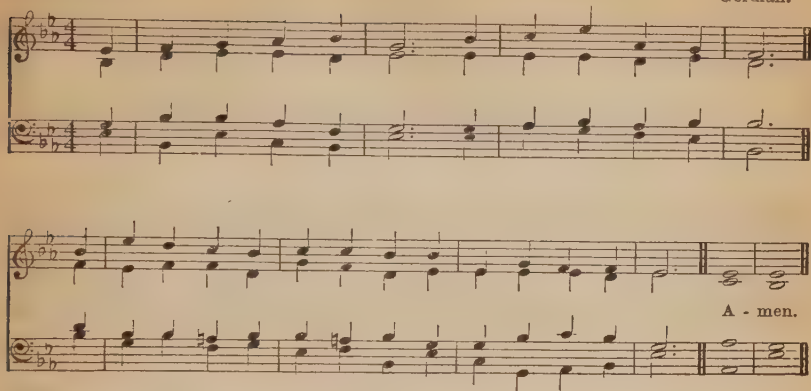
f 5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
 The same sweet theme endeavour !
 Unbroken be the golden chain !
 Keep on the song for ever !
 Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
 Rich with the same eternal grace,
 Bless the same boundless glory !

T. H. GILL.

Franconia.

S. M.

German.



481

Bear ye one another's burdens.—GAL. vi. 2.

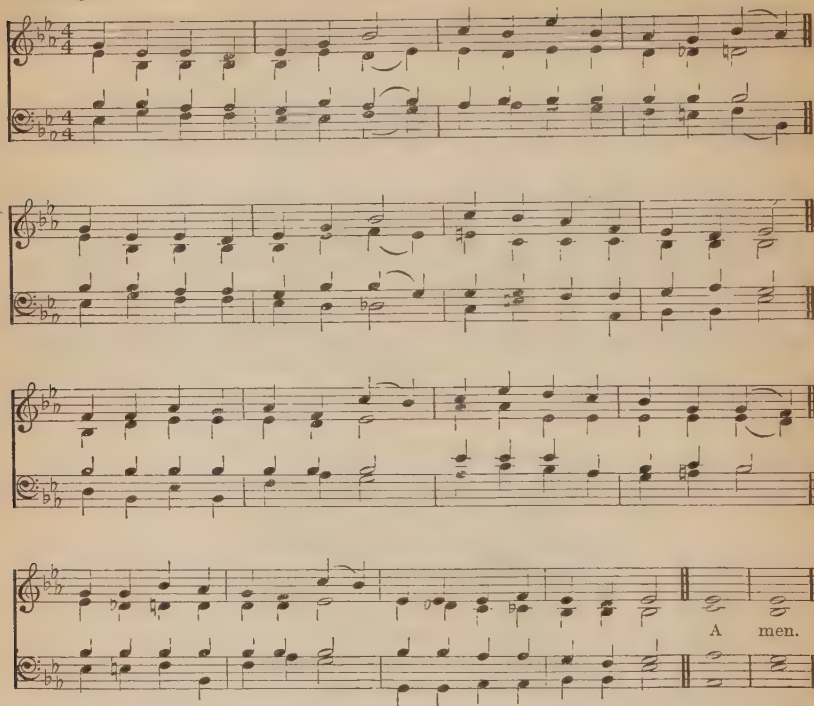
- mf* 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- p* 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us keenest pain;
cr But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- mf* 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett.

Burleigh.

7s., eight lines.

S. WEEKES.



482

Be of the same mind in the Lord.—PHIL. iv. 2.

1 **L**ORD, from whom all blessings flow,
 Perfecting the Church below,
 Steadfast may we cleave to Thee,
 Love, the mystic union be :
 Join our faithful spirits, join
 Each to each, and all to Thine ;
 Lead us through the paths of peace
 On to perfect holiness.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide ;
 Divers gifts to each divide :
 Placed according to Thy will,
 Let us all our work fulfil ;
 Never from our office move ;
 Needful to each other prove ;
 Use the grace on each bestowed
 Tempered by the art of God.

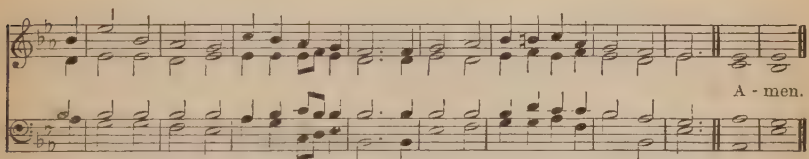
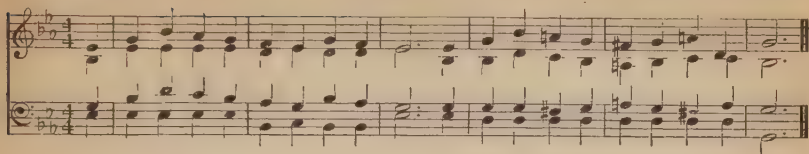
3 Sweetly may we all agree,
 Touched with softest sympathy :
 There is neither bond nor free,
 Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee :
 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
 Rendered all distinctions void :
 Names, and sects, and parties fall,
 Thou, O Christ, art All in all.

C. Wesley.

Tenterden.

10s., six lines.

E. W. BULLINGER.



483

That they all may be one.—JOHN xvii. 21.

mf 1 **E**TERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by Thee.

2 We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-belovèd Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—
As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

cr 3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
dim One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
cr One with the joy that breaketh into song,
dim One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
cr One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

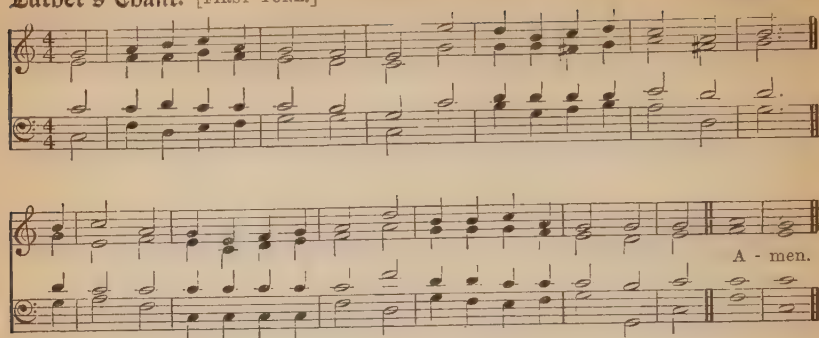
4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,—
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine:
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

J. W. Chadwick.

Luther's Chant. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

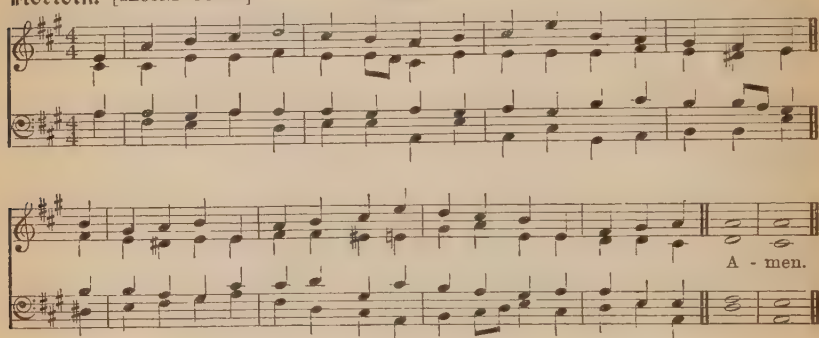
C. ZEUNER.



Norfolk. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

S. HOWARD.



484

God is our refuge and strength.—Ps. xli. 1.

mf 1 GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress
invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world ;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

mp 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode ;—

4 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls :
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting
souls.

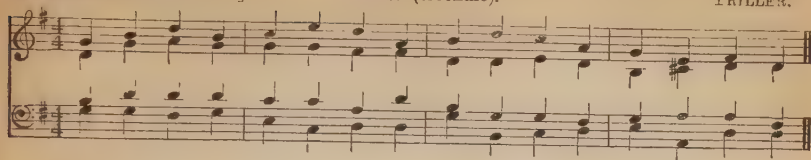
mf 5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour,
or Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

I. Watts.

Avignon. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.6. (trochaic).

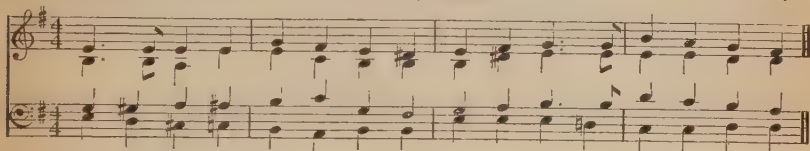
TRILLER.



Alford. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.6. (trochaic).

J. BOOTH.



485

Lord, save us, we perish!—MATT. viii. 25.

1 **L**O! the storms of life are breaking,
Faithless fears our hearts are shaking;
For our succour undertaking,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

3 On Thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying,
Unto Thee for safety sighing,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

2 Lo! the world, from Thee rebelling,
Round Thy Church in pride is swelling;
With Thy word their madness quelling,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

4 Steadfast we, in faith abiding,
In Thy secret presence hiding,
In Thy love and grace confiding;
Lord and Saviour, help us.

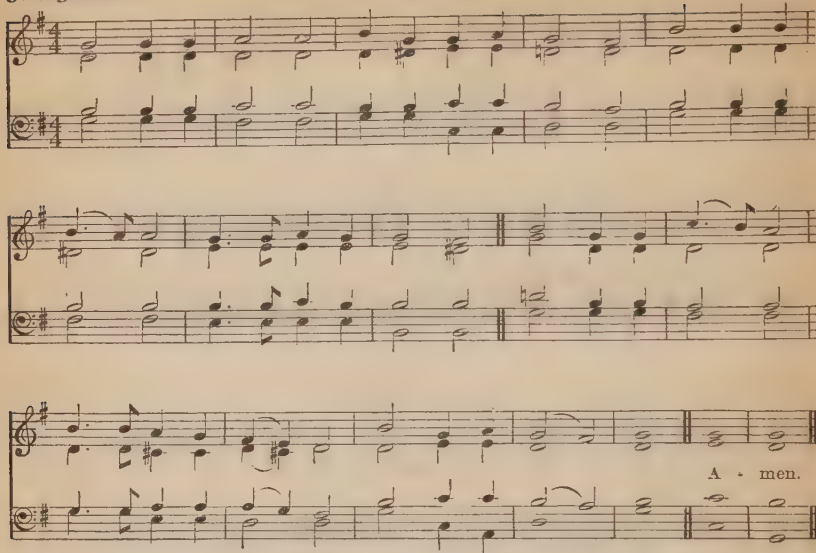
5 By Thy birth, Thy cross, Thy passion,
By Thy tears of deep compassion,
By Thy mighty intercession,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

H. Alford.

Integer vitæ.

11.11.11.5.

FLEMMING.



486

Save us, O God of our salvation.—1 CHRON. xvi. 35.

1.

f LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2.

mf See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
f Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Church nor death nor hell prevailleth;
dim Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4.

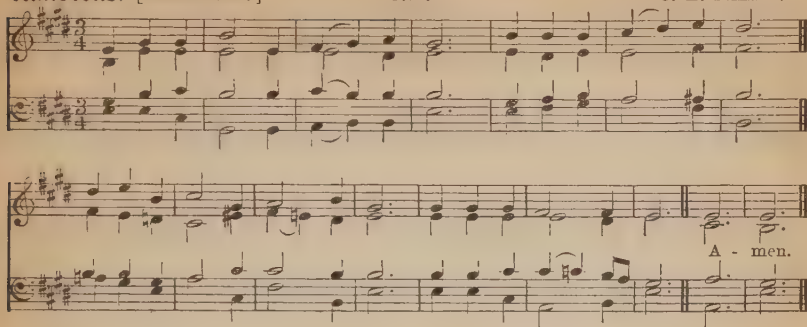
mf Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
p Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
pp Peace in Thy heaven.

From the Latin, tr. P. Pusey.

Waldrons. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

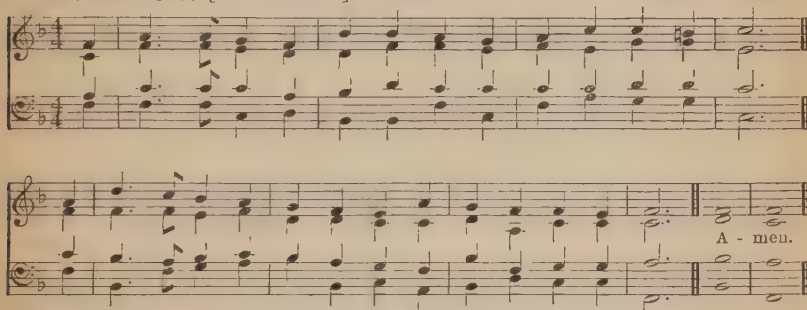
C. E. MILLER.



Winchester Old. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

ESTE'S Psalter.



487 *Ye are come . . . to the spirits of just men made perfect.—HEB. xii. 22, 23.*

- f* 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.
- dim* 3 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
- f* 4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
dim And part is crossing now.
- mf* 5 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before ;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

- 6 O that we now might grasp our Guide !
O that the word were given !
cr Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

C. Wesley.

488 *Fellow-citizens with the saints.—*
EPH. ii. 19.

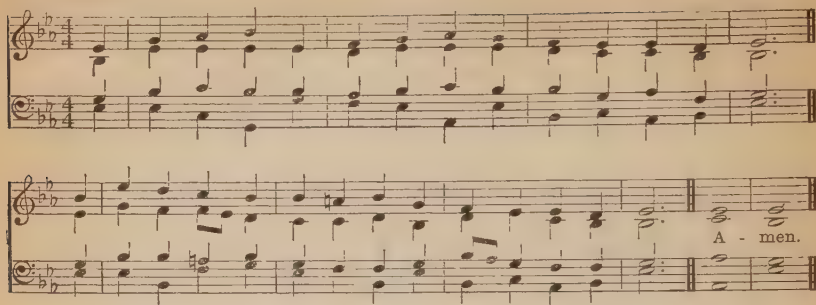
- f* 1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone ;
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,—
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne ;
We in the kingdom of Thy grace,—
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
From thence our spirits rise :
And he that in Thy statutes reads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

C. Wesley.

Dundee. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

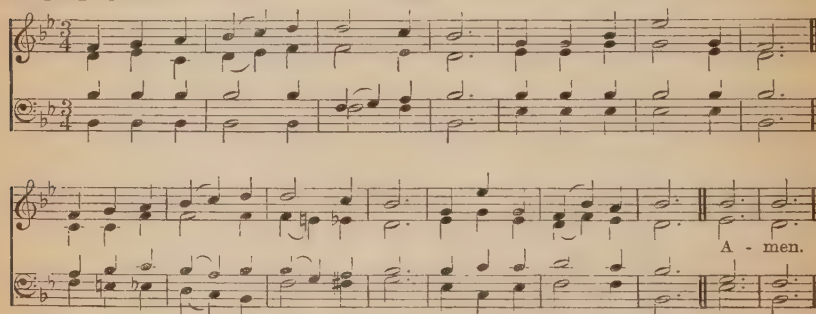
Scotch Psalter.



Eagley. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

J. WALCH.



(2) ITS ORDINANCES.—BAPTISM.

(See also Section VI. (1) 'Acceptance of the Divine Call'.)

489 Baptized into His death.—
Rom. vi. 3.

- 1 **A** MIGHTY mystery we set forth,
A wondrous sign and seal ;
Lord, give our hearts to know its worth,
And all its truth to feel.
- 2 Death to the world we thus avow,
Death to each sinful lust ;
The risen life is our life now,
The risen Christ our trust.
- 3 Baptized into the Father's name,
We're children of our God ;
Baptized into the Son, we claim
The ransom of His blood :
- 4 Baptized into the Holy Ghost
In this accepted hour,
Give us to own the Pentecost,
And the descending power.

G. Rarison.

490 Hinder me not.—GEN. xxiv. 56.

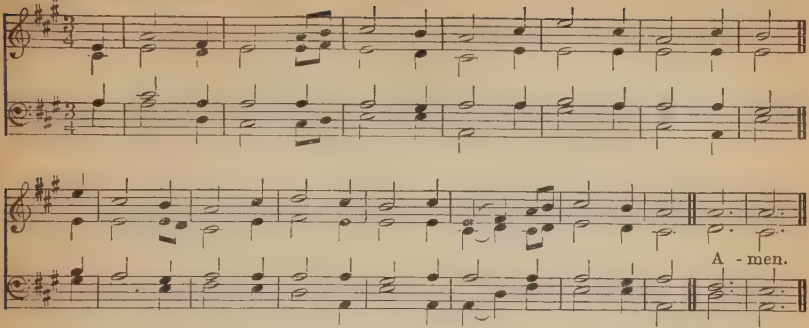
- 1 **I** N all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue ;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes ;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties and through trials too
I'll go at His command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not ; come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

John Ryland.

Martyrdom. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

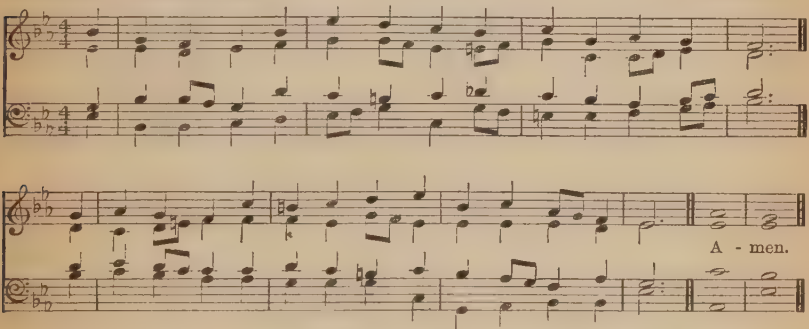
HUGH WILSON.



Sudeley. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

J. STAINER.

491 *I am not ashamed.*—2 TIM. i. 12.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honour of His word,
The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know His name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands;
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face;
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

*I. Watts.*492 *I am Thine, save me, for I have sought
Thy precepts.*—Ps. cxix. 94.

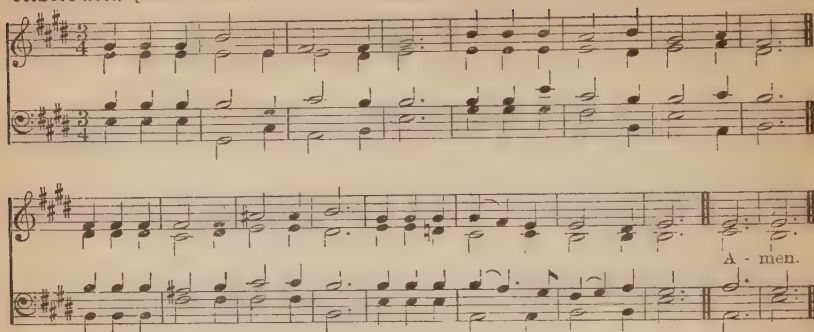
- mf* 1 MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.
- p* 2 Before the cross of Him who died
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.
- mf* 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.
- 4 Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges.

Wabitburn. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

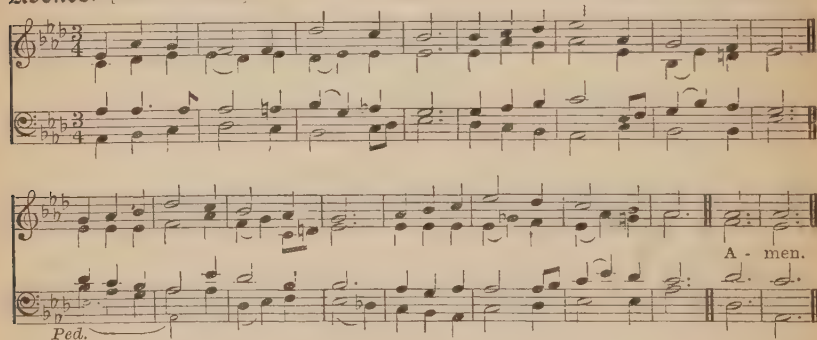
H. BAKER.



Abends. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

HERBERT OAKELEY.



493 *Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.—HEB. xii. 1, 2.*

f 1 **F**IGHT the good fight with all thy might;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right.
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its path before us lies;
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside; upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide,—
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

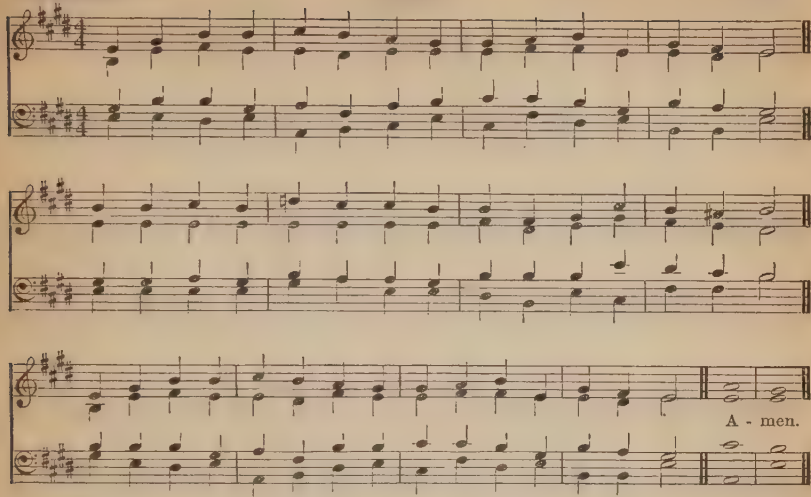
4 Faint not, nor fear; His arm is near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Mannheim.

87.87.47.

German.



494

If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself.—MATT. xvi. 24.

mp 1 **H**AST Thou said, exalted Jesus,
 'Take thy cross and follow Me'?
 Shall the word with terror seize us?
 Shall we from the burden flee?
or Lord, I'll take it,
 And, rejoicing, follow Thee.

2 Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
 Saviour, of Thy love for me:
 Sweeter still the love that binds me
 In its deathless bonds to Thee:
 O what pleasure,
 Buried with my Lord to be.

3 Fellowship with Him possessing,
 Let me die to all around,
 So I rise to enjoy the blessing,
 Kept for those in Jesus found
 When the archangel
 Wakes the sleepers under ground.

f 4 Then, baptized in love and glory,
 Lamb of God, Thy praise I'll sing;
 Loudly with the immortal story
 All the harps of heaven shall ring:
 Saints and seraphs
 Sound it loud from every string.

John E. Giles.

Aurelia. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

S. S. WESLEY.

495

Buried with Him in baptism.—COL. II. 12.

mf 1 **A**ROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine open grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of gladness,
To keep Thy blest command :
So Thee in faith we follow,
And trace Thy path of love,
Through the strange, solemn waters
Up to Thy throne above.

p 2 Lord Jesus, we remember
The coldness of Thy tomb,
The silence and the darkness,
The grave-clothes in the gloom :
After Thy cross and passion,
The deep sleep came at last ;
O'er the eternal radiance
The mortal shadow passed.

St. Anselm. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

J. BARNEY.

A - men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

mf 3 But now Thou art arisen ;
 Thy travail all is o'er ;
 Once Thou for sin hast suffered,
cr And Thou wilt die no more :
 Crowned with immortal honour,
 Because of that dark bed,
 Give us to share Thy triumph,
 Thou first-born from the dead !

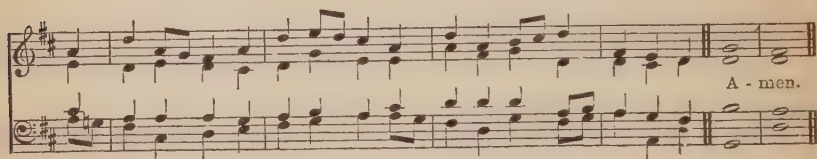
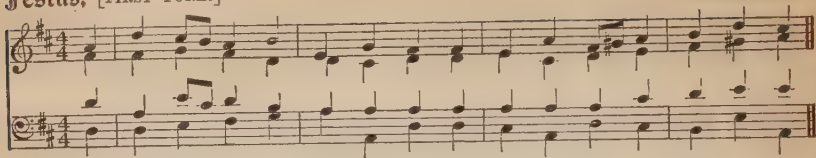
4 Into Thy death baptized,
 O let us with Thee die :
 And clothe us with Thy risen life,
 And wholly sanctify :
cr So, freed from the old nature,
 And ransomed by Thy blood,
 May we pass on to glory,
 Alive with Thee to God.

James G. Deck.

Festus. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

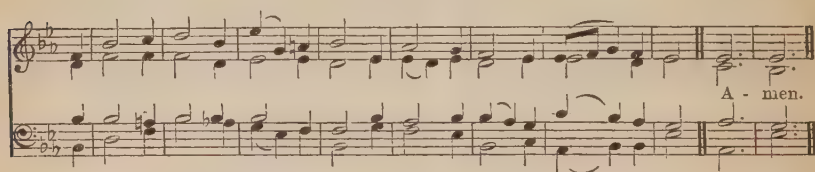
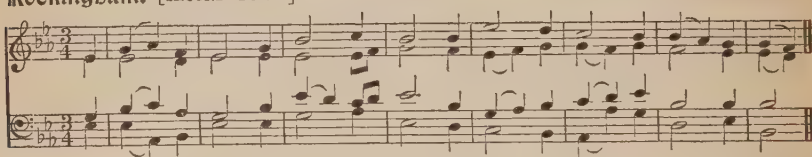
German.



Rockingham. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

E. MILLER.



496

Ashamed of Me.—MARK viii. 38.

mf 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
p No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

mf 5 Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

cr 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
f And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg.

Melcombe. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

S. WEBBE.

497 *He went on his way rejoicing.—*
ACTS viii. 39.

1.

f O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2.

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3.

'Tis done ! the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
dim Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

*P. Doddridge.*498 *They first gave their own selves to the*
Lord.—2 COR. viii. 5.

1.

G LORY to God, whose Spirit draws
Fresh soldiers to the Saviour's cause,
Who thus, baptized into His name,
His goodness and their faith proclaim.

2.

For these now added to the host,
Who in their Lord and Saviour boast,
And consecrate to Him their days,
Accept, O God, our grateful praise.

3.

Thus may Thy mighty Spirit draw
All here to love and keep His law ;
Themselves His subjects to declare,
And place themselves beneath His care.

4.

Lead them at once their Lord to own,
To glory in His cross alone ;
And then, baptized, His truth to teach,
His love to share, His heaven to reach.

Baptist W. Noel.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Faber. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7., eight lines.

S. ALCOCK.

499

We have left all, and have followed Thee.—MARK X. 28.

- mp* 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be:
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought or hoped or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition!
 God and heaven are still mine own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me;
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
 Show Thy face and all is bright.

St. Hilda. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7., eight lines.

J. BARNBY.

A - men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me!
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

4 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care:
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
 What a Father's smile is thine,
 What a Saviour died to win thee:
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

cr 5 Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
cr Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
f Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

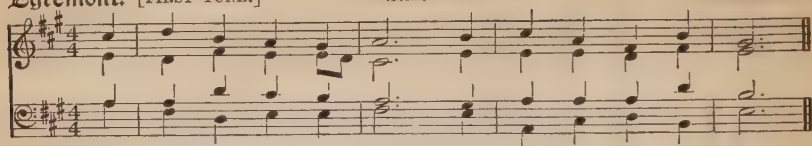
H. F. Lyte.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Egremont. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

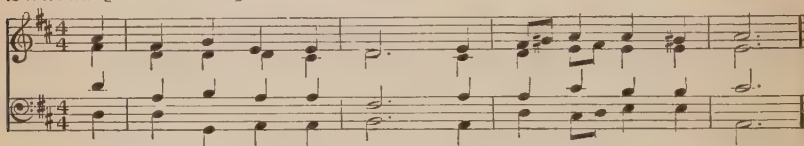
J. LANGRAN.



Swabia. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

German.



500 Buried with Him in baptism, wherein
also ye are risen with Him.—COL. ii. 12.

- 1 **D**EAR Master, in Thy way
Our willing feet shall tread;
What joy Thy mandate to obey,—
Our great and glorious Head!
- 2 Thy all-abounding grace
Has banished sin and night;
And in the glory of Thy face
We see the eternal light.
- 3 By Thy direction led,
With gladness we confess
That we to sin's dark power are dead,
And risen to righteousness.
- 4 The closing waters hide
Our former world, and we,
Seeking through death our Saviour's side,
Rejoice to die with Thee.
- 5 And as we rise again,
Be this confession given,
That we have risen with Christ to reign,—
The Lord of earth and heaven.
- 6 So would we die to live,
And live no more to die;
Our risen lives, O Christ, receive,
And seal them in the sky.

J. Thomas.

501 And now, why tarriest thou? Arise,
and be baptized, and wash away thy
sins, calling on the name of the Lord.—
ACTS xxii. 16.

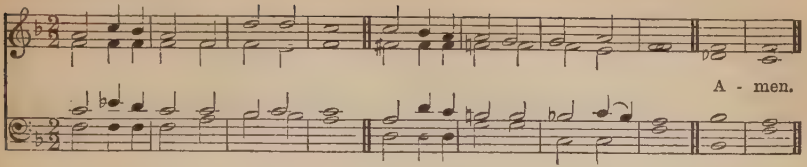
- mf* 1 **S**TAND, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's name.
- 2 Arise and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away:
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avowed to-day.
- 3 No more thine own, but Christ's,—
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled,—
- f* 4 In God's whole armour strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.
- 5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet!

E. H. Bickersteth.

Frant. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.

FRED. GOSTELOW.



Cartmel. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.

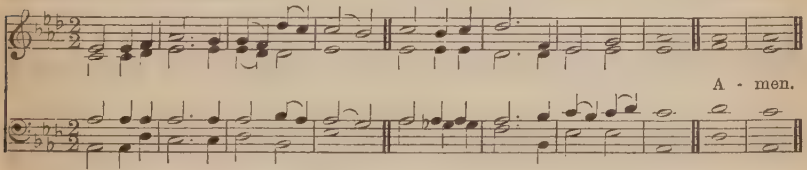
J. LANGRAN.



Hunsdon. [THIRD TUNE.]

8.8.

C. E. SMITH.



During the Administration.

502

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.—COL. iii. 1.

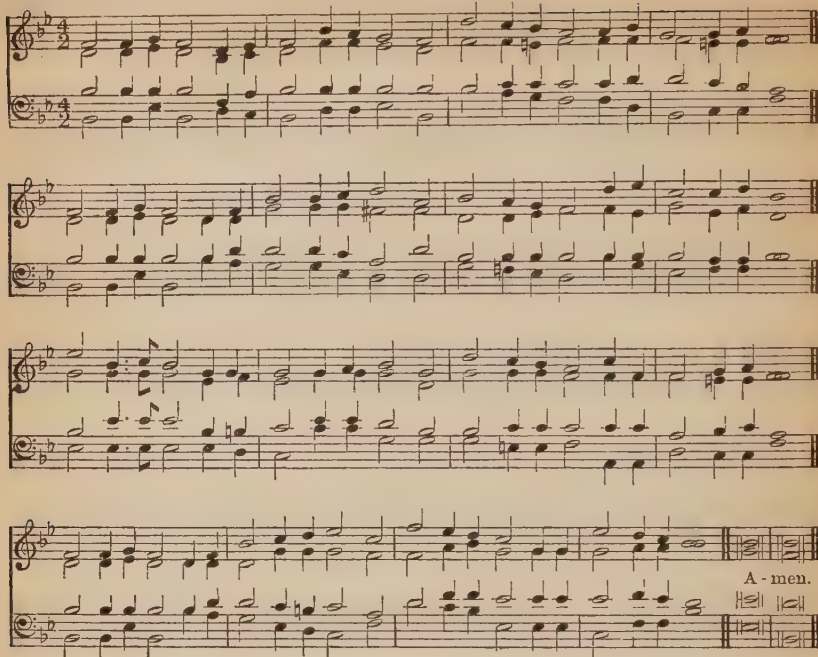
- 1 **B**URIED with Christ! Our glad hearts say,
Come see the place where once He lay.
- 2 Risen with Him! Allured by Love,
Henceforth we seek the things above.
- 3 Walking with Him! A life how blest,
Strengthened with might, girt round with rest!
- 4 In Him abiding! Living Vine,
We too would bear the fruit divine.
- 5 For Him enduring! Pain and loss
Are but the shadow of His cross.
- 6 By Him victorious! Smile or frown,
We march right onward to a crown.

W. W. Sidey.

True-hearted.

11.10.11.10. (with refrain).

J. BOOTH.



503

Caleb . . . wholly followed the Lord God of Israel.—JOSH. xiv. 14.

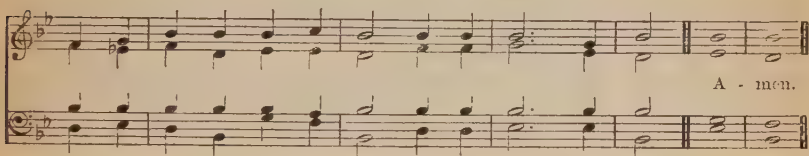
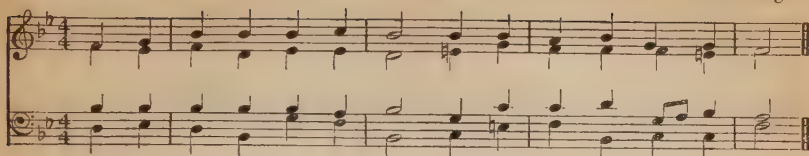
- f* 1 **T**RUE HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
 King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be :
 Under Thy standard exalted and royal,
 Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee.
 Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,
 Song of our spirits rejoicing and free :
 'True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
 King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be !'
- 2 True-hearted, whole-hearted ! fullest allegiance
 Yielding henceforth to our glorious King,
 Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
 Freely and joyously now would we bring.
 Peal out the watchword, and silence it never, etc.
- mp* 3 True-hearted ! Saviour, Thou knowest our story ;
 Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
 Sinful and treacherous, yet, for Thy glory,
 Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.
f Peal out the watchword, and silence it never, etc.
- 4 Whole-hearted ! Saviour, beloved and glorious,
 Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone
 Over our wills and affections victorious,
 Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.
 Peal out the watchword, and silence it never, etc.

Frances R. Havergal.

Ambrose.

7.7.7.5.

Plain-Song.



504

And immediately the Spirit driveth Him into the wilderness.—MARK i. 12.

mp 1 **T**HOU, whose great baptismal hour,
 Glorious with the Spirit's dower,
 Soon was gloomed by Satan's power,
 In Thy mercy hear!

mf 2 By Thy triumph, then assured,
 Keep Thy servants, Lord, secured
 When by keen temptation lured:
 In Thy mercy hear!

3 Be their wisdom day by day;
 Hold them, lest their footsteps stray
 From Thy high and holy way:
 In Thy mercy hear!

4 May their will with Thine agree;
 Ever may they faithful be
 To their sacred vows and Thee:
 In Thy mercy hear!

5 So that all may clearly read,
 In their daily word and deed,
 Faith's confession, love's pure creed:
 In Thy mercy hear!

dim 6 When from earth they pass away,
cr Lord, confess them then, we pray,
 Thine through heaven's eternal day:
 In Thy mercy hear!

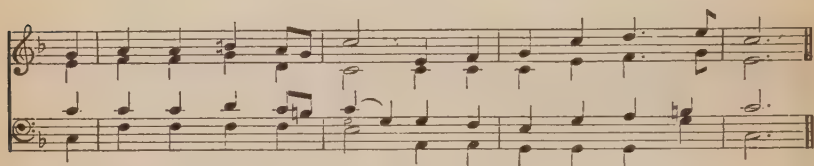
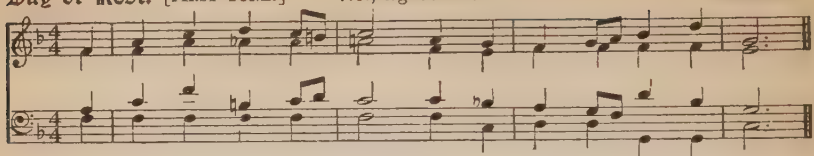
G. T. Coster.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Day of Rest. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



505

These . . . follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth —REV. xiv. 4.

mf 1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and My Friend :
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me :
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear ;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

Jesu, Magister Bone. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

J. B. DYKES.

A - men.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
 In accents clear and still,
 Above the storms of passion,
 The murmurs of self-will;
 O speak to reassure me,
 To hasten or control;
 O speak, and make me listen,
 Thou Guardian of my soul.

f 4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised,
 To all who follow Thee,
 That where Thou art in glory
 There shall Thy servant be;
p And, Jesus, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end;
cr O give me grace to follow,
 My Master and my Friend.

mf 5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
 And in them plant mine own;
 My hope to follow duly
 Is in Thy strength alone:
cr O guide me, call me, draw me,
 Uphold me to the end;
 And then in heaven receive me,
 My Saviour and my Friend!

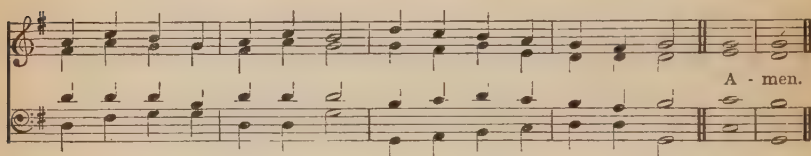
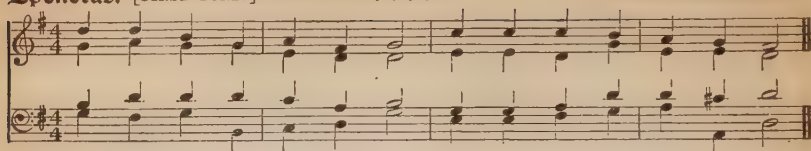
J. E. Bode.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Epenetus. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

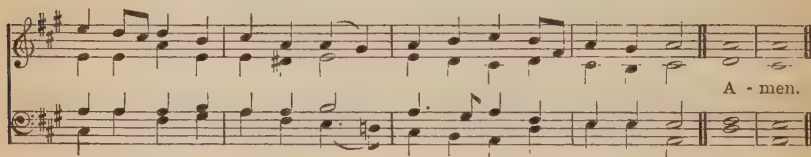
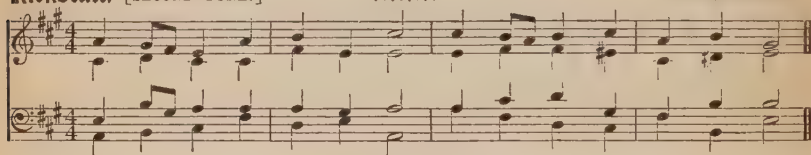
H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Kickstall. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

F. W. HIRD.



(3) ITS ORDINANCES.—THE LORD'S SUPPER.

(See also Section IV. (4) 'The Death of Christ.')

506

Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us.—TIT. ii. 14.

f 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each tuneful string;
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

W. Langford.

Troy.

7s., eight lines.

HENRY SMART.

A - men.

507 *And when the hour was come, He sat down, and the twelve apostles with Him.—*
LUKE xxii. 14.

p 1 **W**HEN the Paschal evening fell
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
When around the festal board
Sat the apostles with their Lord,
Then His parting word He said,
Blessed the cup and brake the bread—
'This whene'er ye do or see,
Evermore remember Me.'

2 Years have passed : in every clime,
Changing with the changing time,
Varying through a thousand forms,
Torn by factions, rocked by storms,
Still the sacred table spread,
Flowing cup and broken bread,
With that parting word agree,
'Drink and eat ; remember Me.'

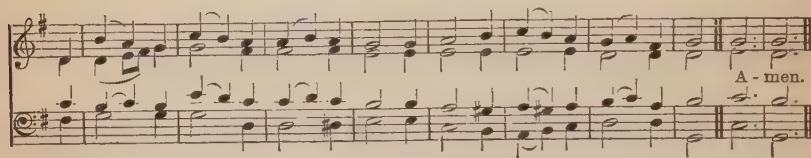
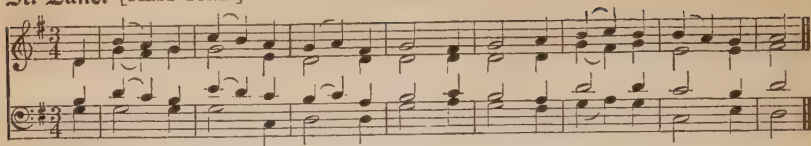
3 When by treason, doubt, unrest,
Sinks the soul, dismayed, oppressed ;
When the shadows of the tomb
Close us round with deepening gloom ;
Then bethink us at that board
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
Who, when tried and grieved as we,
Dying, said, 'Remember Me.'

4 When in this thanksgiving feast
We would give to God our best,
From the treasures of His might
Seeking life and love and light ;
Then, O Friend of human kind,
Make us true and firm of mind,
Pure of heart, in spirit free :
Thus may we remember Thee.

A. P. Stanley.

St. Luke. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.



31kley. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



508 *He is risen.*—MATT. xxviii. 6.

1 **A**ROUND a table, not a tomb,
He willed our gathering-place to be;
When, going to prepare our home,
Our Saviour said—'Remember Me.'

2 We kneel around no sculptured stone,
Marking the place where Jesus lay;
Empty the tomb, the angels gone,
The stone for ever rolled away.

3 Nay, sculptured stones are for the dead;
Thy three dark days of death are o'er;
Thou art the Life, our living Head,
Our living Light for evermore!

4 Of no fond relics, sadly dear,
O Master! are Thine own possessed;
The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear,
The purple robe, the seamless vest.

5 Nay, relics are for those who mourn
The memory of an absent friend;
Not absent Thou, nor we forlorn;—
'With you each day until the end!'

6 Thus round Thy table, not Thy tomb,
We keep Thy sacred feast with Thee;
Until within the Father's home
Our endless gathering-place shall be.
Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.

509 *The table of the Lord.*—MAL. i. 12.

1 **M**Y God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Why are these emblems still in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's-bread?

3 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

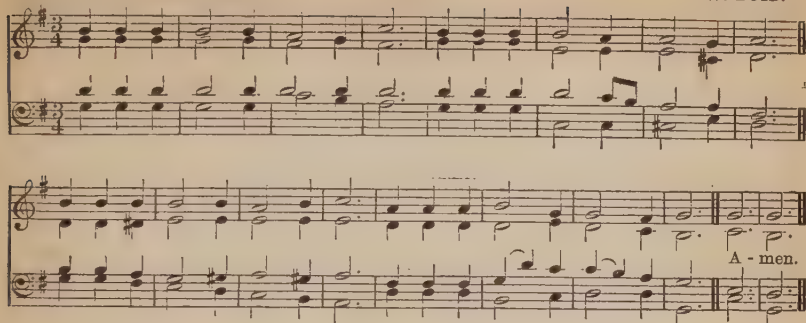
4 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's grace alone can give.

P. Doddridge.

Pentecost. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

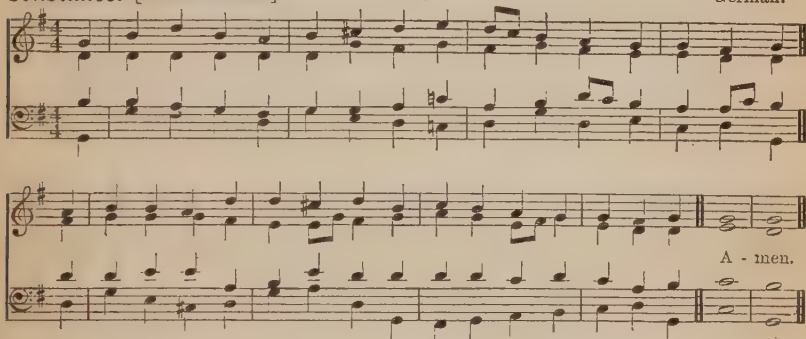
W. BOYD.



Constance. [FOURTH TUNE.]

L.M.

German.



510 *We would see Jesus.*—JOHN xii. 21.

- 1 **L**ORD, in this blest and hallowed hour
Reveal Thy presence and Thy power;
Show to my faith Thy hands and side,
My Lord and God, the Crucified.
- 2 Fain would I find a calm retreat
From vain distractions near Thy feet;
And, borne above all earthly care,
Be joyful in Thy house of prayer.
- 3 Or let me through the opening skies
Catch one bright glimpse of Paradise;
And realise, with raptured awe,
The vision dying Stephen saw.
- 4 But if unworthy of such joy,
Still shall Thy love my heart employ;
For of Thy favoured children's fare
'Twere bliss the very crumbs to share.
- 5 Yet never can my soul be fed
With less than Thee, the living Bread;
Thyself unto my soul impart,
And with Thy presence fill my heart.

Josiah Conder.

511 *They shall enter into the King's palace.*—Ps. xlv. 15.

- f1 **J**ESUS, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first received Thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,—
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing Thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.
- 5 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day;
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
His Father's glory all His own.

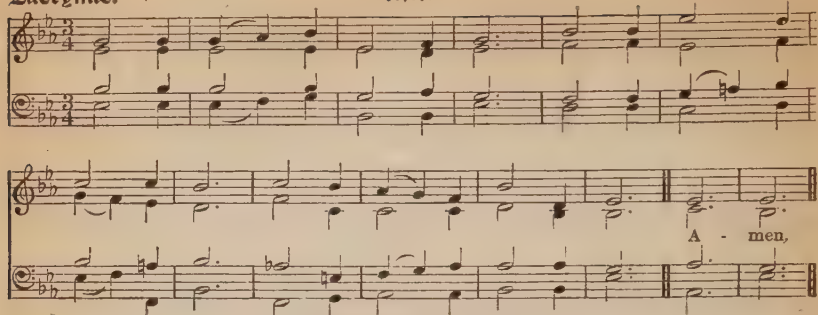
I. Watts.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Lacrymæ.

7.7.7.

A. SULLIVAN.



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512

And in the evening He cometh with the twelve.—MARK xiv. 17.

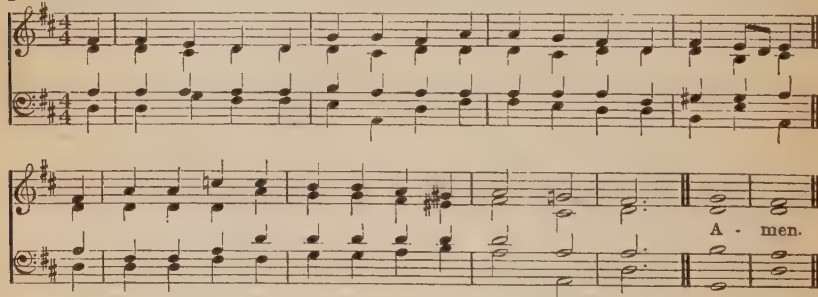
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p><i>mf</i> 1 JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.</p> <p>2 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.</p> <p>3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
<i>cr</i> Turn our sadness into praise.</p> | <p><i>p</i> 4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.</p> <p>5 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Grant us, Lamb of God, Thy peace.</p> <p>6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
<i>cr</i> Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land.</p> |
|---|--|

R. H. Baynes.

In Memoriam.

8.8.8.4.

F. C. MAKER.



513

Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.—1 COR. xi. 26.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>mp</i> 1 BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come.</p> <p>2 His body broken in our stead
Is seen, in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.</p> <p>3 The drops of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.</p> | <p>4 And thus that dark betrayal-night
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come.</p> <p><i>cr</i> 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
<i>f</i> And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 6 O blessed hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
<i>cr</i> But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.</p> |
|---|---|

G. Rawson.

Mannheim.

87.87.47.

German.

514

It is finished.—JOHN xix. 30.

mf 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky:
 'It is finished!'
 Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 'It is finished!'—O what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford;
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
 'It is finished!'
 Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished, all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law;
 Finished, all that God had promised;
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
 'It is finished!'
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

f 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the glorious theme;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

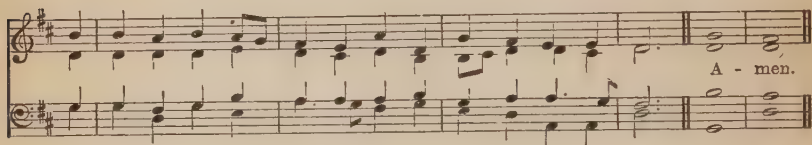
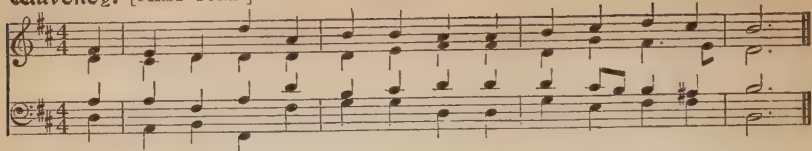
Jonathan Evans.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Waveney. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

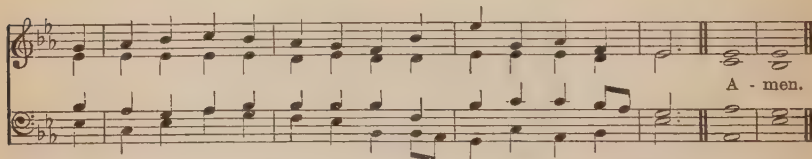
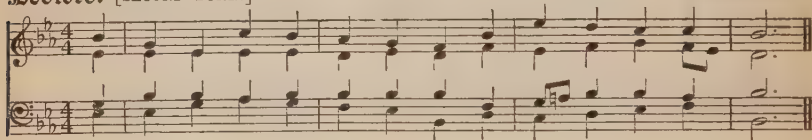
R. REDHEAD.



Bedford. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

W. WHEALE.



515 *The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—EPH. iii. 19.*

mp 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son ;
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2 He sank beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to His throne ;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.

3 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great ;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets His saints forget.

4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record ;
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

I. Watts.

516 *Not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.—JOHN xiii. 9.*

p 1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;
Wash me, and mine Thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

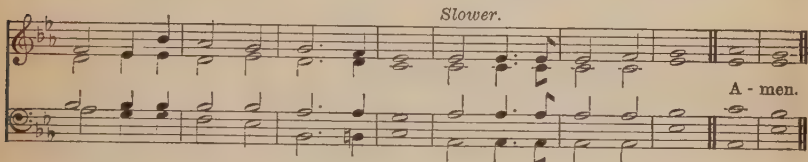
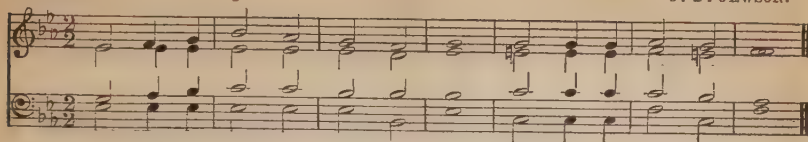
cr 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
mf Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

C. Wesley.

Berton. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

J. P. JEWSON.



Kendal. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



517 *Compel them to come in.*—LUKE xiv. 23.

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
Where everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.
- 2 While every heart and every tongue
Join to admire the feast,
We each exclaim with thankful song,
Lord, why was I a guest?
- 3 Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

I. Watts.

518 *Abide with us, for . . . the day is far spent.*—LUKE xxiv. 29.

- 1 **O** JESUS Christ, the Holy One,
I long to be with Thee;
O Jesus Christ, the lowly One,
Come and abide with me.
- 2 Now, while the symbols of Thy love
Before Thy saints are set,
And Thou, descending from above,
Their yearning hearts hast met,
- 3 Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power
This lonely heart of mine,
And feed me in this solemn hour
With Thine own bread and wine.
- 4 My meat indeed, my drink indeed,
Art Thou, my gracious Lord:
Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
On this Thy precious word;
- 5 Till nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
My glad and thankful heart
Forgets the things Thou hast denied,
In those Thou dost impart.

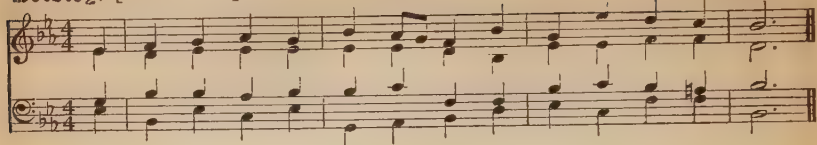
Mrs. Saxby.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Horsley. [FIRST TUNE.]

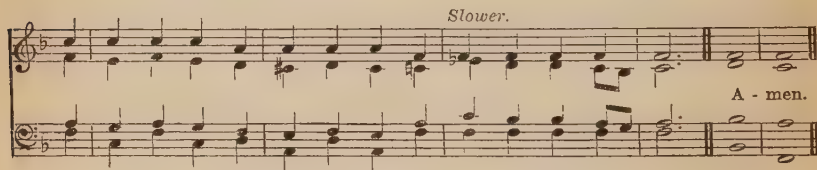
C.M.

W. HORSLEY.



St. John, Westminster. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M.

JAMES TURLE.



519

This do in remembrance of Me.—LUKE xxii. 19.

p 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
The testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee,—

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

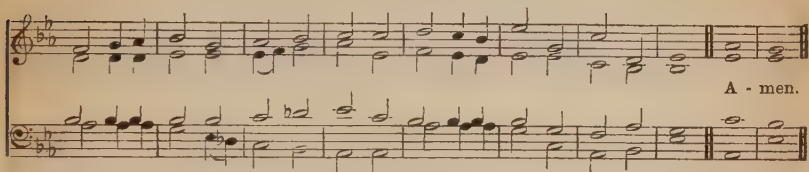
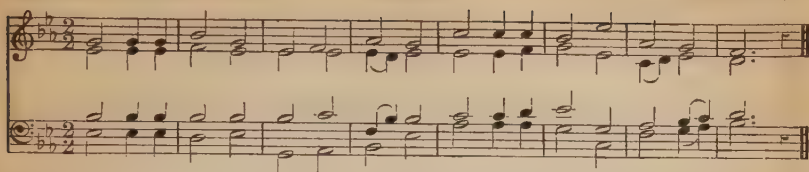
James Montgomery.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Sacrament. [FIRST TUNE.]

9.8.9.8.

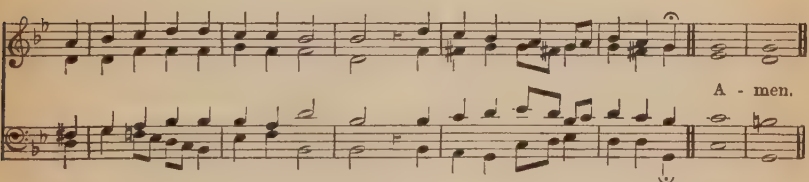
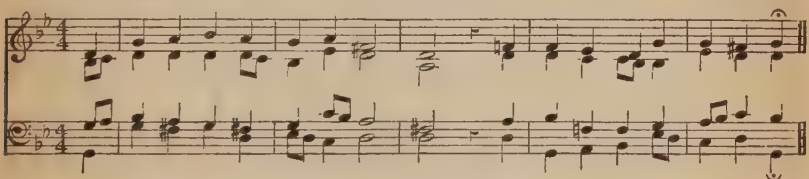
E. J. HOPKINS.



Werner. [SECOND TUNE.]

9.8.9.8.

German.



520

The bread of God is He . . . which giveth life unto the world.—JOHN vi. 33.

2 1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead,

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

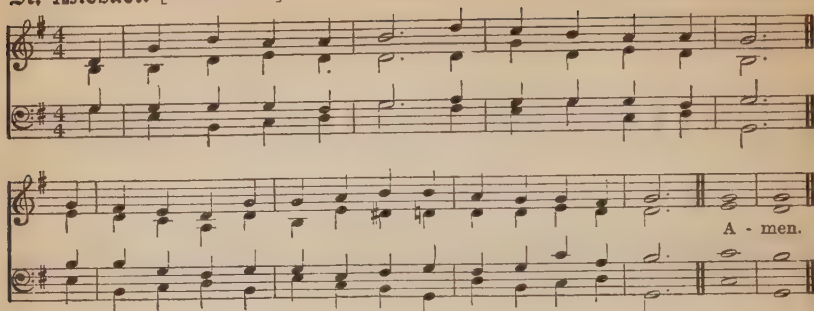
R. Heber.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

St. Michael. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

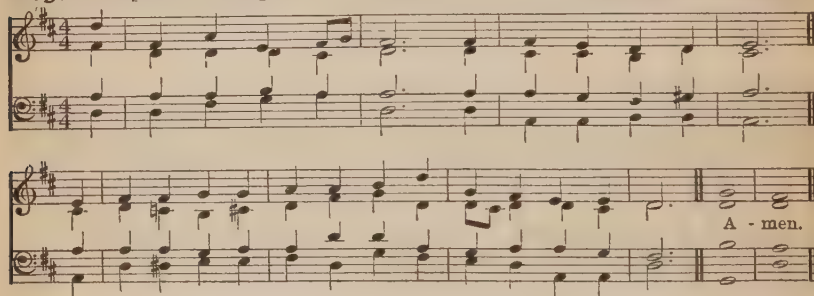
ESTE'S PSALTER.



Edgerton. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

LUTHER T. WHARMBY.



521 *The disciples came together to break bread.—ACTS xx. 7.*

- 1 JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet our Lord.
- 2 Our hearts we open wide
To make the Saviour room;
And lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The sinner's Friend is come.
- 3 Thus we remember Thee,
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.
- 4 Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.
- 5 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

C. Wesley.

522 *This do in remembrance of Me.—1 COR. xi. 24.*

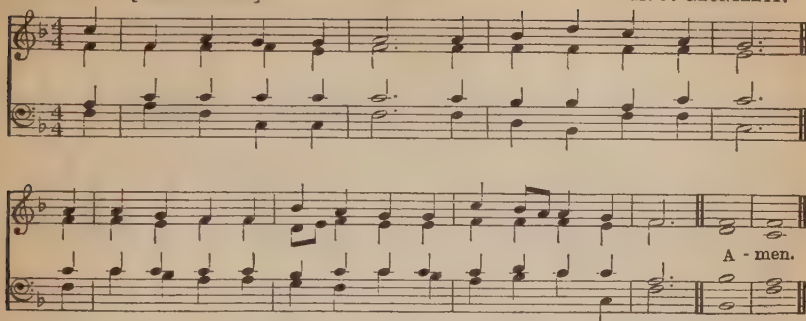
- 1 SWEET feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of Thee.
- 2 Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,
And all Thy grace discern.
- 3 Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the Bread of Life,
The fulness of Thy love.
- 4 That blood that flowed for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within
That we are loved of Thee.
- 5 O if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet,
- 6 To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!

E. Denny.

Newland. [THIRD TUNE.]

S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



523

Thou preparest a table before me.—PSALM xxiii. 5.

1 NO Gospel like this feast
Spread for Thy Church by Thee ;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

2 All our redemption cost,
All our redemption won ;
All it has won for us, the lost,
All it cost Thee, the Son.

3 Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift given ;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.

4 For Thee the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
The broken heart, the pierced side ;
To us the Bread of Life.

5 Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height ;
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight ;

6 From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose
Thy love prepares with God ;

7 Till, from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee !

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Sbaron. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

W. BOYCE.

Juxta Crucem. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7., eight lines.

J. BARNBY.

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524 Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much.—LUKE vii. 47.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from His languid eye.

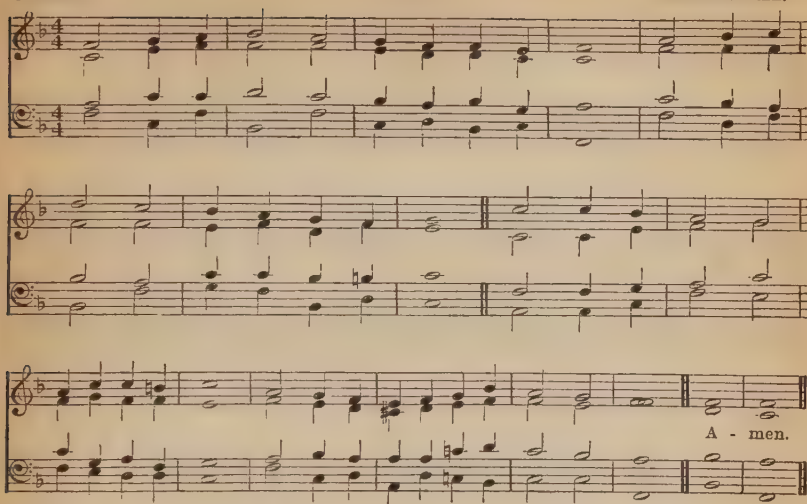
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze:
Love I much! I've more forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His blood each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

James Allen and Walter Shirley.

Toulon.

10.10.10.10.

C. GOUDIMEL.



525

Jesus came and stood in the midst.—JOHN XX. 19.

PART I.

- 1 **H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my helplessness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song ;
This is the heavenly table spread for me ;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

PART II.

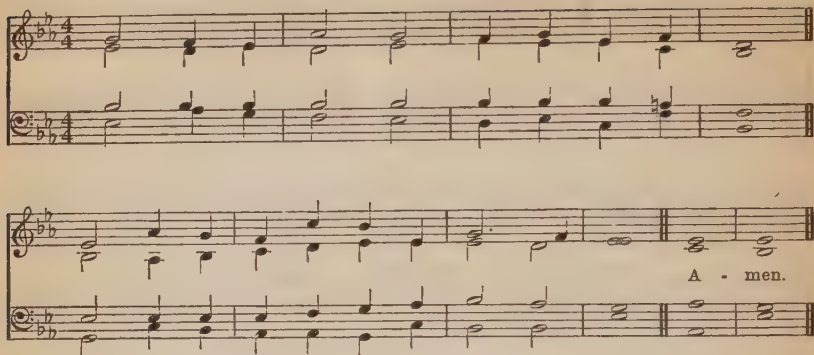
- 4 Too soon we rise : the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone ;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever ; still my Shield and Sun.
- 5 I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.
- 6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

H. Bonar.

Coena Domini.

10.10.

A. SULLIVAN.



526

They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.—ACTS iv. 13.

1.
O CHRIST, our God, who with Thine own hast been,
Our spirits cleave to Thee, the Friend unseen.

2.
Vouchsafe that all who on Thy bounty feed
May heed Thy love, and prize Thy gifts indeed.

3.
Make every heart that is Thy dwelling-place
A watered garden filled with fruits of grace.

4.
Each holy purpose help us to fulfil;
Increase our faith to feed upon Thee still.

5.
Illuminate our minds, that we may see
In all around us holy signs of Thee;

6.
And may such witness in our lives appear,
That all may know Thou hast been with us here.

7.
O grant us peace, that by Thy peace possessed,
Thy life within us we may manifest.

8.
So shall we pass our days in holy fear,
In joyful consciousness that Thou art near.

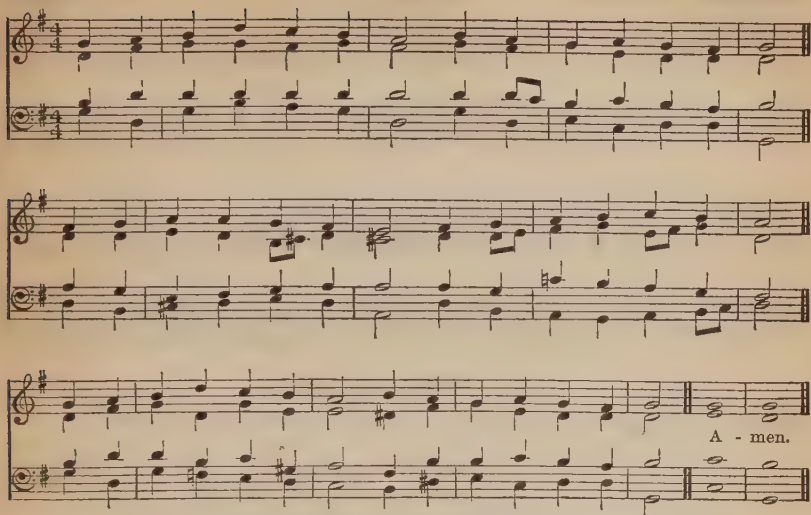
9.
So shalt Thou be for ever, loving Lord,
Our Shield and our exceeding great Reward.

G. H. Bourne.

Cassel.

7s., six lines.

German.



527

Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.—1 COR. xi. 26.

p 1 'TILL He come,' O let the words
 Linger on the trembling chords:
 Let the 'little while' between
 In their golden light be seen;
 Let us think how heaven and home
 Lie beyond that 'Till He come.'

2 When the weary ones we love
 Enter on their rest above,
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 All our life-joy overcast?
 Hush, be every murmur dumb;
 It is only till He come.

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
 Would we have one sorrow less?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is loss,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb
 Only whisper, 'Till He come.'

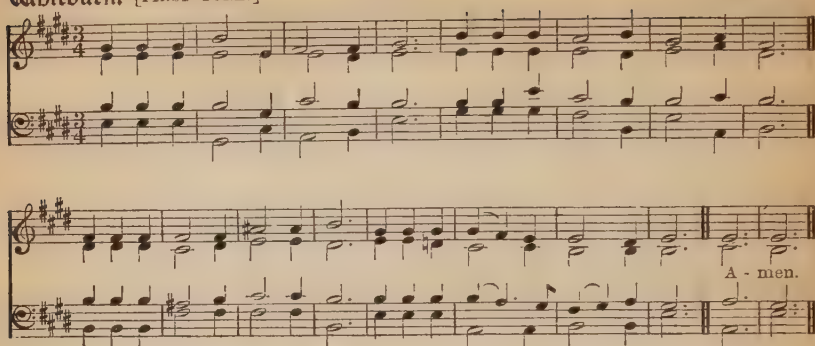
4 See, the feast of love is spread;
 Drink the wine and break the bread;
 Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
 Call us round His heavenly board;
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only till He come.

E. H. Bickersteth.

Whitburn. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

H. BAKER.



Close of Communion Service.

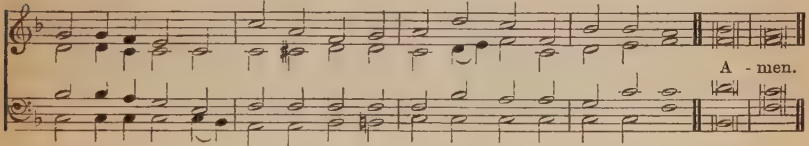
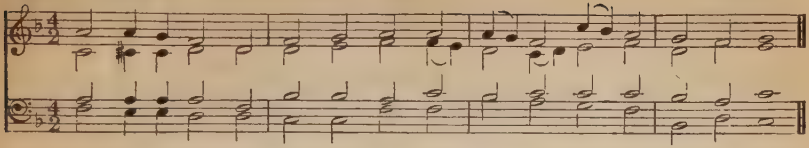
528 *Whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily . . .*
—1 Cor. xi. 27.

- 1 **I**F any to the feast have come
Who were not bidden, Lord, forgive;
They were not of our Father's home,
Yet in Thy mercy let them live.
- 2 If any came in doubt or fear,
O may they carry peace away;
Let heaven to them be calm and clear,
Still brightening to the perfect day.
- 3 And who in Zion mourning were,
O give them songs of praise to Thee;
And who were full of anxious care,
O set them from their burden free.
- 4 All those who never sat before
At this dear table of Thy grace,
O may they love Thee more and more,
And serve Thee in Thy Holy Place.
- 5 And they who ne'er again shall see
The day of our communion dawn,
Prepare them, Lord, to feast with Thee
At tables which are never drawn.
- 6 Forgive us all our wandering thought,
Our little love, our feeble faith;
And may we meet, our battle fought,
Beyond the realms of sin and death.

W. C. Smith.

Where Thou art. [SECOND TUNE.] L.M.

J. STAINER.



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529

Where I am, there shall also My servant be.—JOHN xii. 26.

1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wayward heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

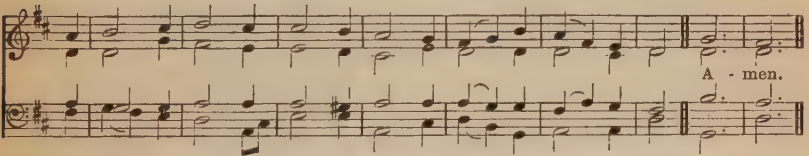
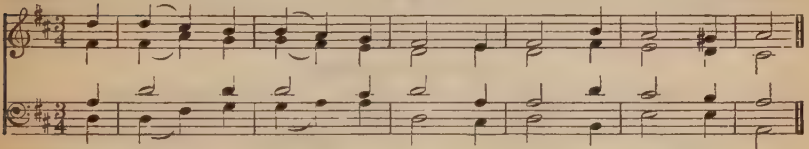
4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, whence none remove;
Then only will this cleansed heart
Reflect the fulness of Thy love.

Charlotte Elliott.

Tuam.

S.M.

W. MASON.



530

Until I drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom.—MATT. xxvi. 29.

mf 1 DEAR Lord, before we part
From Thy sweet earthly feast,
Give us the earnest in our heart
Of Thine eternal rest.

2 Lift up our drooping eyes
To the great banquet there;
And ever for the crowning prize
Our waiting souls prepare.

or 3 So each a glorious seat
Shall in Thy kingdom claim;
And there, in heavenly triumph, eat
The Supper of the Lamb.

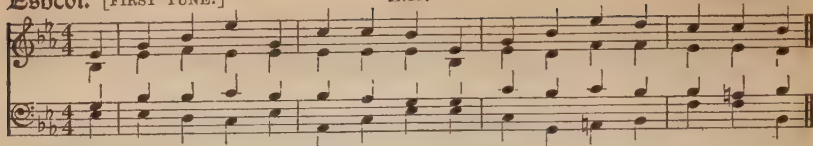
G. Rawson.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Esbcol. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

G. M. GARRETT.

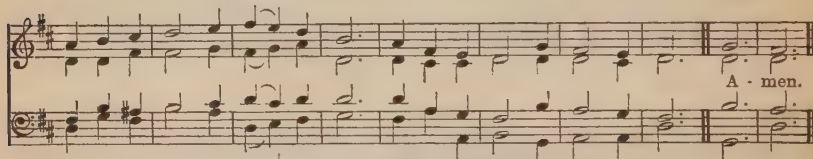
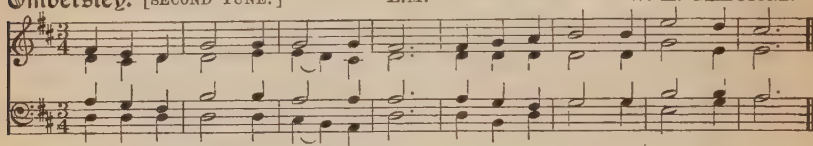


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Ombersley. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

W. H. GLADSTONE.



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(4) ITS MINISTERS.

531 *Strive together with me in your prayers
to God for me.—ROM. xv. 30.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal:
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed,
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

B. Beddome.

532 *Lo, I am with you always.—
MATT. xxviii. 20.*

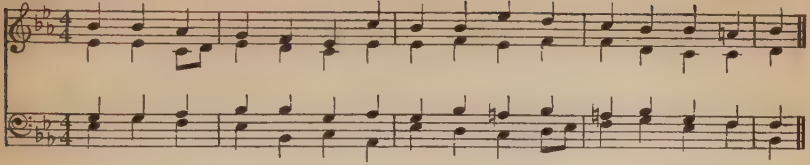
- mp* 1 **H**EAD of the Church and Lord of all,
Hear from Thy throne our suppliant
call:
We come the promised grace to seek,
Of which aforetime Thou didst speak.
- 2 'Lo, I am with you'—that sweet word,
Lord Jesus, meekly be it heard,
And stamped with all-inspiring power
On our weak souls this favoured hour.
- 3 Without Thy presence, King of saints,
Our purpose fails, our spirit faints;
Thou must our wavering faith renew
Ere we can yield Thee service true.
- 4 Thy consecrating might we ask,
Or vain the toil, unblest the task,
And impotent of fruit will be
Love's holiest effort wrought for Thee.
- mf* 5 *cr* 'Lo, I am with you'; even so,
Thy joy our strength, we fearless go:
And praise shall crown the suppliant's
call,
Head of the Church, and Lord of all!

Joseph Tritton.

Melcombe. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

S. WEBBE.



533

Brethren, pray for us.—1 THESS. v. 25.

mf 1 **S**PIRIT of Christ, Thy grace be given
To those who lead Thine host, that they
With might may wield the sword of heaven,
And feel Thee on their weary way.

2 Oft as at morn or soothing eve
Over the holy fount they lean,
Their fading garland freshly weave,
Or fan them with Thine airs serene.

3 Spirit of light and truth ! to Thee
We trust them in that musing hour,
cr Till they, with open heart and free,
Teach all Thy word in all its power.

mf 4 When foemen watch their tents by night,
And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,
Spirit of counsel and of might,
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.

5 And O when worn and tired they sigh
With that more fearful war within,
When passion's storms are loud and high,
And, brooding o'er remembered sin,

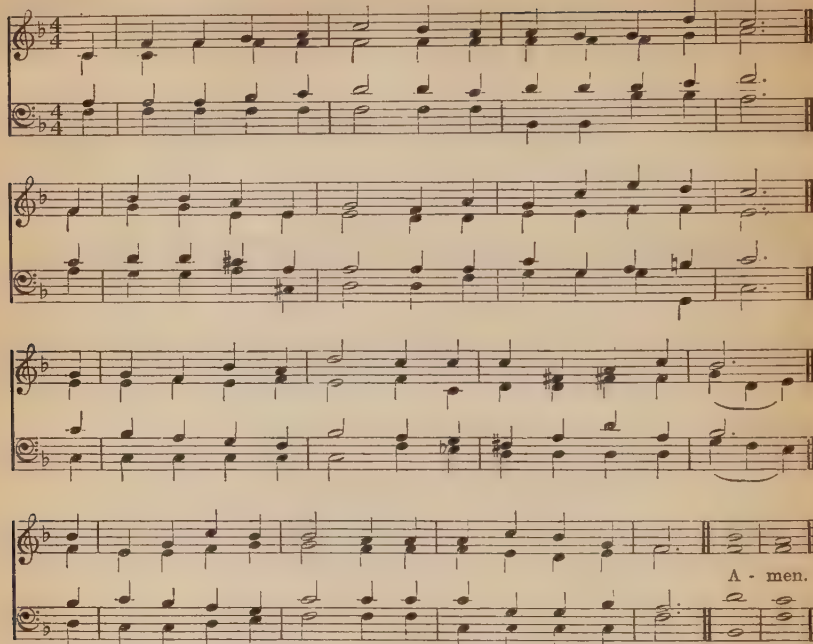
6 The heart dies down,—O Mightiest then,
Come ever true, come ever near,
And wake their slumbering love again,
Spirit of God's most holy fear !

J. Keble.

Lotbrian.

7.6., eight lines.

E. BUNNETT.



(By permission of the Composer.)

534

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings !—ISA. lli. 7.

1 THE light that morning bringeth

Is fair to watching eyes,
The ray that evening flingeth
In softened glory lies ;
But, richer beauty wearing,
We hail, as yet more dear,
His step who cometh, bringing
Glad tidings to our ear,—

2 Glad tidings of the treasures
In Thee, O Saviour, found,
The river of Thy pleasures,
Thy guarded pasture-ground :
Of shade our Rock is spreading
For fainting souls to seek,
Of dew Thy love is shedding,
Thy servant's lips will speak ;

3 And of a brighter morrow
Within our Father's home,
A life where pain and sorrow
And sighing cannot come :

And dear ones, sadly straying
In paths of sin and woe,
Through him Thy voice obeying,
Home to Thy fold shall go.

4 And back in service tender,
In fervent love and prayer,
Our grateful hearts shall render
The blessing of his care.
O be Thy presence ever
Around his spirit thrown !
Sustain each high endeavour,
Each faithful effort own.

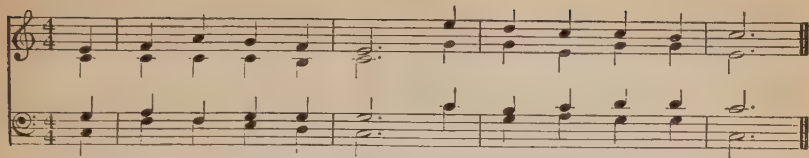
5 Be near in hours of sadness,
To cheer 'midst earth's annoy ;
Be near in hours of gladness,
To hallow every joy.
And Lord, at Thine appearing,
May we with him arise,
Thy heavenly likeness wearing,
To meet Thee in the skies.

Caroline Dent.

St. George.

S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



535

Blessed are your eyes, for they see.—MATT. xiii. 16.

- f* 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill,
 Who bring salvation on their tongue,
 And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
 How sweet the tidings are!—
 'Zion, behold thy Saviour-King;
 He reigns and triumphs here.'
- 3 How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessèd are our eyes
 That see this heavenly light!
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
 Through all the earth abroad:
 Let every nation now behold
 Its Saviour and its God.

I. Watts.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Filius Dei.

C.M. D.

A. R. GAUL.

536

And after the fire a still small voice.—1 KINGS XIX. 12.

mf 1 NOT always as the whirlwind's rush
 On Horeb's mount of fear,
 Not always as the burning bush
 To Midian's shepherd seer,
 Nor as the awful voice which came
 To Israel's prophet bards,
 Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
 Nor gift of fearful words,—

2 Not always thus, with outward sign
 Of fire or voice from heaven,
 The message of a truth divine,
 The call of God is given ;
 Awaking in the human heart
 Love for the true and right,
 Zeal for the Christian's better part,
 Strength for the Christian's fight.

p 3 For gently, by a thousand things
 Which o'er our spirits pass,
 Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
 Or vapours o'er a glass,
 Leaving their token strange and new
 Of music or of shade,
 The summons to the right and true
 And merciful is made.

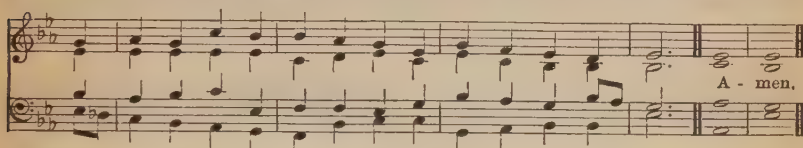
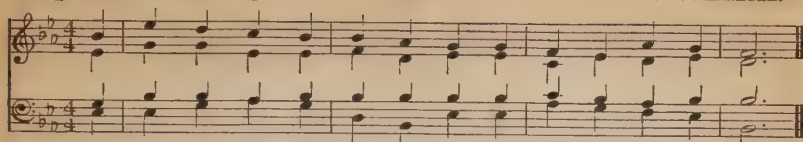
4 Though heralded with nought of fear,
 Or outward sign or show,
 Though only to the inward ear
 It whispers soft and low ;
 Though dropping, as the manna fell,
 Unseen, yet from above,
 Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well,—
 Thy Father's call of love !

J. G. Whittier.

St. Peter. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

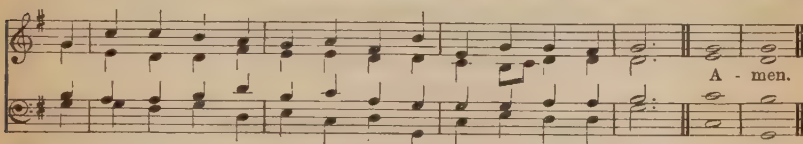
A. R. REINAGLE.



Farrant. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

R. FARRANT.



For Ministers' Meetings.

537 *I have therefore whereof I may glory
through Jesus Christ.—ROM. xv. 17.*

1 **W**E thank Thee, Lord, for using us
For Thee to work and speak;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak.

2 We thank Thee, Lord, that some true
rays
Of Thine from us have shone
Into a world so dark as ours,
However faint and wan.

3 We bless Thee for each seed of truth
That we through Thee have sowed
Upon this waste and barren earth,—
The living seed of God.

4 For those to whom through us Thou
hast
Some heavenly guidance given;
For some, it may be, saved from death,
And some brought nearer heaven.

5 For every note of Christian song,
However poorly sung;
For lips that sought to speak but truth,
And for a willing tongue.

H. Bonar.

538 *Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord.
—ISA. xliii. 10.*

1 **W**E thank Thee, gracious God, for all
Of witness there hath been
From us, in any path of life,
Though silent and unseen.

2 For solace ministered perchance
In days of grief and pain;
For peace to troubled, weary souls,
Not spoken all in vain.

3 O honour higher, truer far
Than earthly fame could bring,
Thus to be used, in work like this,
So long, by such a King!

4 Lord, keep us still the same as in
Remembered days of old;
O keep us fervent still in love,
Mid many waxing cold.

5 Help us, O Christ, to grasp each truth
With hand as firm and true
As when we clasped it first to heart,
A treasure fresh and new.

6 Thy Name to name, Thyself to own
With voice unfaltering,
And face as bold and unashamed
As in our Christian spring.

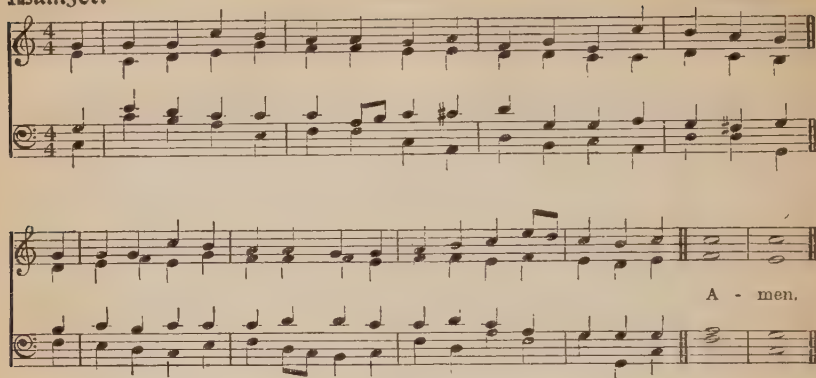
H. Bonar.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Mainzer.

L.M.

J. MAINZER.



Association Meetings.

539

They asked each other of their welfare.—Ex. xviii. 7.

1 FROM distant places of our land,
Behold us, Lord, before Thee stand;
Our hearts engaged to Thee, we raise
United prayer, united praise.

2 Blest be the hand whose guardian power
Has kept us to this present hour;
Blest be the grace that bids us meet
Before Thy throne, in union sweet.

3 Through toils and trials we have come,
And grief has veiled the lot of some;
But now, exulting in Thy care,
We meet each others' joy to share.

4 We meet, O God, that through our land
The churches planted by Thy hand,
From error, weakness, discord free,
May bloom, like gardens blest by Thee.

5 We meet, abroad the news to send
Of Christ, the Lord, the sinner's Friend,
Till to the earth's remotest bound
Has pealed the soul-reviving sound.

6 Smile on us, Lord, and in this place
Display the glory of Thy face;
Here to our gathered tribes be given
A gladdening antepast of heaven.

W. L. Alexander.

Sonar.

S.M. D.

C. STEGGALL.



On the Death of a Minister.

Well done, good and faithful servant.—MATT. xxv. 23.

540

1 **S**ERVANT of God, well done !
 Rest from thy loved employ ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.
 The voice at midnight came ;
 He started up to hear :
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
 He fell, but felt no fear.

2 At midnight came the cry,
 'To meet thy God prepare !'
 He woke, and caught his Captain's eye ;
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,
 His spirit with a bound
 Left its encumbering clay ;
 His tent at sunrise on the ground
 A darkened ruin lay.

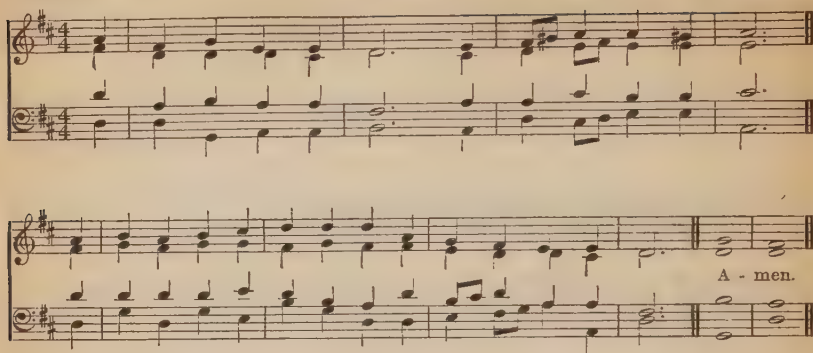
3 The pains of death are past,
 Labour and sorrow cease ;
 And, life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
 Soldier of Christ, well done !
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And, while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery.

Swabia.

S.M.

German.



(5) THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Missionary Hymns.

(See also Section IV. (8) 'Jesus the King'; Section V. 'Work of the Holy Spirit'; and Section VII. (11) 'Christian Service'.)

541

O Lord, revive Thy work.—HAB. iii. 2.

1.

f **R**EVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine Almighty breath.

3.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life
O may our spirits be!

4.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Give Pentecostal showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Albert Midlane.

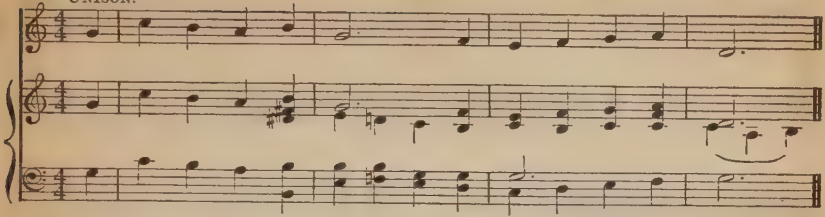
THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

St. Ismael.

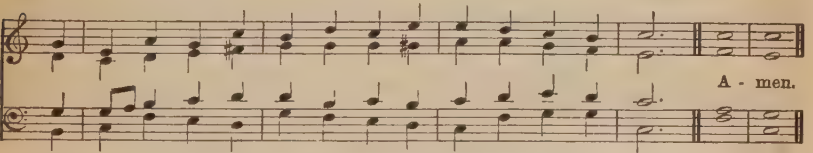
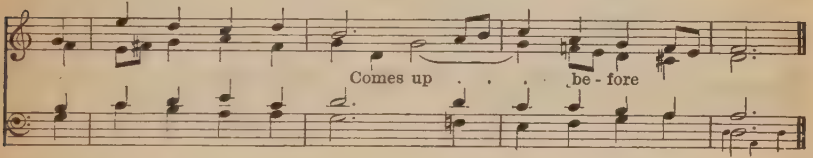
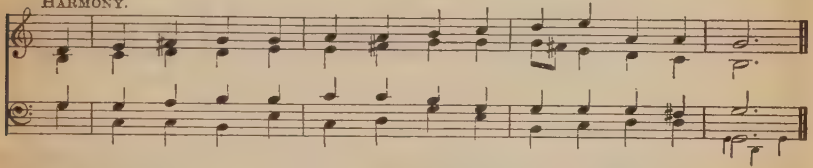
S.M. D.

CHARLES VINCENT.

UNISON.



HARMONY.



542

The church in the wilderness.—ACTS vii. 38.

mf 1 **F**AR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won :
The story of the past
Comes up before her view ;
How well it seems to suit her still,—
Old, and yet ever new !

p 2 'Tis the repeated tale
Of sin and weariness ;
cr Of grace and love still flowing down
To pardon and to bless :
dim No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.

3 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill ;
'Twas tribulation ages since,
'Tis tribulation still :
No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.

cr 4 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good ;
Through pain and poverty and want,
Through peril and through blood :
Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
cr We follow where He leads the way,
The Kingdom in our view.

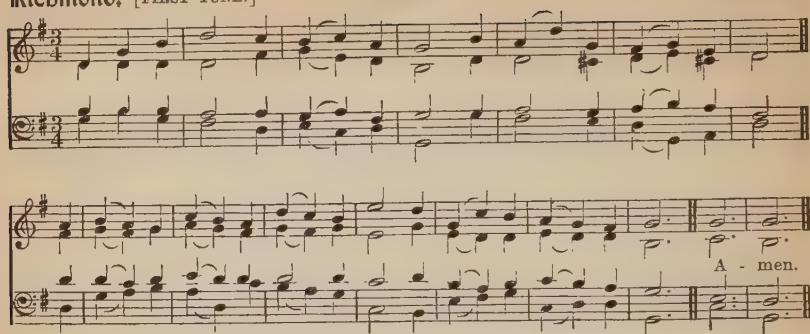
H. Bonar.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Richmond, [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

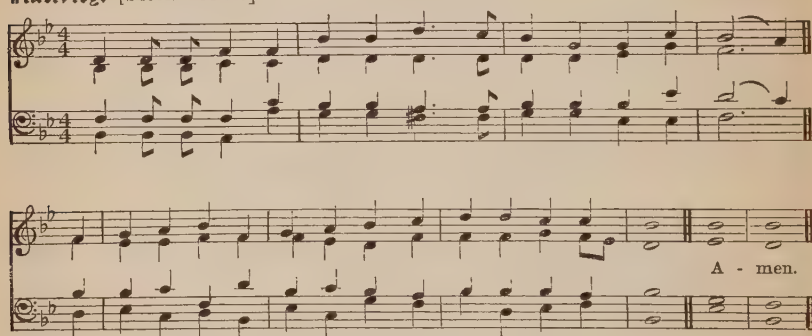
T. HAWES.



Nativity. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

H. LAHEE.



543

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion.—ZECH. ix. 9.

f 1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come;

Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;

Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,

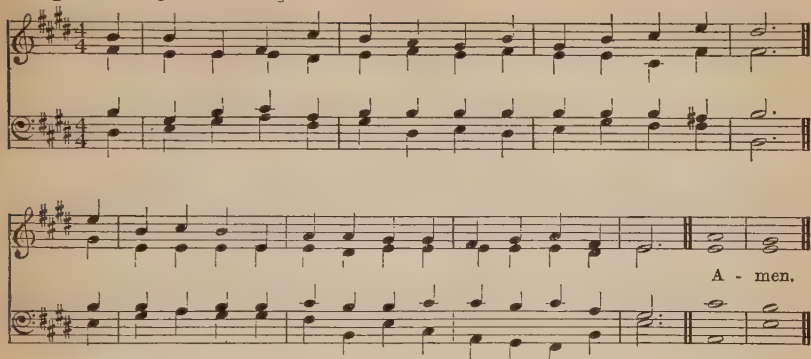
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. Watts.

St. Fulbert. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



544 Behold, I make all things new.—
REV. xxi. 5.

1.

mf SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed :
Creator-Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2.

Give Thou the word ;—that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife ;
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

3.

If sang the morning stars for joy,
When Nature rose to view,
cr What strains will angel-harps employ
When Thou shalt all renew !

4.

And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
cr How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came !

5.

f So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign Love alone.

James Montgomery.

545 There shall come a star out of Jacob.—
NUM. xxiv. 17.

1.

f LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2.

Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

3.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

4.

Jesus, Thy fair creation groans,—
The air, the earth, the sea,—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5.

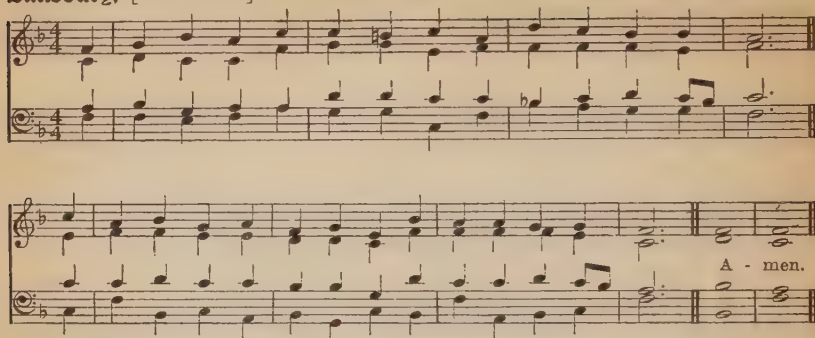
mf Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine ;
f Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

E. Denny.

Salisbury, [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

RAVENS-CROFT'S Psalter.



546 *They that are with Him are called, and chosen, and faithful.—REV. xvii. 14.*

- 1 O GOD of Truth, whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.
- 2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.
- 3 Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the night
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!
- 4 We fight for truth, we fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.
- 5 Then, God of truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.
- 6 Still smite! still burn! till nought is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.
- 7 Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

Thomas Hughes.

547 *That they without us should not be made perfect.—HEB. xi. 40.*

- f 1 O UR God! our God! Thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day:
To us Thy radiant steps appear;
We watch Thy glorious way.
- 2 Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy word.
- 3 Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire?
Doth not He still Thy Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire?
- 4 Come, Holy Ghost, in us arise;
Be this Thy mighty hour,
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power.
- 5 Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong,
On Thy celestial wing;
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.
- 6 He draweth near, He standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears;
Come, King of grace, Thy people cry.
And bring the glorious years.

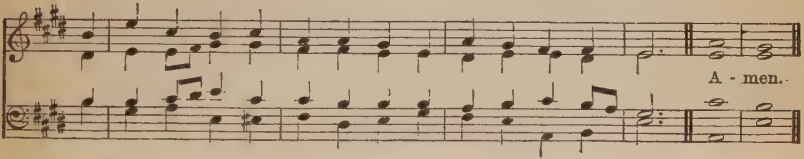
T. H. Gill.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

St. Bernard. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

W. RICHARDSON.



Camden Road. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

A. HUDSON.



548

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.—MATT. ix. 38.

1 **O** STILL in accents clear and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word:
'More reapers for white harvest-fields,
More labourers for the Lord!'

2 We hear the call: in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie;
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labours entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou, whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do Thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

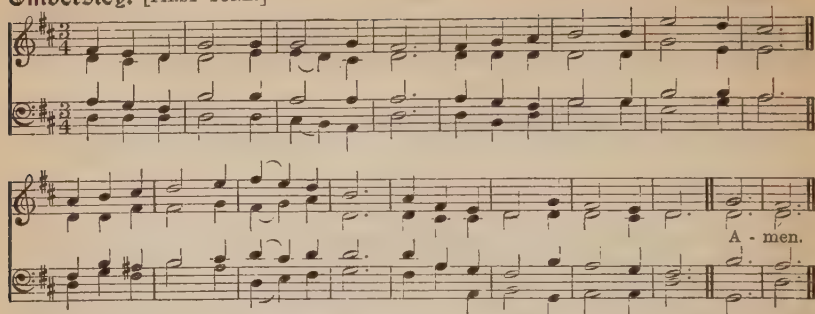
Samuel Longfellow.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Ombersley. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

W. H. GLADSTONE.

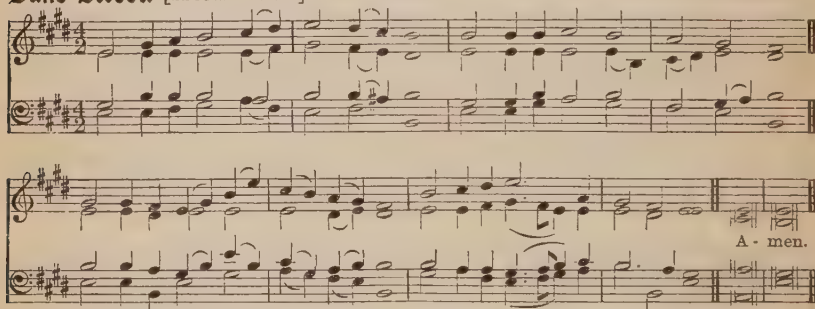


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Duke Street. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. HATTON.



549 *He shall have dominion also from sea to sea.—Ps. lxxii. 8.*

- f* 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- mf* 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- p* 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
dim The weary find eternal rest,
cr And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- f* 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long 'Amen.'

I. Watts.

550 *I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.—JOEL ii. 28.*

- mf* 1 **O** SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with
might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Winchester. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

German.

Wonderous Love. [FOURTH TUNE.]

L.M.

J. STAINER.

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551 *I am a great King, saith the Lord
of Hosts.—MAL. i. 14.*

f 1 **T**HE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring:
'The Lord Omnipotent is King'!

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns:
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the Crucified.

mf 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens
known;
He will present them at the throne;
And angel-bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

p 6 O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
'The Lord Omnipotent is King'!
Josiah Conder.

552 *A light to lighten the Gentiles.—
LUKE ii. 32.*

mf 1 **O** CHRIST, our true and only Light,
Illumine those who sit in night,
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

2 And all who else have strayed from
Thee,
O gently seek! Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
And let them also share Thy heaven.

3 O make the deaf to hear Thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear
Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.

4 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers from Thy fold,
Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

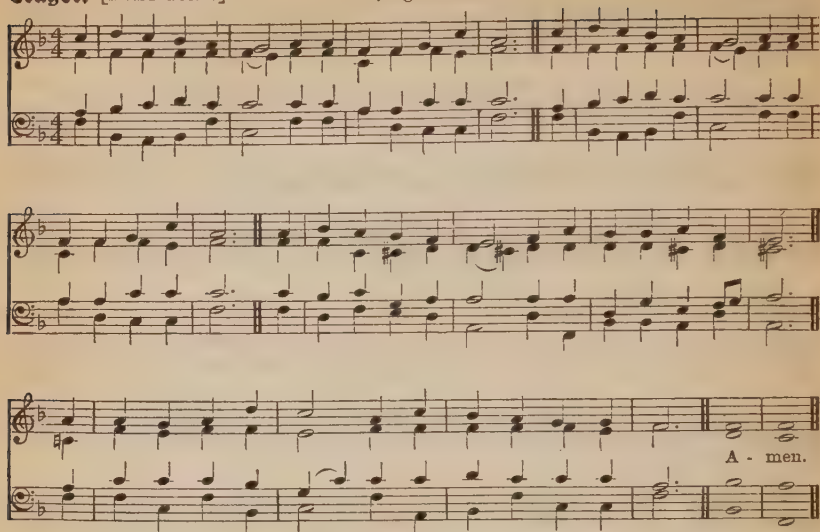
f 5 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.
J. Heermann, tr. C. Winkworth.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Crüger. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

J. CRÜGER.



553

His name shall endure for ever.—Ps. lxxii. 17.

f 1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

mf 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth :
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see,
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him
And gold and incense bring ;
cr All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
f For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

mf 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
cr His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end ;
mf The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
cr Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

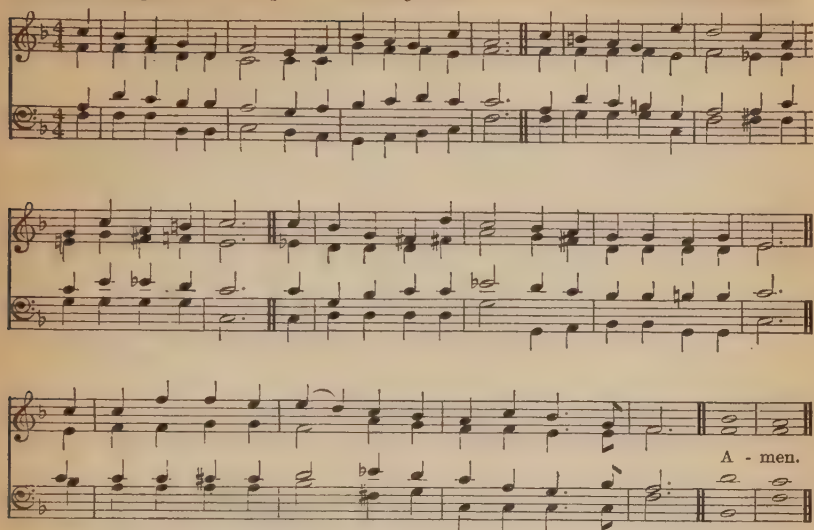
f 6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

St. Ewen. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



554

They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom—Ps. cxlv. 11.

mf 1 **L**ORD God of our salvation,
Whose love has brought us nigh,
Through His humiliation
Who reigns with Thee on high,
Behold us as we gather
Adoring at Thy feet,
And with Thy smile, O Father,
Thy children deign to greet.

f 2 We give Thee thanks and blessing
For Thy surpassing gift ;
The heart, its Lord possessing,
What lofty hopes uplift !
Since saved of every nation
And kindred, tongue and tribe,
A countless congregation,
Shall grace to Him ascribe.

p 3 Yet are we sad before Thee
For dying souls afar
Who have not seen the glory
Of Jacob's royal Star,
Nor know His wealth of merit
Who did in death atone,
And, through the eternal Spirit,
Hath made His life their own.

4 On, on the moments bear them
Where deeper shades prevail ;
Our God, wilt Thou prepare them
The gospel's light to hail ?
mf Thyself in Christ revealing,
Reclaim, renew, restore ;
Spread wide the wings of healing,
The balm divine outpour.

5 Hear Thou the loving voices
That pray, 'Thy Kingdom come' ;
cr In Thee our faith rejoices,
Let not our lips be dumb,
Nor slow to swell the gladness
Of Thy salvation's day,
f And tell a world of sadness
Its curse is rolled away.

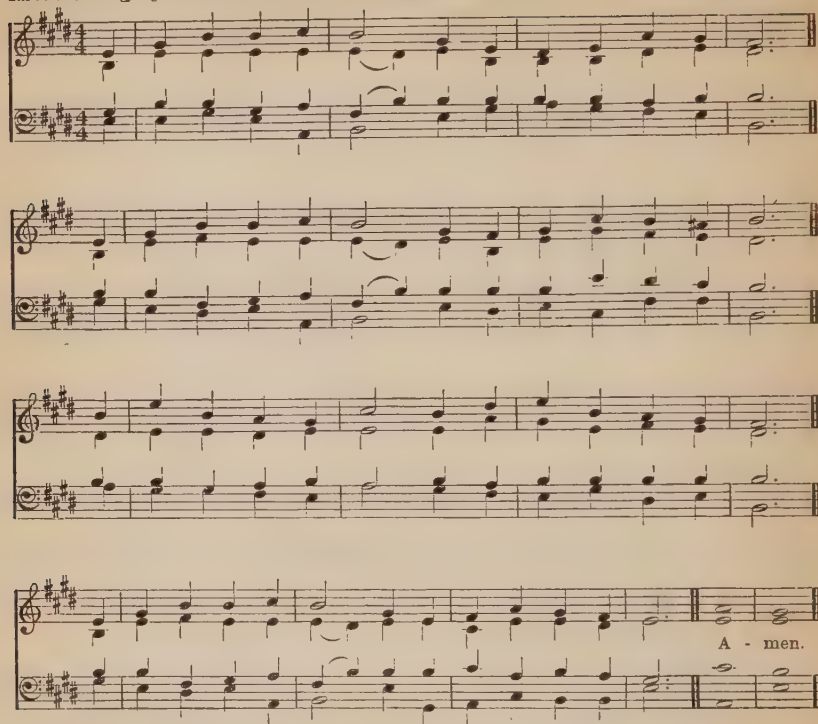
Joseph Tritton.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Missionary. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

LOWELL MASON.



555

All flesh shall see the salvation of God.—LUKE iii. 6.

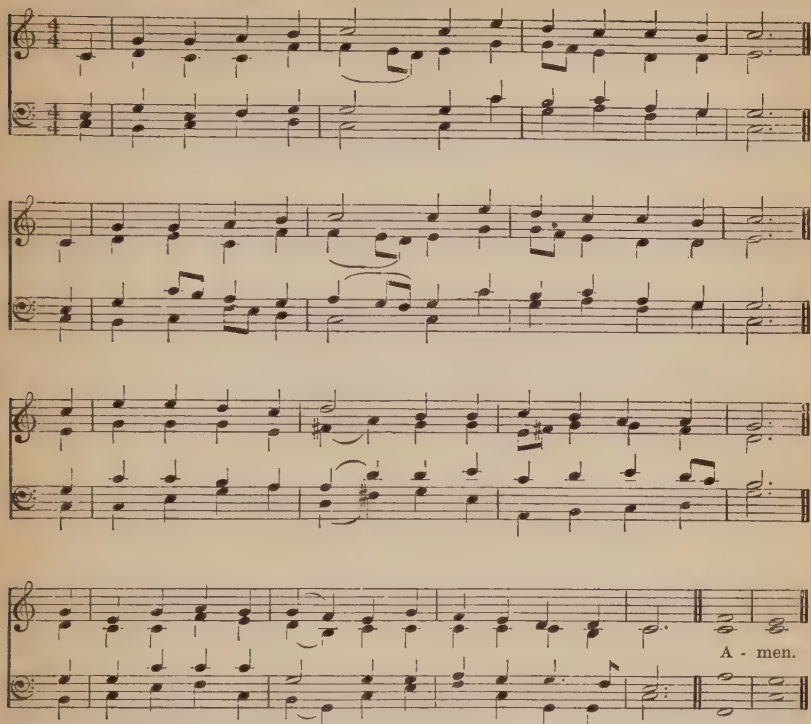
mf 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,—
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

St. Theodulph. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

M. TESCHNER.



cr 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high,—

Can we to men benighted

The lamp of life deny?

f Salvation! O salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,

Till each remotest nation

Has learnt Messiah's name.

f 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;

And you, ye waters, roll,

Till, like a sea of glory,

It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransomed nature

The Lamb for sinners slain,

Redeemer, King, Creator,

In bliss returns to reign.

R. Heber.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Lympington. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

R. JACKSON.

556

Look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.—JOHN iv. 35.

mf 1 **L**ORD of the living harvest
That whiteneth o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee ;
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared Thy travail
And see Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill our souls with light ;
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white ;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us, where we stand,
And sanctify Thy people
Throughout this happy land.

f 4 Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
Be with us, God the Spirit,
O blessed Three in One !
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now, and for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Jubilate. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

557 *As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.*—PROV. xxv. 25.

f 1 O BROTHERS, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise,
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is filled with praise :
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free ;
The gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of jubilee.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close ;
The Cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes :
Faith is our battle token ;
Our Leader all controls ;
Our trophies, fetters broken ;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 'Not unto us,' Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due :
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too :
'Not unto us,' in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore ;
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore !
Still on in conflict pressing,
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all.

E. H. Bickersteth.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Regent's Square. [FIRST TUNE.] 87.87.47.

HENRY SMART.

St. Raphael. [SECOND TUNE.] 87.87.47.

E. J. HOPKINS.

558 In Thy majesty ride prosperously.—
Ps. xlv. 4.

- f* 1 **L**ET us sing the King Messiah,
King of righteousness and peace;
Hail Him, all His happy subjects,
Never let His praises cease:
Ever hail Him;
Never let His praises cease.
- 2 How transcendent are Thy glories,
Fairer than the sons of men,
While Thy blessed mediation
Brings us back to God again:
Blest Redeemer,
How we triumph in Thy reign!
- 3 Gird Thy sword on, mighty Hero,
Make the word of truth Thy car;
Prosper in Thy course majestic;
All success attend Thy war:
Gracious Victor,
Let mankind before Thee bow.
- 4 Majesty combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To ensure Thy blessed conquests;
On, great Prince, assert Thy right:
Ride triumphant
All around the conquered globe.
- 5 Blest are all that touch Thy sceptre;
Blest are all that own Thy reign,
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know Thee bless Thy reign.

John Ryland.

559 The people which sat in darkness
saw a great light.—MATT. iv. 16.

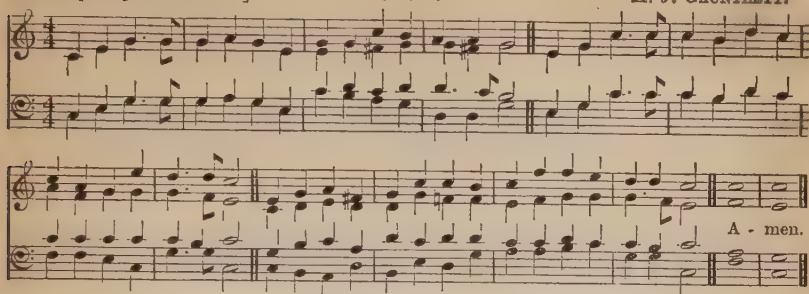
- mf* 1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
f Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- mf* 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
f Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
On their grossest darkness dawn;
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy name
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.
- f* 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase:
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

William Williams.

Triumph. [THIRD TUNE.]

87.87.47.

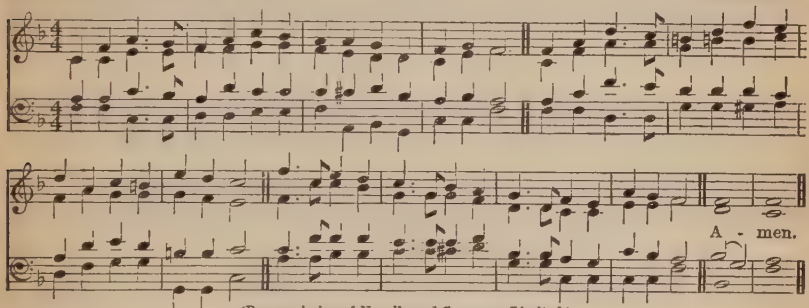
H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Lewisbam. [FOURTH TUNE.]

87.87.47.

J. TILLEARD.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

560 *Come over into Macedonia, and help us.—ACTS xvi. 9.*

- 1 **S**OULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew,—
Thousand voices
Call us o'er the waters blue.
- 2 Christians, Christians, none has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear,
Of the precious price that bought them,
Nail, and thorn, and cruel spear :
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.
- 3 Still the earth hath cruel places,
Wrath, and hate, and vengeance grim,
Still God looks on human faces
Heavenward turned, but not to Him ;
Slaves in bondage
Worse than that of fettered limb.
- 4 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings,
Let no shore be left untrod,
No lost brother's bitter chidings
Haunt us from the further sod ;
Tell the heathen
All the precious truths of God.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

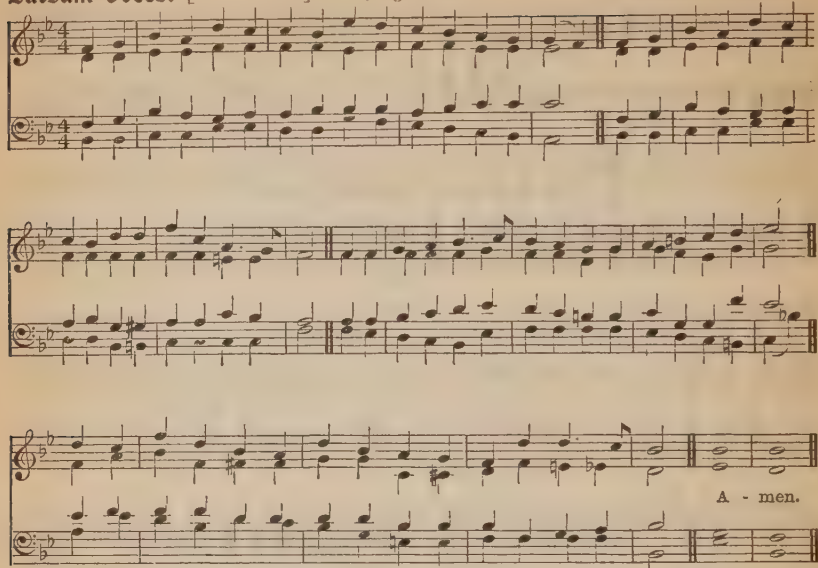
561 *Being sent forth by the Holy Ghost.—ACTS xiii. 4.*

- mf* 1 **L**ORD, Thy servants forth are going,
Each has heard the Master's call,
Seeds of life eternal sowing
In His name who died for all ;
O sustain them
Till the shades of evening fall.
- 2 Then, where desert sands are glowing
'Neath the noontide's sultry heat,
Living streams shall soon be flowing
'Mid the meadows fair and sweet ;
And a harvest
Shall their raptured vision greet.
- 3 Lo ! Thy hand is now bestowing
Gifts abundant, rich and free ;
Love, her wondrous debt still owing,
Brings Thy gifts again to Thee
That Thy kingdom
May extend from sea to sea.
- mp* 4 Like the south wind gently blowing
Comes Thy Spirit's breath of balm ;
cr List ! the sound is louder growing !
Look ! the Lord makes bare His arm !
f Hallelujah !
Wakes the universal psalm.

W. E. Winks.

Sursum Voces. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7., eight lines.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

562

So shall He sprinkle many nations.—ISA. lii. 15.

1.

mf SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be ;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee :
Of Thy cross the wondrous story
Be to all the nations told ;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

2.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest :
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3.

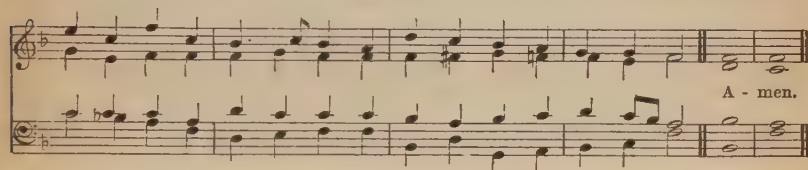
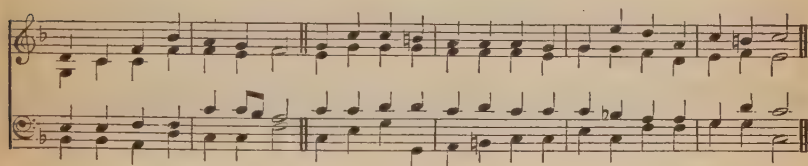
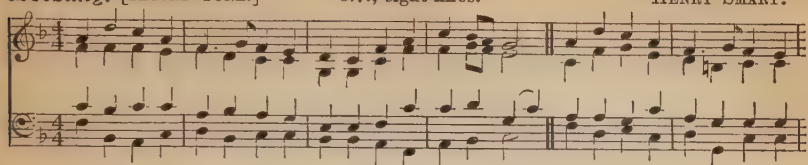
Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new-creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light ;
cr Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
f Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

A. C. COXE.

Bethany. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7., eight lines.

HENRY SMART.



563

What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.—MARK xiii. 37.

1.

mf **L**ORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping;
 When shall earth Thy rule obey?
 When shall end the night of weeping?
 When shall break the promised day?
 See the whitening harvest languish,
 Waiting still the labourers' toil;
 Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish?
 Shall the strong retain the spoil?

2.

Tidings, sent to every creature,
 Millions yet have never heard;
 Can they hear without a preacher?
cr Lord Almighty, give the word.
f Give the word; in every nation
 Let the gospel trumpet sound,
 Witnessing a world's salvation,
 To the earth's remotest bound.

3.

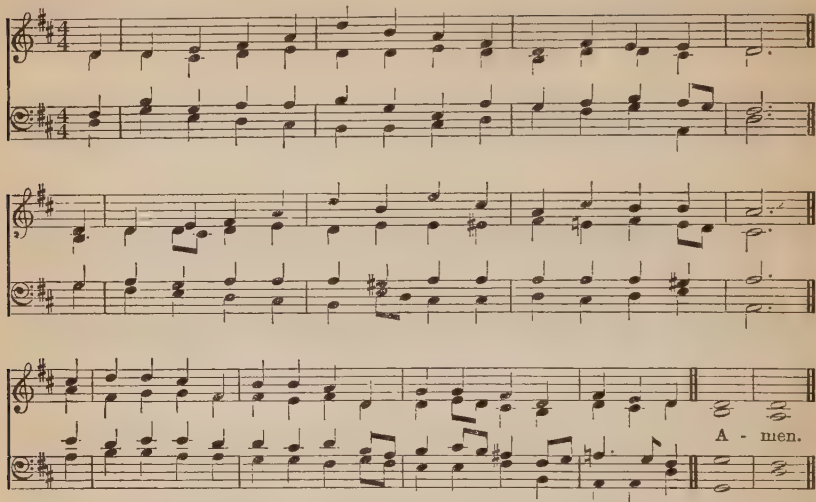
f Then the end,—Thy Church completed,
 All Thy chosen gathered in,
 With their King in glory seated,
 Satan bound, and banished sin;
 Gone for ever parting, weeping,
 Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain:
 Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
 Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.

H. Downton.

Barrogate.

86.86.88.

GERARD F. COBB.



564

He hath put all things under His feet.—1 COR. xv. 27.

f 1 O NORTH, with all thy vales of green,
 O South, with all thy palms,
 From peopled town and fields between
 Uplift the voice of psalms ;
 Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
 And let the youthful West reply.

2 Lo ! in the clouds of heaven appears
 God's well-belovèd Son ;
 He brings a train of brighter years ;
 His kingdom is begun ;
 He comes a guilty world to bless
 With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

3 O Father, haste the promised hour
 When at His feet shall lie
 All rule, authority, and power
 Beneath the ample sky,
 When He shall reign from pole to pole,
 The Lord of every human soul ;

4 When all shall heed the words He said
 Amid their daily cares,
 And by the loving life He led
 Shall seek to pattern theirs ;
 And He who conquered death shall win
 The nobler conquest over sin.

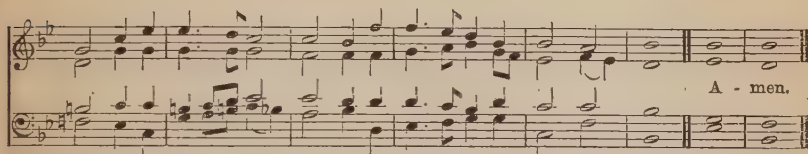
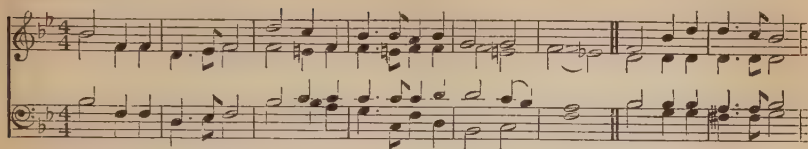
W. C. Bryant.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Light. [FIRST TUNE.]

664.6664.

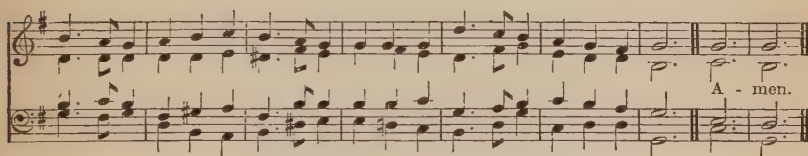
H. FORD BENSON.



Moscow. [SECOND TUNE.]

664.6664.

F. GIARDINI.



565

Let there be light.—GEN. 1. 3.

1.

f THOU whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2.

mf Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
cr O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3.

mf Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
cr Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4.

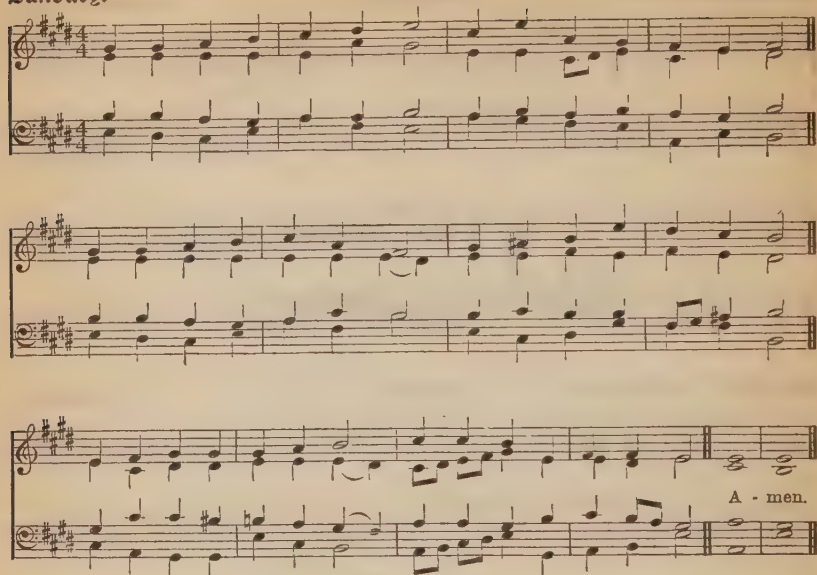
f Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide
Let there be light.

John Marriott.

Sunbury.

7s., six lines.

R. JACKSON.



566

All the ends of the earth shall fear Him.—Ps. lxxvii. 7.

1.

mf GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face :
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine ;
Fill Thy Church with light divine ;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2.

f Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Be by all that live adored ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay
And Thy holy will obey.

3.

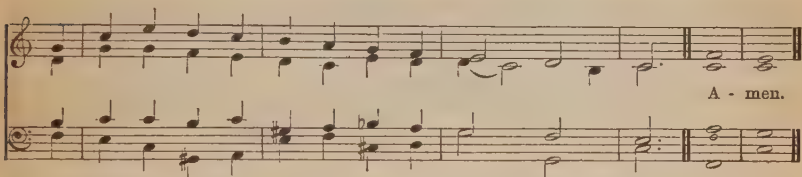
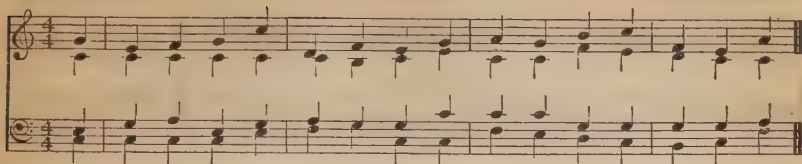
f Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

H. F. Lyte.

Wellingham.

8.8.8.4.

E. W. BULLINGER.



567

*And they shall come from the east and west, and from the north and south,
and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.—LUKE xiii. 29.*

1 FROM north and south and east and west,
When shall the peoples, long unblest,
All find their everlasting rest,
O Christ, in Thee ?

2 When shall the climes of ageless snow
Be with the gospel light aglow,
And all men their Redeemer know,
O Christ, in Thee ?

3 When on each southern balmy coast
Shall ransomed men, in countless host,
Rise, heart and voice, to make sweet boast,
O Christ, in Thee ?

4 O when in all the orient lands,
From cities white and flaming sands
Shall men lift dedicated hands,
O Christ, to Thee ?

5 O when shall heathen darkness roll
Away in light, from pole to pole,
And endless day by every soul
Be found in Thee ?

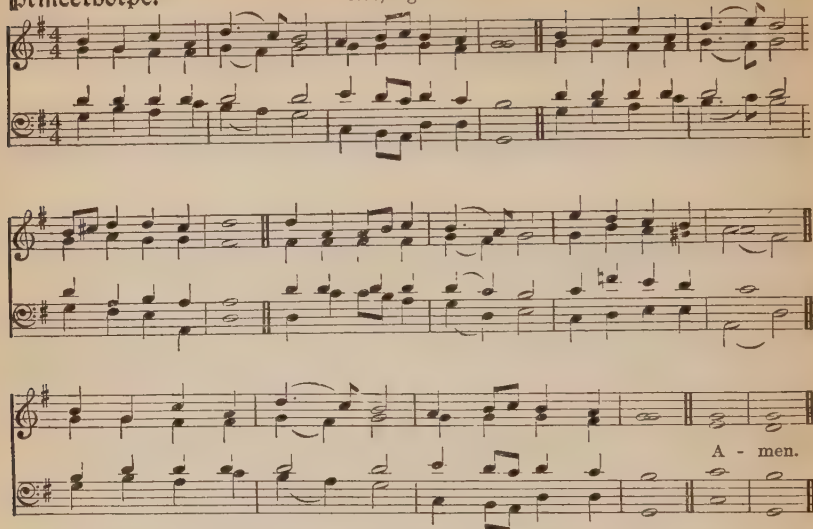
6 Bring, Lord, the long predicted hour,
The ages' diadem and flower,
When all shall find their refuge, tower,
And home in Thee.

G. T. Coster.

Princetborpe.

6.5., eight lines.

W. PITTS.



568 *We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.—MATT. ii. 2.*

mf 1 FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home ;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a Star.

mp 2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
mf Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.

mf 3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

mf 4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray ;
Throw Thy radiance o'er them ;
Guide them on their way.
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

mf 5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star.

G. Thring.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Epbraim. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

H. LESLIE.

Gibbons. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

O. GIBBONS.

569 *Take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.—Eph. vi. 17.*

1.

f SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise !
Gird you with your armour bright ;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2.

O'er a faithless, fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky :
Let it float there wide unfurled ;
Bear it onward ; lift it high.

3.

mf 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4.

p To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

5.

mf Guard the helpless ; seek the strayed ;
Comfort troubles ; banish grief ;
cr In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

6.

f Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

W. W. How.

St. Jude.

6s., eight lines.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.

A - men.

570

Behold, thy King cometh unto thee.—ZECH. ix. 9.

f 1 **L**IFT up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh ;
mf Now breathes a softer air,
 Now shines a milder sky ;
 The early trees put forth
 Their new and tender leaf ;
 Hushed is the moaning wind
 That told of winter's grief.

f 2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh ;
mf Now mount the laden clouds,
 Now flames the darkening sky ;
 The early scattered drops
 Descend with heavy fall,
 And to the waiting earth
 The hidden thunders call.

f 3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh ;
mf O note the varying signs
 Of earth, and air, and sky :
 The God of glory comes
 In gentleness and might,
 To comfort and alarm,
 To succour and to smite.

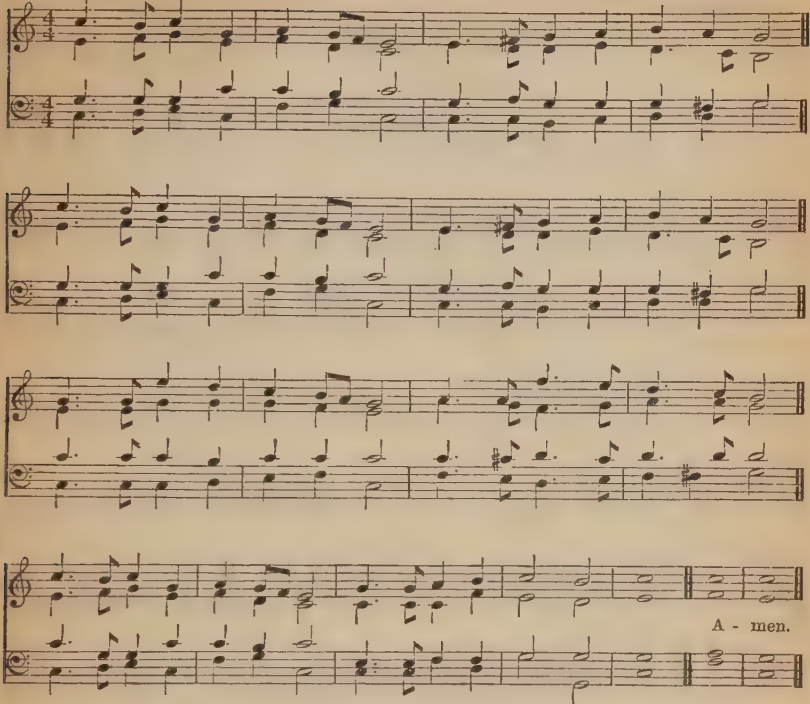
f 4 He comes the wide world's King,
 He comes the true heart's Friend,
 New gladness to begin,
 And ancient wrong to end ;
 He comes to fill with light
 The weary, waiting eye :
 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh.

T. T. Lynch.

Thanksgiving.

7s., eight lines.

W. B. GILBERT.



571 That the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.—2 THESS. iii. 1.

mf 1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
Fire to bring on earth He came,
Kindled in some hearts it is;
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

mp 2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day;
cr Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way;
f More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail,
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide,
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

mf 4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
cr Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower,
Drops already from above;
f But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of His love.

C. Wesley.

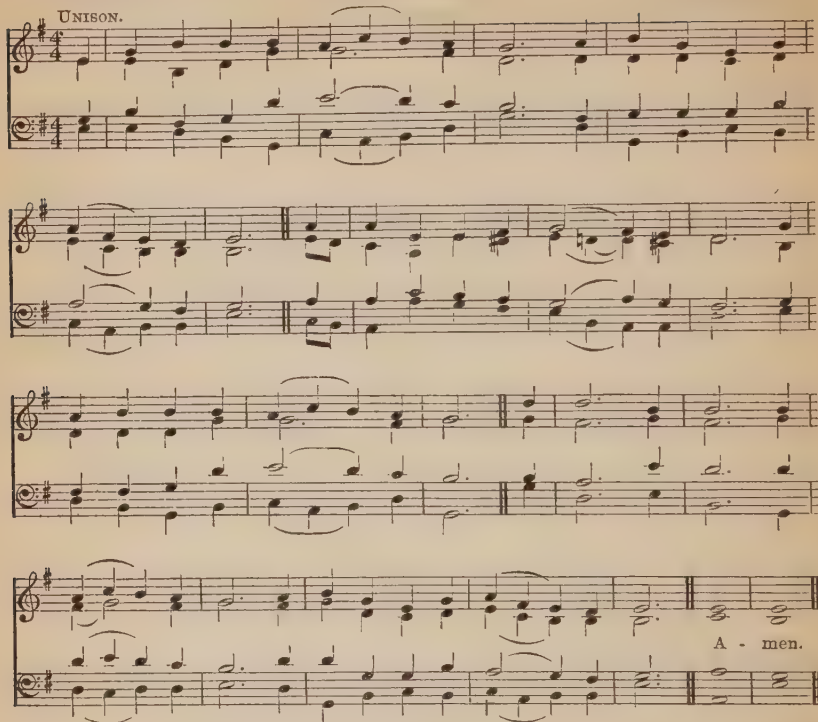
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Vent Emmanuel.

8s., six lines.

Plain-Song.

UNISON.



572

The glory of Thy people Israel.—LUKE ii. 32.

- mf* 1 **O** COME, O come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
f Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- mf* 2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
f Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

- mf* 3 O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
f Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- mf* 4 O come, Thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
f Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

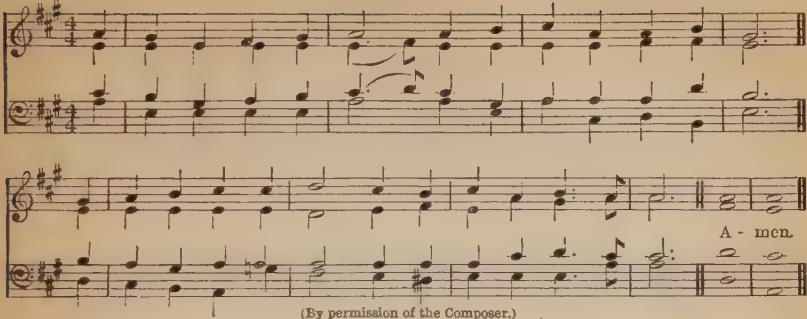
- f* 5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud and majesty and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Ancient Hymn, tr. J. M. Neale.

Pisa.

7.6.7.6.

W. H. JUDE.



(By permission of the Composer.)

For the Jews.

573

O that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!—Ps. xiv. 7.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!
- 2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord! in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

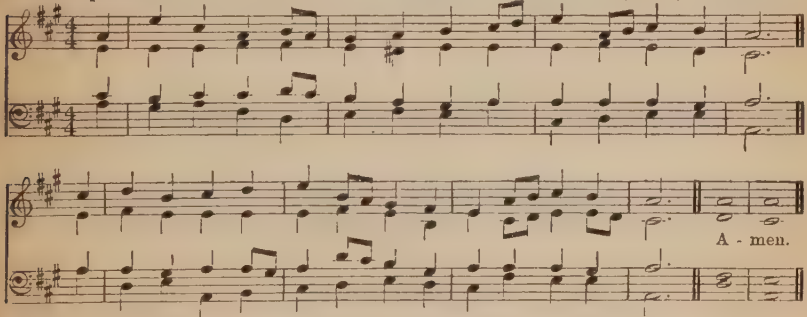
- 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.
- 4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

H. F. Lyte.

St. Stephen.

C.M.

W. JONES.



574

Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion.—Isa. lii. 1.

- f* 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

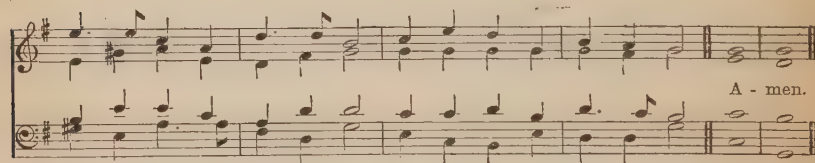
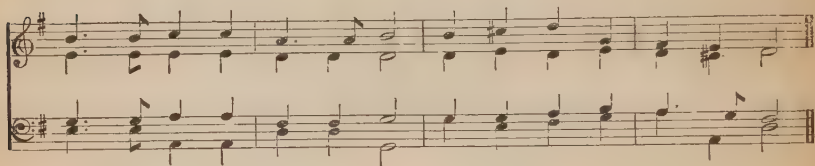
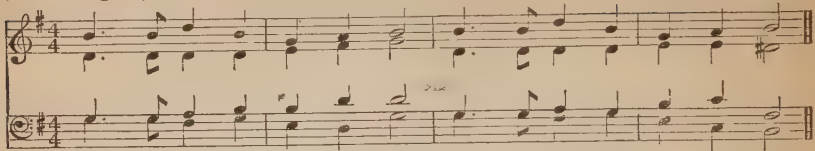
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth:
Say to the South—Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North.
- 4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery.

St. George's, Windsor. [FIRST TUNE.] 7s., eight lines.

G. J. ELVEY.



The World's Jubilee.

575

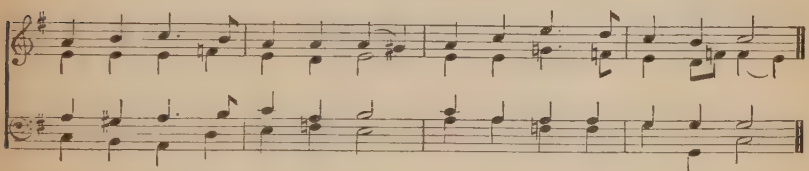
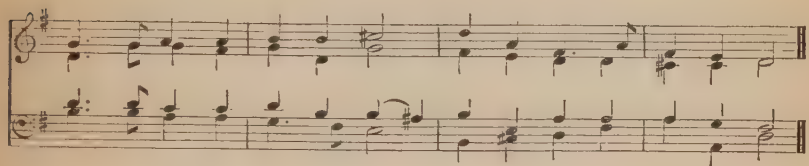
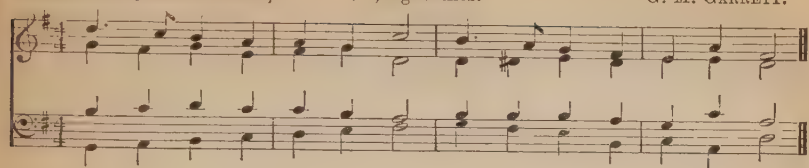
He shall reign for ever and ever.—REV. xi. 15.

f 1 **H**ARK ! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea
 When it breaks upon the shore :
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God Omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

Lolworth. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

G. M. GARRETT.



2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banner furled,
 Sheathed His sword : He speaks, — 'tis done ;
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdom of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away :
 Then the end ; beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is All in all.

James Montgomery.

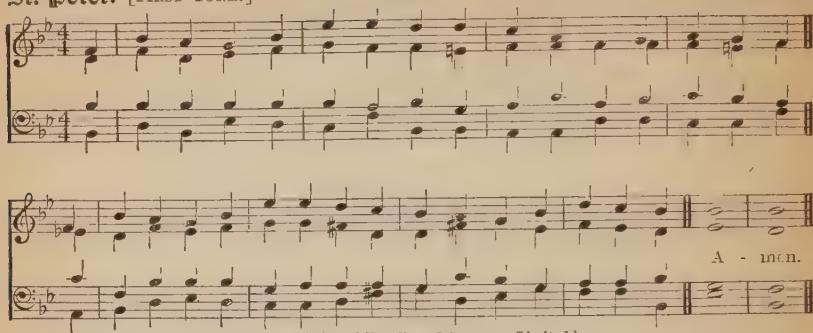
Section 9.

WORSHIP.

St. Peter. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

J. BARNDY.

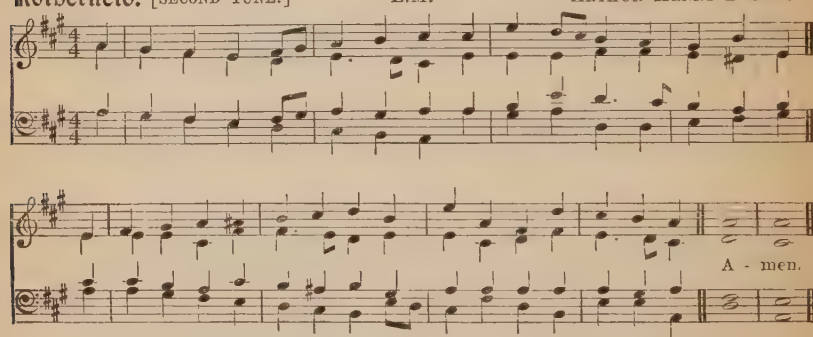


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Rotherfield. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



(1) THE LORD'S DAY.

576

God blessed the seventh day.—GEN. ii. 3.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

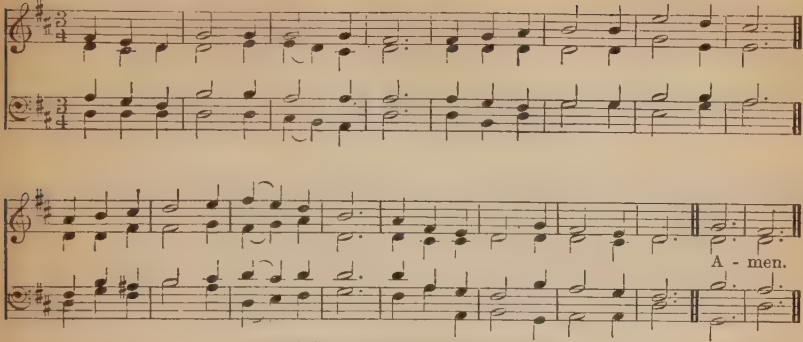
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, Thy works we view
In various scenes both old and new:
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Joseph Stennett.

Ombersley, [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

W. H. GLADSTONE.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

577 *It is a good thing to give thanks
unto the Lord.—Ps. xcii. 1.*

f 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my
King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and
sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

mf 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works and bless His
word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

4 Then shall I share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

cr 6 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
f And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

I. Watts.

578 *Unto you . . . shall the Sun of right-
eousness arise.—MAL. iv. 2.*

1 **T**HOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
On this day risen to set no more,
Shine on us now, to heal and bless,
With brighter beams than e'er before.

2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

3 Shine on Thy pure eternal word,
Its mysteries to our souls reveal;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

4 Shine on the temples of Thy grace,
In righteousness Thy priests be clad;
Unveil the brightness of Thy face,
And make Thy chosen people glad.

5 Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall
chase
The brooding cloud from every eye;
Till every earthly dwelling place
Shall hail the Dayspring from on
high.

6 Shine on, shine on, eternal Sun!
Pour richer floods of life and light,
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
That glorious day which knows no
night.

Charlotte Elliott.

WORSHIP.

Lotbrian. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

E. BUNNETT.

(By permission of the Composer.)

579

At the rising of the sun.—MARK xvi. 2.

mp 1 THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain :
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand,

2 O day, when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy,
And trial changed to blessing
That foes may not destroy :
When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest ;
And pain to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast !

3 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil :
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit
In our humility.

4 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed ;
Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone,—
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won !

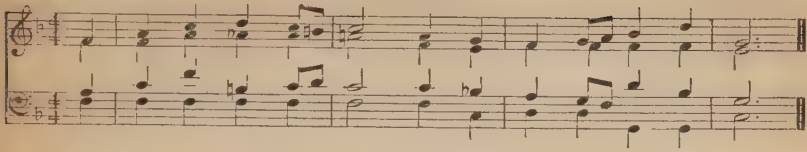
mf 5 So be it, Lord, for ever :
O may we evermore,
In Jesus' holy presence,
His blessed name adore :
p Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple walls,
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls ;

f 6 So that in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last ;
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past ;
When angel-hands have gathered
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,
Most Holy Trinity !

Mrs. Ada C. Cross.

Day of Rest. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



580

This is the day which the Lord hath made.—Ps. cxviii. 24.

mf 1 **O** DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright!
 On thee the high and lowly,
 Through ages joined in tune,
 Sing, 'Holy, Holy, Holy,'
 To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
cr On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
cr On thee our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven:
f And thus on thee most glorious
 A triple light was given.

mf 3 Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise;
 A garden intersected
 With streams of Paradise;
p Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry, dreary sand;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land.

mf 4 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
cr Where gospel-light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

C. Wordsworth.

Day of Light. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

Holy Rood. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

581 *The first day of the week.—*
Mark xvi. 2.

- f* 1 **T**HIS is the day of light :
Let there be light to-day ;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.
- p* 2 This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.
- f* 5 This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death !

J. Ellerton.

582 *Seek those things which are above.*
—Col. iii. 1.

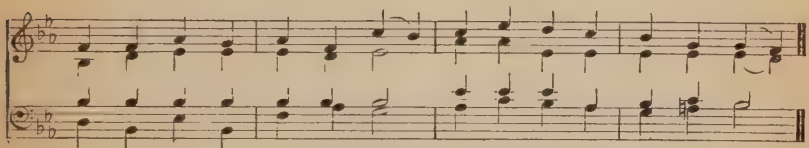
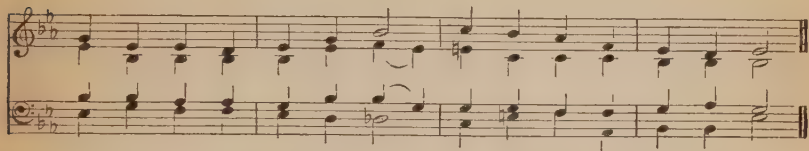
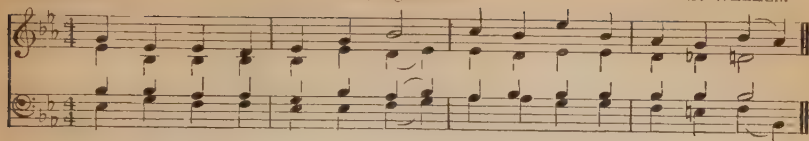
- f* 1 **R**ISE, heart ! thy Lord arose
With the first morning ray ;
Leave far below thy cares and woes,
It is the rising day.
- 2 Rise ! with a spirit's love
Follow the Master's way,
And seek the things that are above ;
It is Ascension day !
- 3 Mount ! in the holy light,—
Up ! to the calm serene ;
To heavenly places take thy flight,
Where Christ the Lord is seen.
- 4 Soar thou where angels soar ;
Pray with them side by side,
And with the white-robed Church adore
Thy Saviour glorified.

G. Rawson.

Burleigh.

7s., eight lines.

S. WEEKES.



583

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Ps. cxlix. 2.

mp 1 **L**ORD, remove the veil away,
 Let us see Thyself to-day:
 Thou who camest from on high,
 For our sins to bleed and die,
 Help us now to cast aside
 All that would our hearts divide;
 With the Father and the Son
 Let Thy living Church be one.

2 Oh, from earthly cares set free,
 Let us find our rest in Thee;
 May our toils and conflicts cease
 In the calm of Sabbath peace;
 That Thy people, here below,
 Something of the bliss may know
 Something of the rest and love
 In the Sabbath home above.

3 Give my soul the spotless dress
 Of Thy perfect righteousness;
cr Then at length, a welcome guest,
 I shall enter to the feast,
f Take the harp, and raise the song,
 All Thy ransomed ones among;
 Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
 Joys to last for evermore!

F. J. Klopstock, tr. H. L. L.

WORSHIP.

St. Angelus.

C.M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

584

This is the day which the Lord hath made.—Ps. cxviii. 24.

f 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's only Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The higher heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

I. Watts.

Wrexford.

8.6.8.4.

E. S. CARTER.

585

The rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord.—Ex. xvi. 23.

mp 1 **H**AIL! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! day of light that bringest light
And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

4 On all I think or say or do
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

cr 5 All earthly things appear to fade,
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

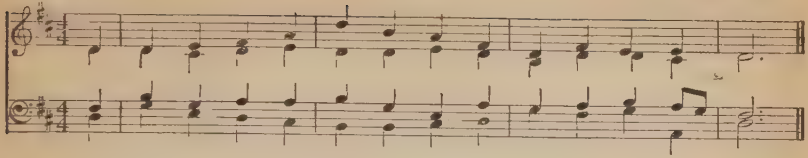
mf 6 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,—
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

G. Thring.

Barrogate.

86.86.88.

GERARD F. COBB.



586

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.—REV. i. 10.

1 SWEET day of worship, day of rest,
Heaven's impress on our life !
May weary heart and brain oppressed
Now cease from care and strife,
And in communion still and sweet,
Sit lowly at the Master's feet.

2 It comes, long looked for ; weary eyes
Have pined its light to see,
Have waited for this morn to rise,
As prisoners to be free ;
For thus by sign and shadow known
Is God's eternal Sabbath shown.

3 We, gazing up through cloud and mist,
The pearly gates behold,
The jasper and the amethyst,
The streets of shining gold,
Until without we yet begin
The thankful song they chant within.

4 May the fair blessing of the time
Hold every heart in peace,
And echoes of the eternal chime
Linger when songs must cease ;
May God, who dwelleth everywhere,
Make all the world our house of prayer ;

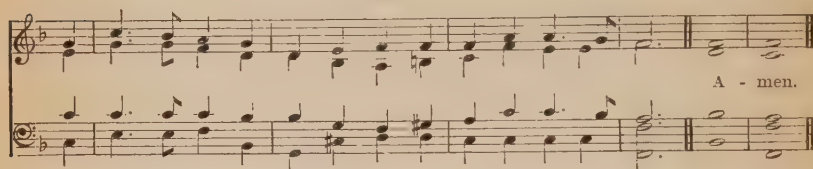
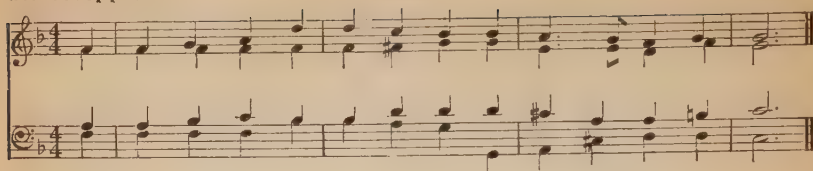
5 Till we abide where perfectly
God's love shall rule our days,
Where all our work a prayer shall be,
And all our prayer be praise ;
Till Sabbath light gleam far and wide,
To set no more in eventide.

Mrs. Lucy F. Massey.

Northbrepps.

C.M.

J. BOOTH.



(2) THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

587

How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!—Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

1.

mp **H**OW lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free !
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to Thee !

2.

They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a verdant, fruitful dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

3.

cr They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

4.

For God the Lord, both Sun and Shield,
Gives grace and glory bright :
No good from them shall be withheld,
Whose ways are just and right.

John Milton (alt.).

Hanover. [FIRST TUNE.]

55.55.65.65.

W. CROFT.

Burnmoor. [SECOND TUNE.]

55.55.65.65.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

588

My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.—Ps. lxxiv. 2.

- 1 **H**OW honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God !
'Mid worldly commotion,
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,
The home of Thy saints.
- 2 The birds have their home ;
They fix on their nest ;
Wherever they roam,
They turn to their rest :
From them fondly learning,
My soul would take wing ;
To Thee so returning,
My God and my King.
- 3 O happy the choirs
Who praise Thee above !
What joy tunes their lyres !
Their worship is love.
Yet safe in Thy keeping
And happy they be
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in Thee.

- 4 Though rugged their way
They drink, as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow :
The God they rely on
Their strength shall renew,
Till each, brought to Zion,
His glory shall view.
- 5 Thou Hearer of prayer,
Still grant me a place
Where Christians repair
To the courts of Thy grace :
More blest, beyond measure,
One day so employed
Than years of vain pleasure
By worldlings enjoyed.
- 6 The Lord is a Sun,
The Lord is a Shield ;
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed.
He hears the distressed,
He succours the just ;
And they shall be blessed
Who make Him their trust.

Josiah Conder.

Patmos. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

Even Song. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

E. J. WALLIS.

589

Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.—JAS. iv. 8.

1 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
O do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend :
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee ; here we stay :
Lord, from hence we would not go
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart,

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up :
Make them strong in faith and hope.

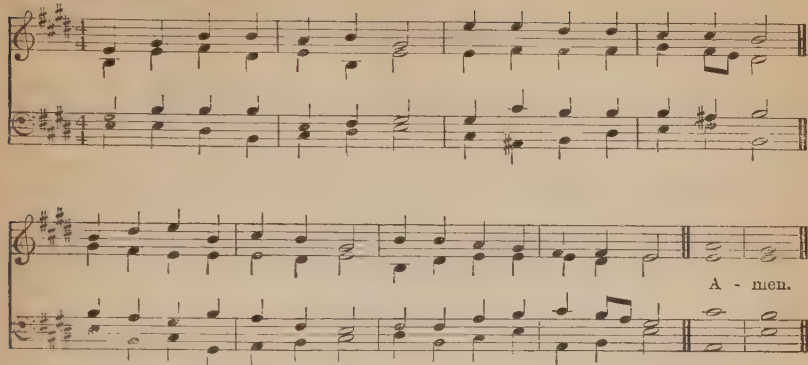
6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind ;
Heal the sick ; the captive free :
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

W. Hammond.

Culbach. [THIRD TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

German.



590

I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat.—EX. xxv. 22.

- mf* 1 **T**O Thy temple I repair ;
 Lord, I love to worship there,
 When within the veil I meet
 Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 Thou, through Him, art reconciled ;
 I, through Him, become Thy child ;
 Abba, Father ! give me grace
 In Thy courts to seek Thy face.
- f* 3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
 That my joyful soul may bless
 Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.
- p* 4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
 God of love, to mine attend ;
 Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads ;
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- mf* 5 While I hearken to Thy law,
 Fill my soul with humble awe,
 Till Thy gospel bring to me
 Life and immortality.
- 6 While Thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon in Thy name,
 Through their voice, by faith, may I
 Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
- 7 From Thy house when I return,
 May my heart within me burn ;
 And at evening let me say,—
 I have walked with God to-day.

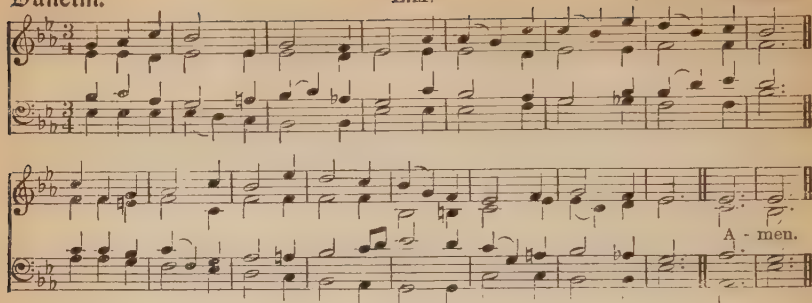
James Montgomery.

WORSHIP.

Dunelm.

L.M.

CHARLES VINCENT.



591

He will regard the prayer of the destitute.—Ps. cii. 17.

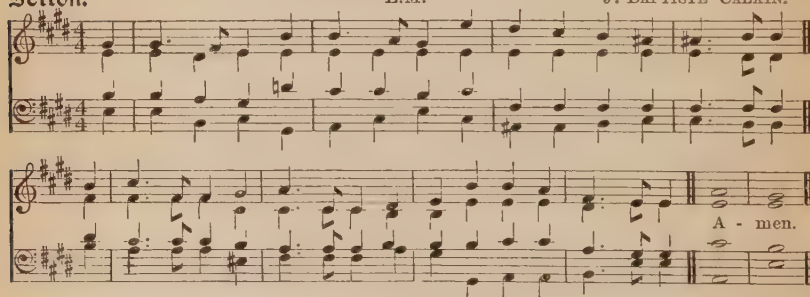
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>p</i> 1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call ;
 Afflicted at Thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.</p> <p>2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
 Where but with Thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?</p> <p>3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?</p> | <p><i>cr</i> Does not the word still fixed remain,
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?</p> <p><i>p</i> 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer ;</p> <p><i>cr</i> But a prayer-hearing, answering God
 Supports me under every load.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me ;
 I have an Advocate with Thee ;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.</p> |
|---|---|

W. Cooper.

Setton.

L.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

592

We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house.—Ps. lxxv. 4.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p><i>f</i> 1 PRAISE, Lord, for Thee, in Zion waits ;
 Prayer shall besiege Thy temple
 gates ;
 All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
 And find, through Christ, salvation there.</p> <p><i>p</i> 2 Our spirits faint, our sins prevail ;
 Leave not our trembling hearts to fail :
 O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
 And still be found the sinner's Friend.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 3 How blest Thy saints ! how safely led !
 How surely kept ! how richly fed !
 Saviour of all in earth and sea,</p> <p><i>dim</i> How happy they who rest in Thee !</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
 Thy voice the troubled ocean stills ;
 Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
 And earth Thy bounty wide displays.</p> <p><i>f</i> 5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned,
 Thy clouds drop wealth the world
 around ;
 Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
 And nature smiles, and owns her King.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 6 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour ;
 The moral waste within restore ;</p> <p><i>cr</i> O let Thy love our springtide be,
 And make us all bear fruit to Thee.</p> |
|---|--|

H. F. Lyte.

Hosanna.

L.M., with refrain.

ALAN GRAY.

593

Hosanna.—JOHN xii. 13.

f 1 **H**OSANNA to the living Lord!
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
 To Christ—Creator, Saviour, King—
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing,
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

2 'Hosanna, Lord!' Thine angels cry;
 'Hosanna, Lord!' Thy saints reply;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound,
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

mf 3 O Saviour, with protecting care
 Return to this Thy house of prayer;
 Assembled in Thy sacred name,
 Here we Thy parting promise claim:
f Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

mf 4 But chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
 Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee:
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

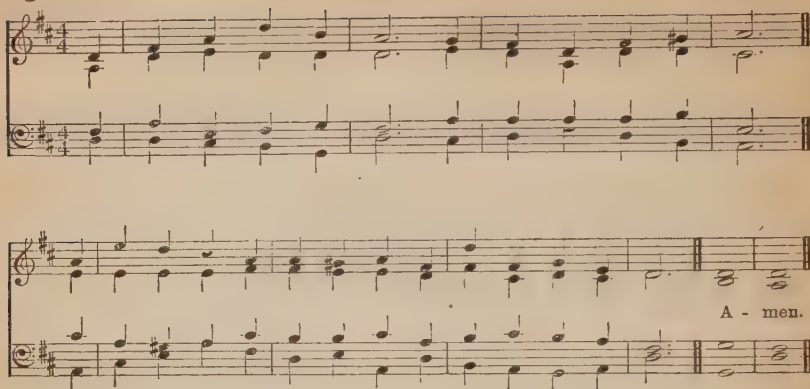
5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
cr Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again,
f Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

R. Heber.

Tytberton.

S.M.

L. R. WEST.



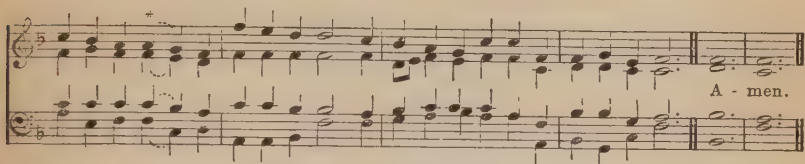
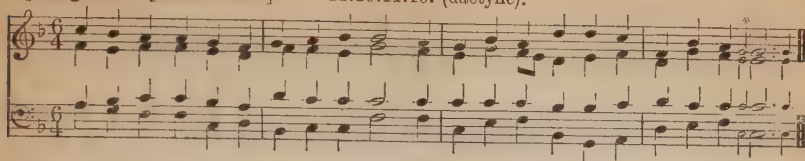
594

Wait for the promise of the Father.—ACTS i. 4.

- f* 1 **L**ORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love.
- 5 Spirit of Light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.
- 6 Spirit of Truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our guide:
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

James Montgomery.

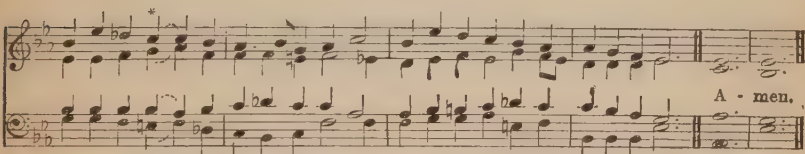
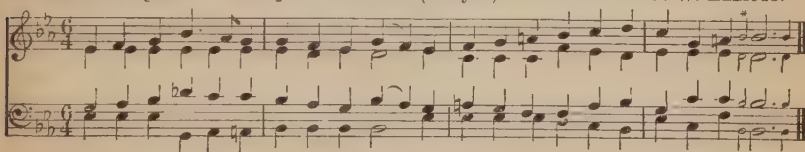
Springfield. [FIRST TUNE.] 11.10.11.10. (dactylic).



* The small notes and slurs for verse 3.

Rosenthal. [SECOND TUNE.] 11.10.11.10. (dactylic).

J. W. ELLIOTT.



* The small notes and slurs for verse 3.

595

I went into the sanctuary of God.—Ps. lxxiii. 17.

mp 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Here dwells the Father; Love's waters are streaming
Forth from the throne of God, plenteous and pure;
Come to His temple for mercy redeeming;
Earth has no sorrow that He cannot cure.

3 Here waits the Saviour, all gentle and loving,
Ready to meet us, His grace to reveal;
On Him cast the burden, trustfully coming;
Earth has no sorrow that Christ cannot heal.

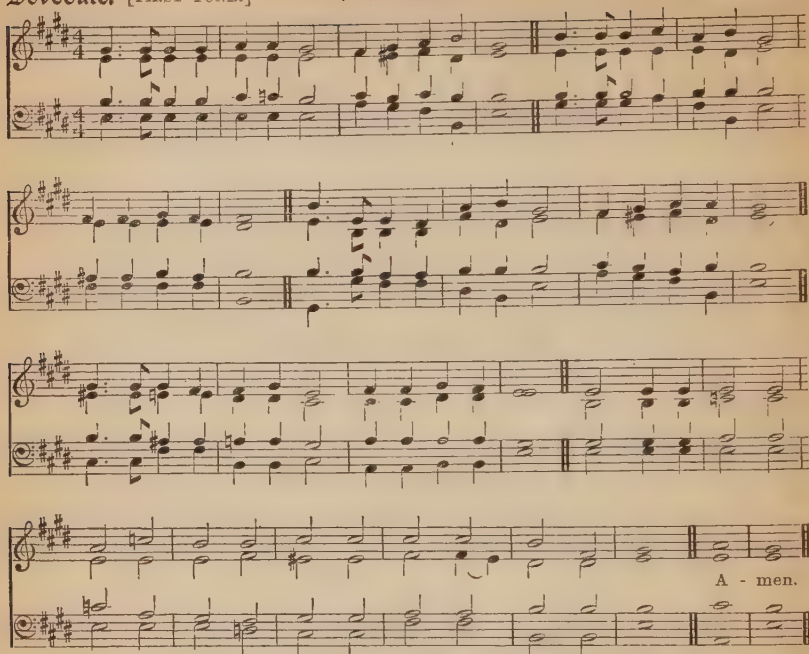
4 Here speaks the Comforter, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, Advocate sure,
Joy of the desolate, tenderly saying,
'Earth has no sorrow My grace cannot cure.'

Thomas Moore.

Dovedale. [FIRST TUNE.]

75.75.75.75.88.

C. E. KETTLE.



596

1 KINGS viii. 22-53.

p 1 **W**HEN the weary, seeking rest,
 To Thy goodness flee ;
 When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on Thee ;
 When the troubled, seeking peace,
 On Thy name shall call ;
 When the sinner, seeking life,
 At Thy feet shall fall :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
 Lifts his soul above ;
 When the prodigal looks back
 To his Father's love ;
 When the proud man from his pride
 Stoops to seek Thy face ;
 When the burdened brings his guilt
 To Thy throne of grace :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
 All his toils to end ;
 When the hungry craveth food,
 And the poor a friend ;
 When the sailor on the wave
 Bows the fervent knee ;
 When the soldier on the field
 Lifts his heart to Thee :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care,
 In the city crowd,
 When the shepherd on the moor,
 Names the name of God ;
 When the learned and the high,
 Tired of earthly fame,
 Now on higher joys intent,
 Name the blessed name :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

Borgrove. [SECOND TUNE.]

75.75.75.88.

F. J. READ.

5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair,
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

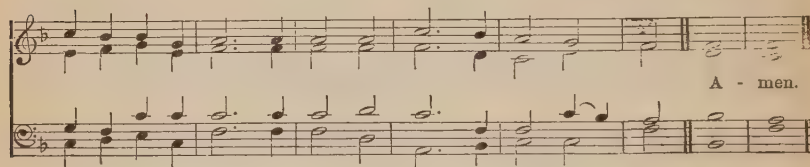
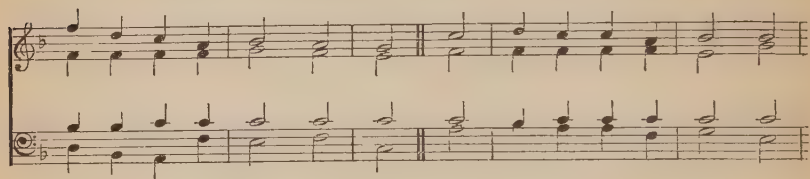
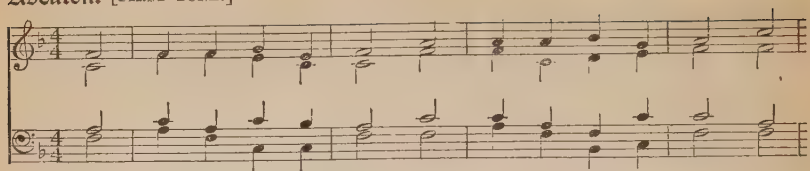
6 When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,—
'Come, Lord Jesus, come!'
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

H. Bonar.

WORSHIP.

Ascalon. [FIRST TUNE.]

668.668.



597

Peace be within thee.—Ps. cxii. 8.

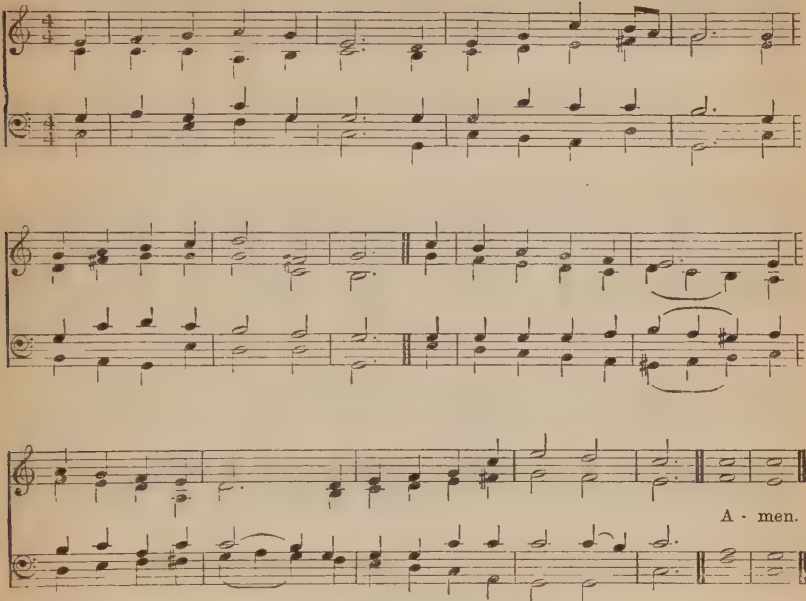
f 1 **H**OW pleased and blest was I
 To hear the people cry,
 'Come, let us seek our God to-day !'
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and homage pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorned with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

Sanna. [SECOND TUNE.]

668.668.

F. C. CARTER.



3 There David's greater Son
 Hath fixed His royal throne,
 He sits for grace and judgment there:
 He bids the saints be glad,
 He makes the sinner sad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait
 To bless the soul of every guest:
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest.

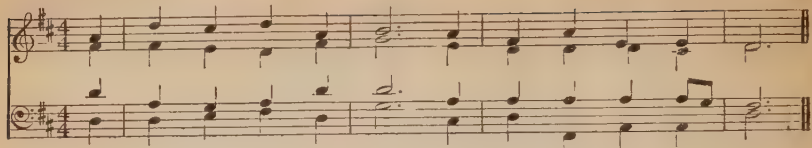
5 My tongue repeats her vows,
 Peace to this sacred house!
 For there my friends and kindred dwell;
 And, since my glorious God
 Makes thee His blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

I. Watts.

Croft's 148th. [FIRST TUNE.]

66.66.4444.

W. CROFT.



598

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.—Ps. lxxxiv. 4.

f 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thine earthly temples, are !
 To Thine abode
 My heart aspires
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise Thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.

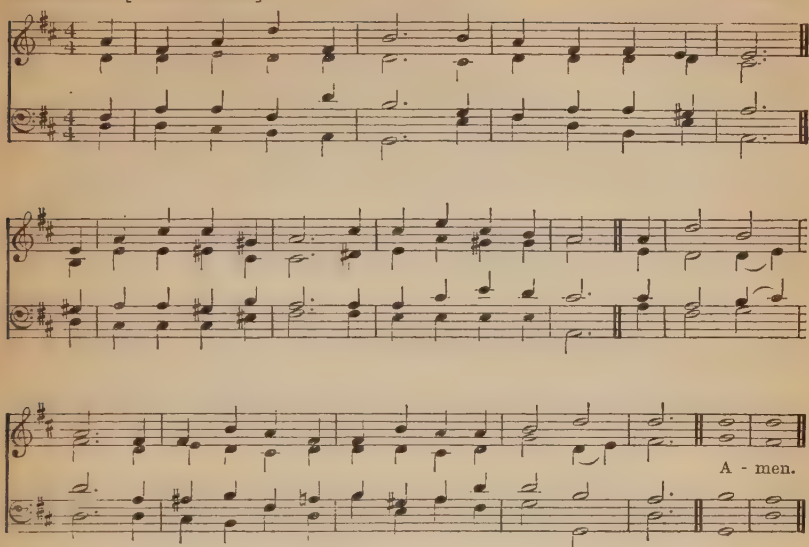
3 They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

Earlbam. [SECOND TUNE.]

66.66.4444.

J. BOOTH.



4 To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside :
 Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the door
 Than shine in courts.

5 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts His hands are filled,
 We draw our blessings thence :
 He shall bestow
 On Jacob's race
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.

6 The Lord His people loves :
 His hand no good withholds
 From those His heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls :
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in Thee.

I. Watts.

WORSHIP.

599 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.—Ps. ciii. 2.

Praise, my soul. [FIRST TUNE.] 87.87.47.

J. Goss.

UNISON.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; To His feet thy tribute bring;

Ransomed, healed, re-stored, for-giv-en, Who like thee His praise should sing?

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev-er-last-ing King.

HARMONY.

2. Praise Him for His grace and favour To our fathers in dis-tress;

Praise Him, still the same for ev-er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless:

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

ff

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Glo-rious in His faith-ful-ness.

ff

TREBLES ONLY.

Slower.

3. Fa-ther-like He tends and spares us; Well our fee-ble frame He knows;

Slower.

In His hands He gen-tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes;

ff

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Wide-ly as His mer-cy flows.

ff

HARMONY.

4. Frail as sum-mer's flower we flou-rish; Blows the wind, and it is gone;

p

WORSHIP.

cres.

But while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on :

cres.

ff

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the high e - ter - nal One.

UNISON.

f

5. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him ; Ye be - hold Him face to face ;

Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him ; Dwell - ers all in time and space,

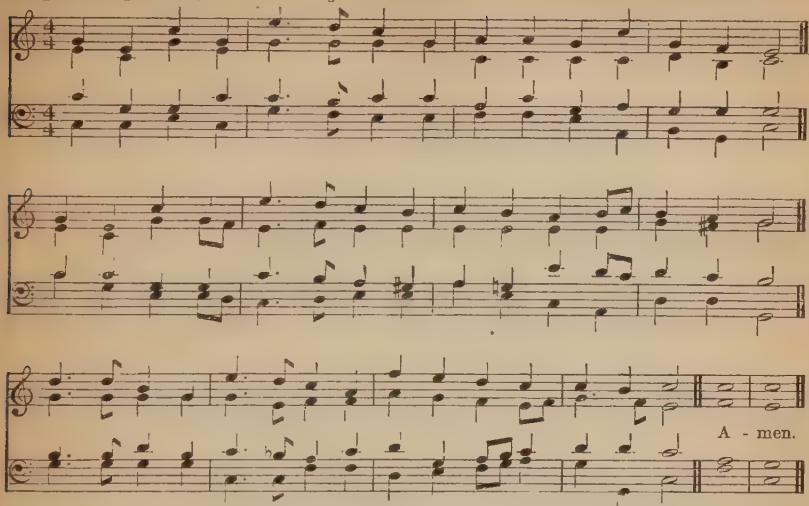
ff

HARMONY.

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise with us the God of grace. A - men.

Regent Square. [SECOND TUNE.] 87.87.47.

HENRY SMART.



599

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.—Ps. ciii. 2.

f 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
 To His feet thy tribute bring;
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Who like thee His praise should sing?
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise the everlasting King.

mf 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
 To our fathers in distress;
 Praise Him, still the same for ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
f Praise Him, praise Him,
 Glorious in His faithfulness.

mf 3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
 Well our feeble frame He knows;
 In His hands He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes:
f Praise Him, praise Him,
 Widely as His mercy flows.

p 4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
 Blows the wind, and it is gone;
 But while mortals rise and perish,
cr God endures unchanging on:
f Praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise the high eternal One.

f 5 Angels, help us to adore Him;
 Ye behold Him face to face;
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
 Dwellers all in time and space,
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise with us the God of grace.

H. F. Lyte.

Maidstone. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

W. B. GILBERT.

600

How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts!—Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

mf 1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love;
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe:
cr O my spirit longs and fains
 For the converse of Thy saints,
 For the brightness of Thy face,
 For Thy fulness, God of grace.

mp 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round Thine altars, O Most High;
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast;
 Like the wandering dove that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.

Brompton. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

J. R. SCHACHNER.

A - men.

3 Happy souls ! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe ;
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies ;
or On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,
dim At Thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.

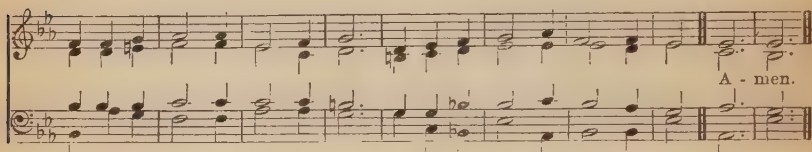
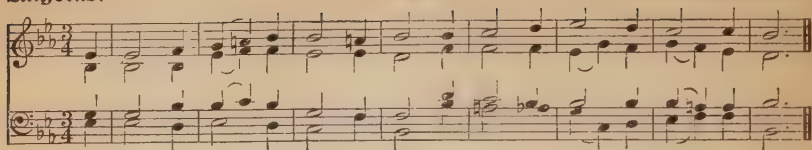
4 Lord, be mine this prize to win :
 Guide me through a world of sin ;
 Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
 Give me at Thy side a place :
f Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
 Guide and guard my erring heart ;
 Grace and glory flow from Thee,
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

H. F. Lyte.

Angelus.

L.M.

G. JOSEPHI.



Sunday Evening.

601

At even, when the sun did set.—MARK i. 32.

- mf* 1 **A**T even, ere the sun was set,
dim The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
cr O in what divers pains they met!
 O with what joy they went away!
- p* 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
 Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
 What if Thy form we cannot see?
 We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
dim For some are sick, and some are sad,
 And some have never loved Thee well,
 And some have lost the love they had;
- 4 And some are pressed with worldly care,
 And some are tried with sinful doubt;
 And some such grievous passions tear
 That only Thou canst cast them out;
- 5 And some have found the world is vain,
 Yet from the world they break not free;
 And some have friends who give them pain,
 Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee.
- 6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
 For none are wholly free from sin;
 And they who fain would serve Thee best
 Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would hide;
- f* 8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
p Hear in this solemn evening hour,
 And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. Twells.

Salzburg.

7s., eight lines.

T. ROSENMÜLLER.

A - men.

602

The lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.—Ps. cxli. 2.

1 **H**OLY Father, whom we praise
 With imperfect accents here,
 Ancient of eternal days,
 Lord of heaven and earth and air,
 Stooping from amid the blaze
 Of the flaming seraphim,
 Hear and help us while we raise
 This our Sabbath evening hymn.

2 We have trod Thy temple, Lord,
 We have joined the public praise,
 We have heard Thy holy word,
 We have sought Thy heavenly grace :
 All Thy goodness we record,
 All our powers to Thee we bring,
 Keep us in Thy watch and ward
 'Neath the night's o'ershadowing.

3 We have seen Thy dying love,
 Jesus, once for sinners slain ;
 We would follow Thee above,
 We with Thee would rise and reign :
 May each passing Sabbath prove
 Sweet with new delight in Thee ;
 Spirit, on our natures move,
 Fit us for eternity.

Thomas Binney.

Day Def. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

Day of Praise. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

C. STEGGALL.

603 *In the night His song shall be
with me.—Ps. xlii. 8.*

- mf* 1 **O**UR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light, that lightenest all !
- 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
cr But O the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir !
- mf* 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

- mf* 6 A little while, and then
cr Shall come the glorious end,
f And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. Ellerton.

604 *Abide with us . . . the day is far spent.
—LUKE xxiv. 29.*

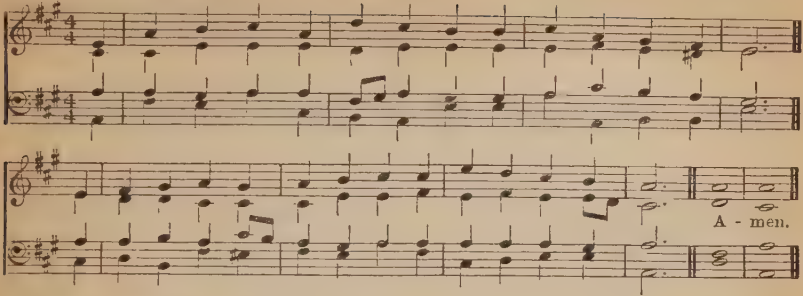
- mp* 1 **S**AVIOUR, abide with us,
The day is now far gone ;
We would obtain a blessing thus,
By coming to Thy throne.
- 2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Where suns can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er ;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore.

J. M. Neale.

Lancaster. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

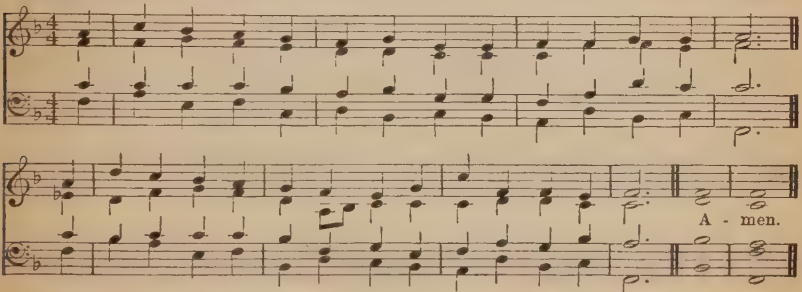
S. HOWARD.



Albano. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

V. NOVELLO.



605 O Lord, how great are Thy works,
and Thy thoughts are very deep. —
Ps. xcii. 5.

mp 1 AND now the wants are told, that
brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

mf 3 For Thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!

mf 5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are:

6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, 'A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours.'

f 7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

W. Bright.

606 I will trust in the covert of Thy
wings.—Ps. lxi. 4.

p 1 THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Enfold our day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

J. Ellerton.

Cara Patria. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

H. M. HIGGS.

607

The shadows of the evening are stretched out.—JER. vi. 4.

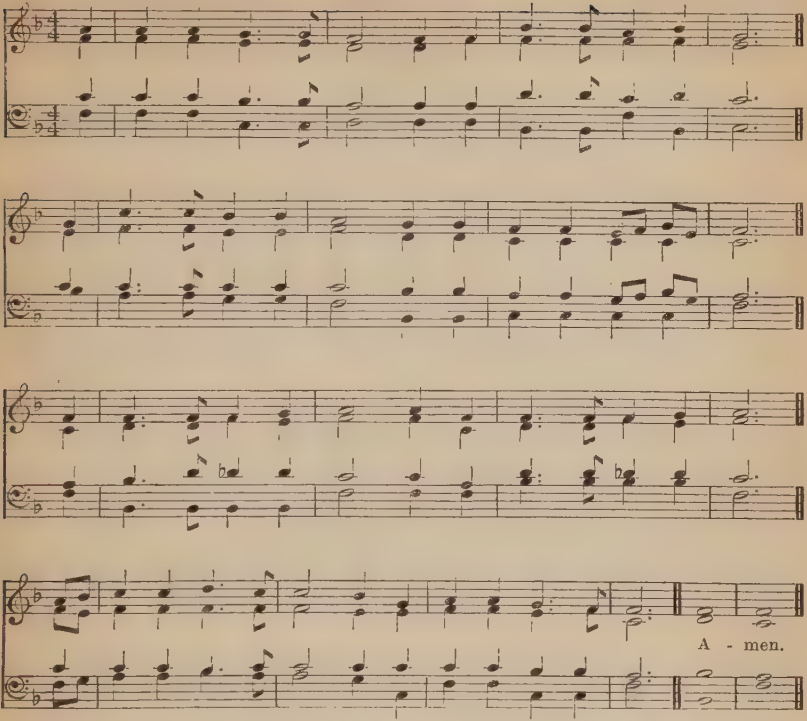
p 1 **A**NOTHER Sabbath ended,
 Its peaceful hours all flown,
 We come to close its worship,
 O Lord, before Thy throne :
 We bless Thee for this earnest
 Of better rest above,
 This token of Thy kindness,
 This pledge of boundless love.

2 We would prolong its moments,
 And linger yet awhile
 Amid its closing shadows,
 Illumined by Thy smile :
 Our souls shall know no darkness
 While we may look to Thee ;
 Our eyes shall ne'er grow weary
 While we Thy face can see.

Rutherford. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

Lausanne Psalter.



mf 3 O Jesus, our dear Saviour,
 To Thee our songs we raise ;
 Our hearts, by care untroubled,
 Uplift themselves in praise :
 For to God's truce with labour
 More glory Thou hast given,
 And Sabbaths now are sweeter
 Since Christ the Lord has risen.

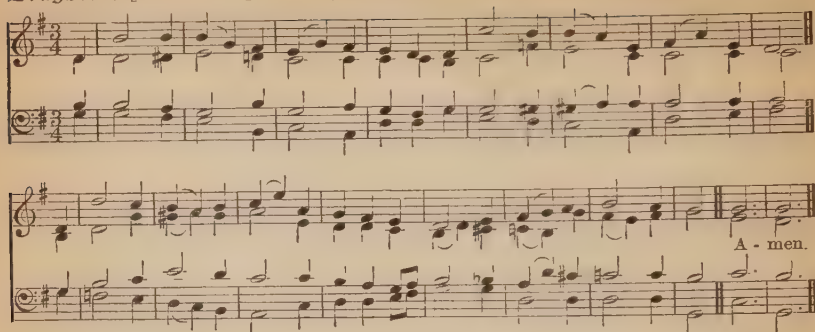
4 O Lord, again we bless Thee
 For such a day as this,
 So rich in ancient glories,
 So bright with hopes of bliss :
 O may we reach Thy perfect,
 Thine endless, day of rest :
 Then lay our earth-worn spirits
 Upon our Father's breast.

T. Vincent Tymms.

Loughton. [FIRST TUNE.]

9.8.9.8.

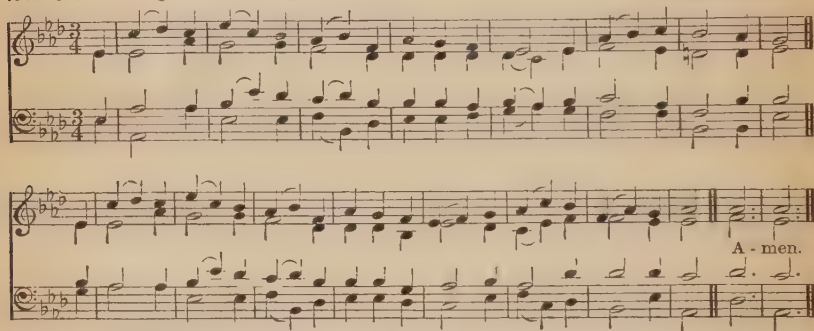
CHARLES VINCENT.



St. Clement. [SECOND TUNE.]

9.8.9.8.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



608

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.—Ex. xv. 18.

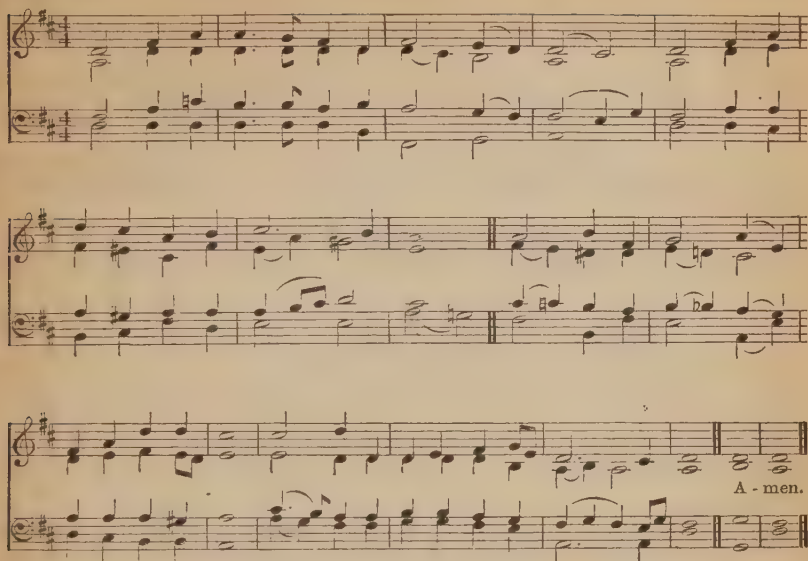
- 1 **T**HE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.
- 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
- 5 So be it, Lord ; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

J. Ellerton.

Pax Dei. [FIRST TUNE.]

10.10.10.

J. B. DYKES.



609

In the temple praising and blessing God.—LUKE xxiv. 53.

f 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
p Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

mf 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

p 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
din Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
pp Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton.

Ellers. [SECOND TUNE.]

10.10.10.10.

E. J. HOPKINS.

mp *cres.*

1. Sa-viour, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ae-cord our parting hymn of praise ;

f *dim.* *rall.*

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

f *dim.* *rall.*

mp *cres.*

2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;

mp *cres.*

mf *rall.*

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd upon Thy name.

mf *rall.*

SUNDAY EVENING.

mp *cres.* *f*

3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness in-to light ;

mp *cres.* *f*

mf *dim.* *rall.*

From harm and dan-ger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.

mf *dim.* *rall.*

mp *cres.*

4. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

mp *cres.*

f

sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then when Thy voice shall

f

dim. *rall.* HARMONY.

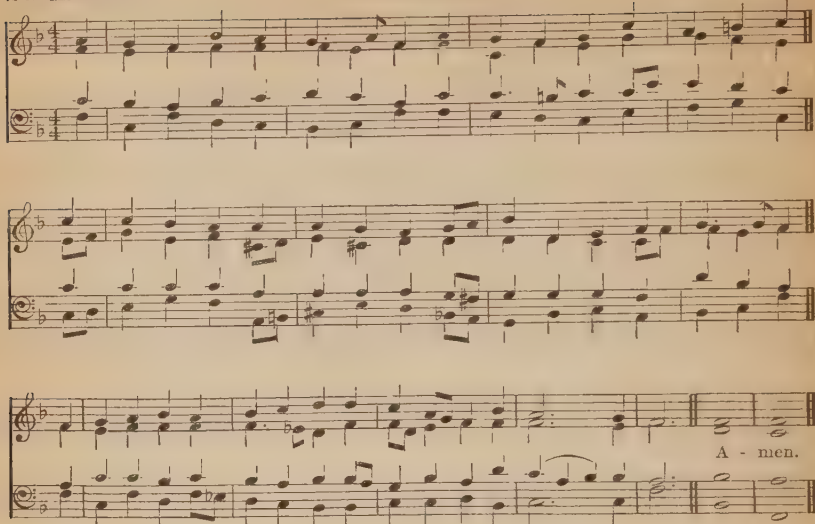
bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

dim. *rall.*

St. Matthias.

Ss., six lines.

W. H. MONK.



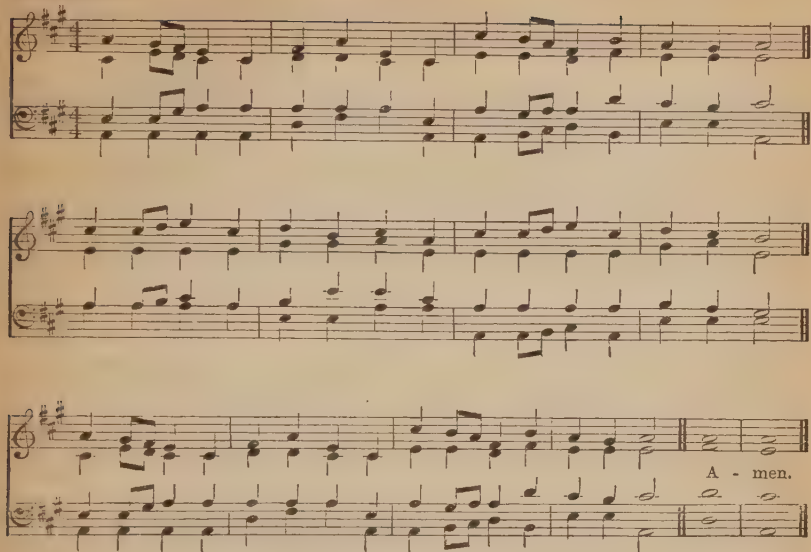
610 *Jesus Himself stood in the midst, and saith, Peace be unto you.—LUKE xxiv. 36.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
 Thy word into our minds instil ;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.</p> | <p>4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And loving hearts without alloy,
 That only long to be like Thee.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.</p> |
| <p>2 The day is done ; its hours have run,
 And Thou hast taken count of all,—
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.</p> | <p>5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
 Let not our works with self be soiled,
 Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.</p> |
| <p>3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release ;
 And bless us, more than in past days,
 With purity and inward peace.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.</p> | <p>6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
 Thou art our Jesus and our All.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.</p> |

F. W. Faber.

Dismissal.

87.87.47.



Benediction Hymn.

611

They went unto their tents joyful and glad of heart.—1 KINGS viii. 66.

mf 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

f 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

mp 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
cr Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
f May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

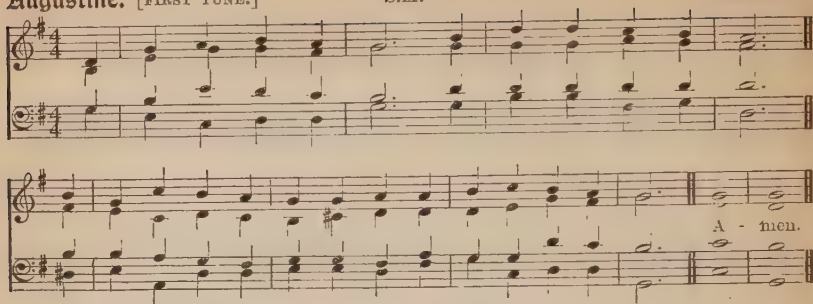
John Fawcett.

WORSHIP.

Augustine. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

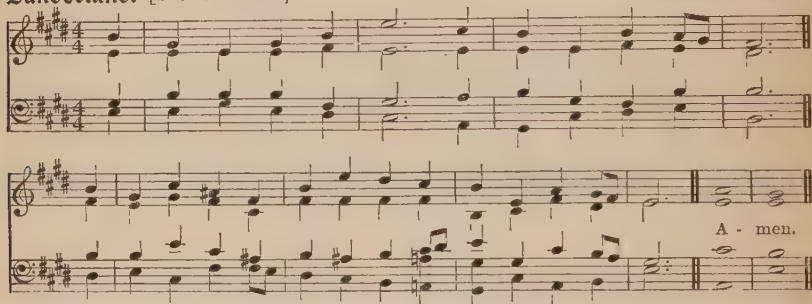
German.



Sunderland. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

HENRY SMART.



(3) THE PRAYER MEETING.

See also Section VII. (4) 'Fellowship with God.'

Fellowship in Prayer.

612 *Our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son.—1 JOHN i. 3.*

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs,
He pardons every day,
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large His bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with His blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless Thy faithful care,
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart,
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

P. Doddridge.

613 *Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.—HEB. iv. 16.*

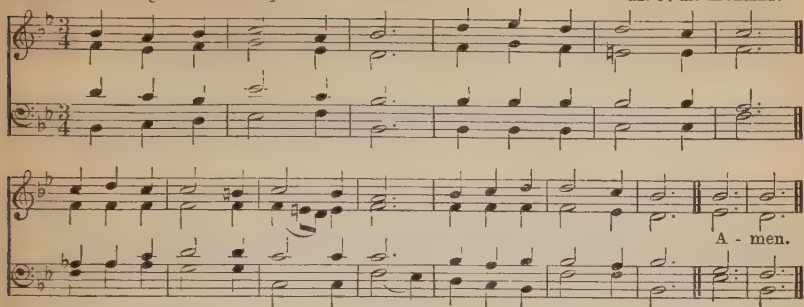
- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 Beyond our utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love:
We ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
- 5 Abiding in Thy faith,
Our will conformed to Thine,
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

John Newton.

Sorrel Hill. [THIRD TUNE.]

S.M.

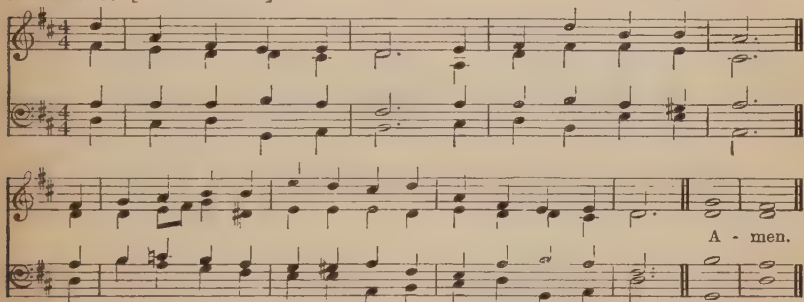
H. J. E. HOLMES.



Stamford. [FOURTH TUNE.]

S.M.

HENRY G. TREMBATH.



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614 *Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.—MATT. xviii. 20.*

- 1 JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.
- 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which now we come to prove;
Thy name is life and joy and peace
And everlasting love.
- 3 We meet the grace to take
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
- 4 Present we know Thou art,
But O Thyself reveal;
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.
- 5 O may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

C. Wesley.

615 *Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you.—JOHN xv. 16.*

- 1 GREAT is Thy mercy, Lord,
Deep is Thy tenderness;
Keep now with us Thy friendly word;
The hearts that seek Thee bless.
- 2 We have not chosen Thee,
But us Thou deign'st to choose,—
Not servants, but Thy friends to be,
Whom Thou wilt never lose:
- 3 For never wilt Thou change,
Who art all change above:
Nor life nor death shall us estrange
From Thy most perfect love.
- 4 O for Thy loving heart!
O to be like Thee, Lord!
Come near us, Christ, Thy grace impart.
Thy spirit now afford.
- 5 To Thee we fain would live,
Content if Thou be nigh,
To Thee all powers and passions give,
And then to Thee would die.

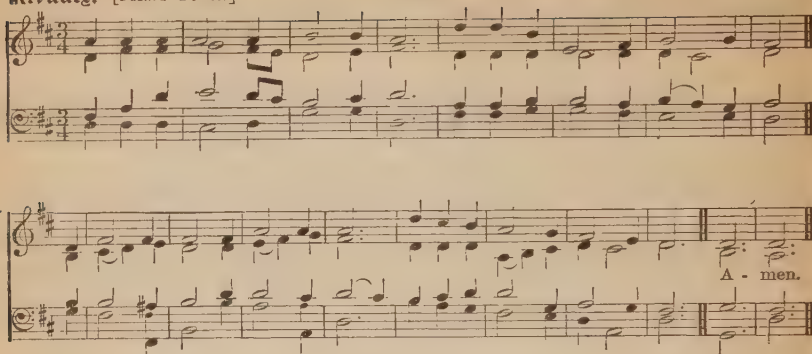
G. B. Bubier.

WORSHIP.

Rivaulx. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

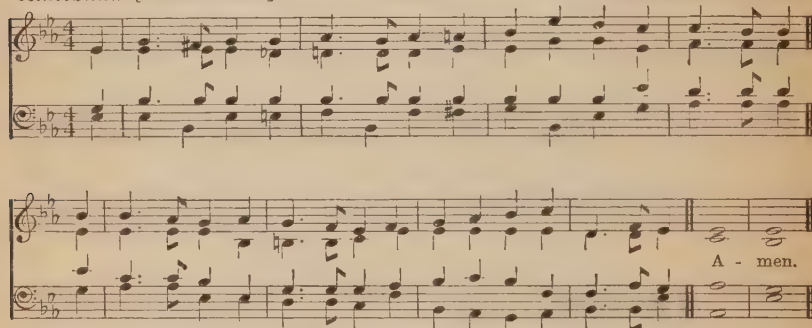
J. B. DYKES.



Waltham. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



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616

God . . spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets.—HEB. i. 1.

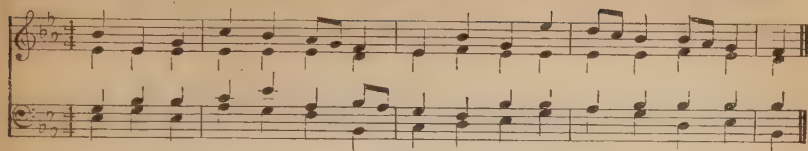
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O GOD, who didst Thy will unfold
 In wondrous ways to saints of old,
 By dream, by oracle, or seer,
 Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear?</p> <p>2 What though no answering voice is heard ?
 Thine oracles, the written word,
 Counsel and guidance still impart,
 Responsive to the upright heart.</p> <p>3 What though no more by dreams is shown
 That future things to God are known ?
 Enough the promises reveal ;
 Wisdom and love the rest conceal.</p> | <p>4 Faith asks no signal from the skies
 To show that prayers accepted rise ;
 Our Priest is in the holy place,
 And answers from the throne of grace.</p> <p>5 No need of prophets to inquire :
 The Sun is risen, the stars retire ;
 The Comforter is come, and sheds
 His holy unction on our heads.</p> <p>6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire ;
 Answer our sacrifice by fire ;
 And by Thy mighty acts declare
 Thou art the God who hearest prayer.</p> |
|--|---|

Josiah Conder.

Woolstanton. [THIRD TUNE.]

L. M.

E. HAWKINS.



617 *The cherubim of glory shadowing
the mercy-seat.—HEB. ix. 5.*

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness o'er our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet ;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 There, there on eagle-wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more :
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 6 O let my hands forget their skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat !

Hugh Stowell.

618 *They that feared the Lord spake often
one to another.—MAL. iii. 16.*

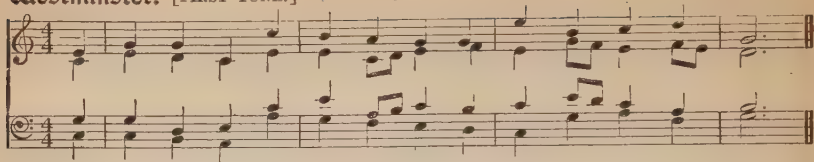
- 1 KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May He by whose kind care we meet
Send His good Spirit from above ;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus ;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived and died and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all He did and said
And suffered for us here below ;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love and wonder and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

John Newton.

Westminster. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

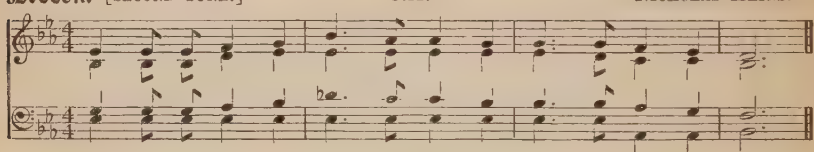
JAMES TURLE.



Brecon. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

NICHOLAS HEINS.



619 *Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.—Eph. vi 18.*

p 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

p 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;

cr Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

p 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays!'

mf 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

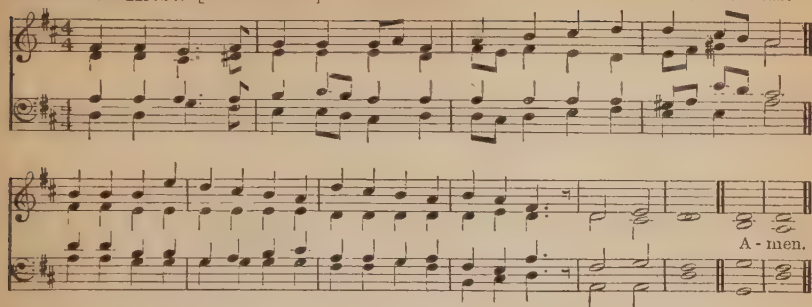
7 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

James Montgomery,

Etiam et Mihi. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.3.

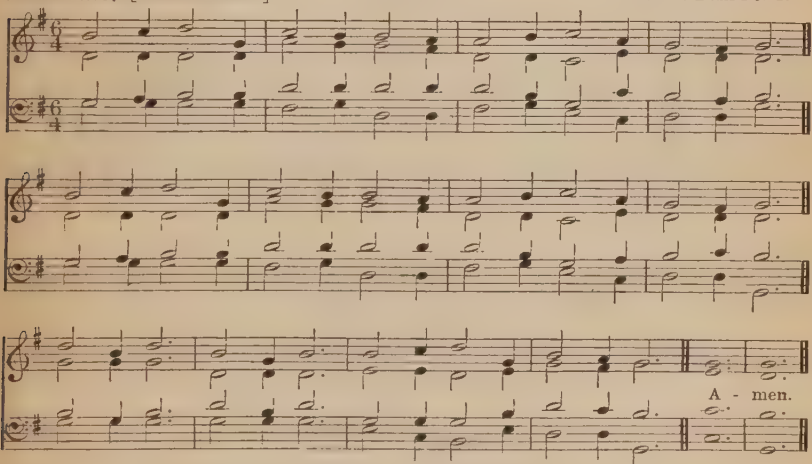
J. B. DYKES.



Even me. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.3.

W. B. BRADBURY.



620

Bless me, even me also, O my father.—GEN. xxvii. 34.

mf 1 **L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free,—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me.

p 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou mightst spurn me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
When Thou comest call for me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

mf 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

WORSHIP.

Battisbill. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

J. PATTISHILL.

Ulverston. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

R. B. DANIEL.

621

Ask, and it shall be given you.—MATT. vii. 7.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King ;
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin :
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

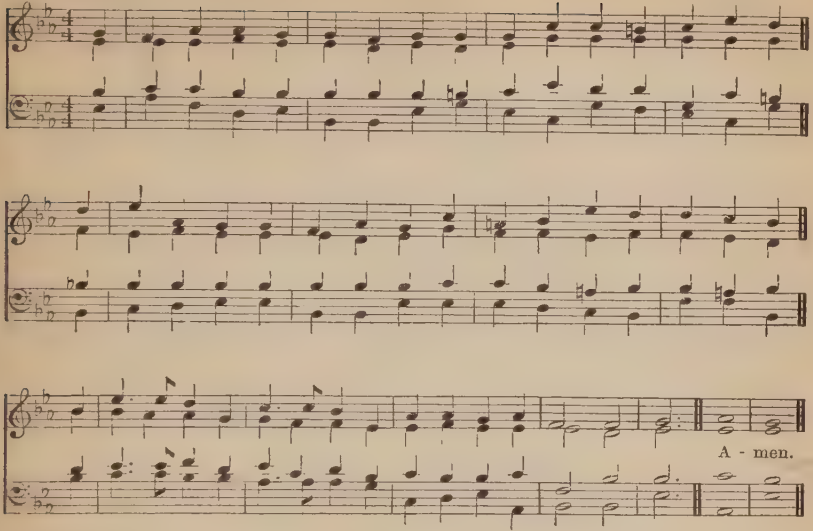
6 Show me what I have to do ;
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith ;
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton.

St. Cyres.

8s., six lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



622

He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.—EPH. i. 6.

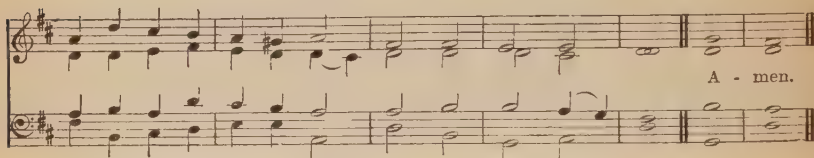
- 1 **O** GOD of our forefathers, hear,
And make Thy faithful mercies known :
To Thee, through Jesus, we draw near,—
Thy suffering, well-belovèd Son,
In whom Thou art well pleased that we
Thy smiling face should ever see.
- 2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before Thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,
Which brings Thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3 Acceptance through His holy name,
Forgiveness in His blood, we have ;
But more abundant life we claim
Through Him who died our souls to save,
To sanctify us by His blood,
And fill us with the life of God.
- 4 Father, behold Thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that speaks above :
On us be all Thy graces shown ;
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love—
Thy kingdom—come to every heart,
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art.

C. Wesley.

Capetown.

7.7.7.5.

F. FILTZ.



623

Then came Jesus and stood in the midst.—JOHN xx. 19.

1 **W**HERESOEVER two or three
Meet, a Christian company,
Grant us, Lord, to meet with Thee:
Gracious Saviour, hear.

2 When with friends beloved we stray
Talking at the closing day,
Saviour, meet us in the way:
Gracious Saviour, hear.

3 When amid the gloom of night
Storms arise, and perils fright,
Let Thy voice our hearts delight:
Gracious Saviour, hear.

4 In the festive hour refine
Earthly love to joys divine;
Turn the water into wine:
Gracious Saviour, hear.

5 In the time of lonely grief,
Let Thy presence bring relief,
Then shall longest nights grow brief:
Gracious Saviour, hear.

6 When the world and life recede,
Saviour, in our hour of need,
Then be visible indeed:
Gracious Saviour, hear.

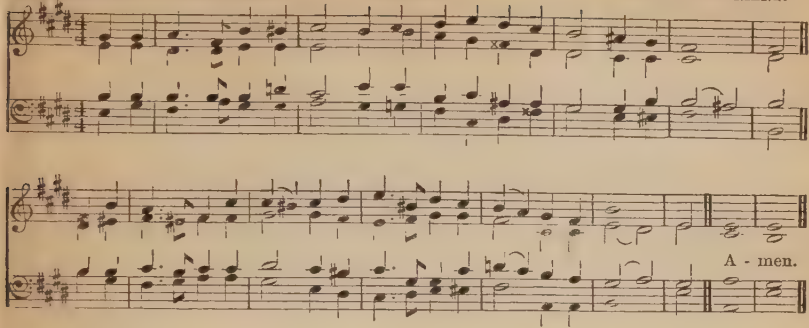
Josiah Conder.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

Matendloth. [FIRST TUNE.]

774.774.

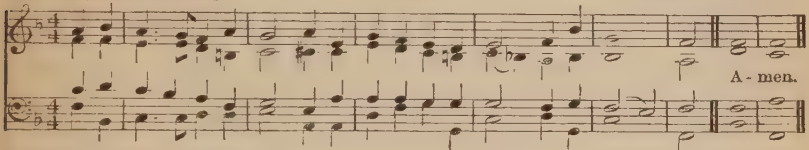
ROWLAND BRIANT.



Clare. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.4.

ETHEL EARLE.



624

Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.—MARK ix. 24.

1 **W**HEN I come with troubled heart,
 Jesus bids me not depart
 Till He stills it;
 When I come with empty urn,
 Jesus bids me not return
 Till He fills it.

2 Once I came in tattered dress,
 And the God of holiness
 Did not loathe me;
 Bringing nothing for the payment,
 When I came for change of raiment,
 He did clothe me.

3 When I dared not nearer draw,
 For the terrors of the law,
 He beheld me;
 When I could not enter in,
 For the burden of my sin,
 He compelled me.

4 Still He bids me to draw near,
 With my every grief or fear,
 And He stills it:
 All unworthy, still I learn
 Just to bring my empty urn,
 And He fills it.

Jane Crewdson.

WORSHIP.

Green Hill. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

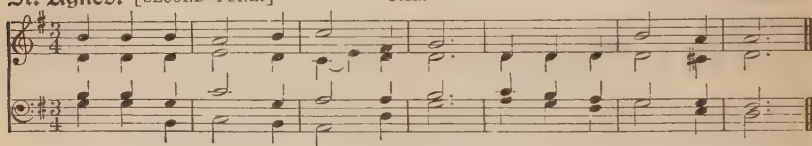
A. L. PEACE.



St. Agnes. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

J. B. DYKES.



Supplications.

625 Prayer that goeth not out of feigned lips.—Ps. xvii. 1.

p 1 **L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a healing ray from Thee
Beam peace on every heart.

mf 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
cr Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.

mp 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Let not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

Joseph D. Carlyle.

626 Lord, increase our faith.—LUKE xvii. 5.

p 1 **T**HOU who our faithless hearts canst read,
And know'st each weakness there,
Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we plead;
O turn not from our prayer.

2 We cannot grasp from hour to hour
The truths Thy gospel saith;
cr Then aid us by Thy heavenly power,
And so increase our faith,

mf 3 That we may trust Thy guardian care,
When no kind hand we see;
That we may lift our souls in prayer
Undoubtingly to Thee.

4 Help us to gaze on things unseen
By eyes of mortal sight;
To pierce through earth's dark veil and glean
Some beams of heavenly light.

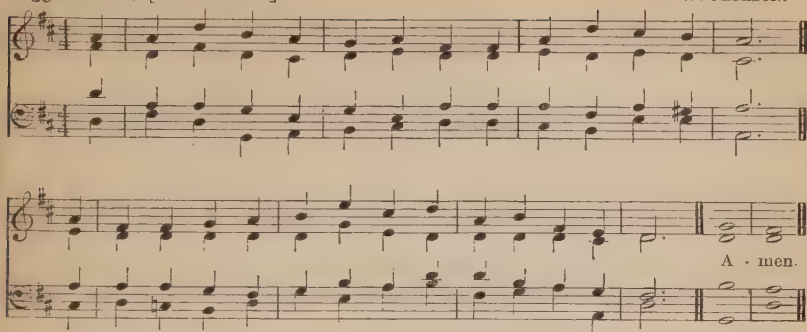
cr 5 Thy glorious presence may we see,
When earth's last tie is riven;
In faith then trust our souls to Thee,
Till we awake in heaven.

J. Baldwin Brown.

Byzantium. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

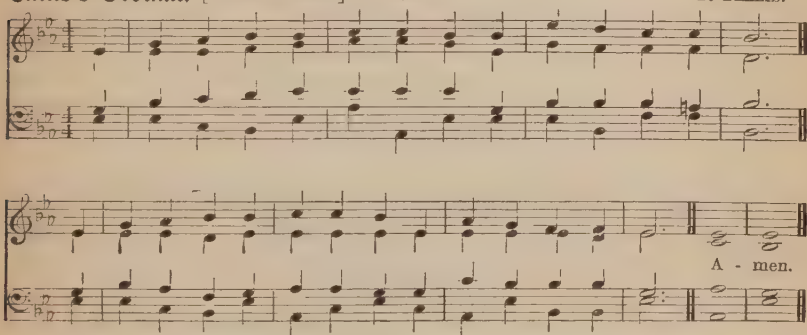
W. JACKSON.



Tallis's Ordinal. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

T. TALLIS.



627 *God: that giveth to all men liberally.*—
JAMES i. 5.

mf 1 O FOUNT of grace that runneth o'er,
So full, so vast, so free !
Are none too worthless, none too poor,
To come and take of Thee ?

2 We come, O Lord, with empty hand,
Yet turn us not away ;
For grace hath nothing to demand,
And suppliants nought to pay.

3 'Tis ours to ask and to receive ;
To take and not to buy ;

cr 'Tis Thine in sovereign grace to give,
Yea, give abundantly.

mp 4 And thus, in simple faith, we dare
Our empty urn to bring ;

cr O nerve the feeble hand of prayer
To dip it in the spring.

628 *Lord, teach us to pray.*—LUKE xi. i.

1 WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee
Our wandering spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,
Too poor to turn away,
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek Thy face,
Unless Thou lead the way ;
We have no words unless Thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

4 Here every thought and fond desire
We on Thy altar lay ;
And when our souls have caught Thy fire,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. S. B. Monsell.

WORSHIP.

Fingal. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. S. ANDERSON.

London. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

W. CROFT.

629 *The power of the Lord was present
to heal them.—LUKE v 17.*

- 1 **H** EAL us, Immanuel ! we are here,
Waiting to feel Thy touch ;
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess ;
We faintly trust Thy word ;
But wilt Thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from Thee, Lord.
- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief :
' Lord, I believe,' with tears he cried,
' O help my unbelief !'
- 4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, ' Daughter, go in peace ;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.'
- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee, if we may ;
O send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

W. Cowper.

630 *Seek the Lord and His strength ; seek
His face continually.—1 CHRON. xvi. 11.*

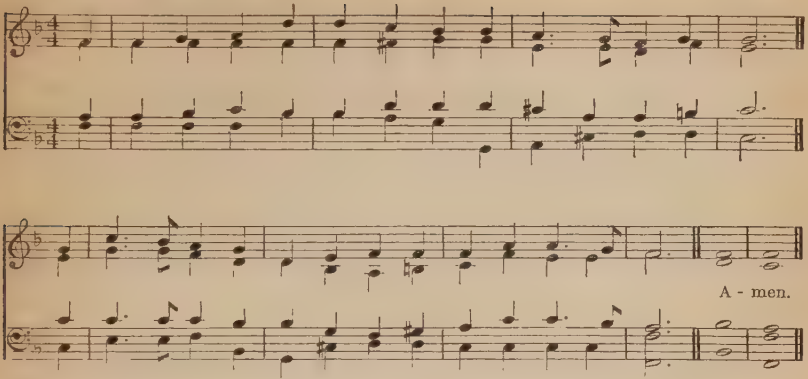
- 1 **T** HERE'S not a grief, however light,
Too light for sympathy :
There's not a care, however slight,
Too slight to bring to Thee.
- 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress ;
For He who bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets the ear divine ;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.
- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

Jane Crewdson.

Hortbrepps. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

J. BOOTH.



631

Lord, help me!—MATT. xv. 25.

- 1 O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give :
Help us in thought and word and deed
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.
- 4 If, strangers to Thy fold, we call,
Imploring at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat ;—
- 5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this :
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light and life and bliss.
- 6 O help us, Saviour, from on high ;
We know no help but Thee ;
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

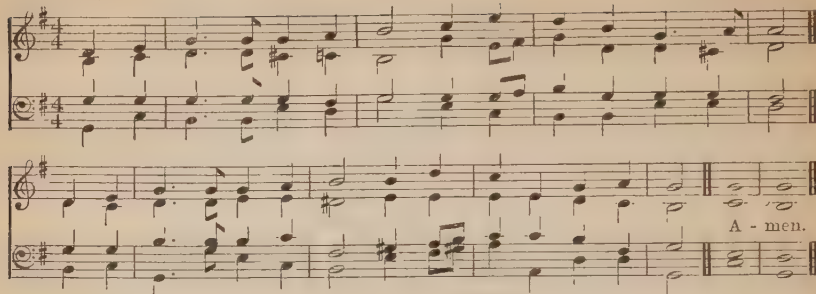
H. Milman.

WORSHIP.

Cantone.

7.7.7.7.

A. H. MANN.



(By permission of the Composer.)

632

The Life was the light of men.—JOHN 1. 4.

f 1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love Divine, Thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Every mourning sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear,
To Thy living temples come.

3 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Rooting out the love of sin.

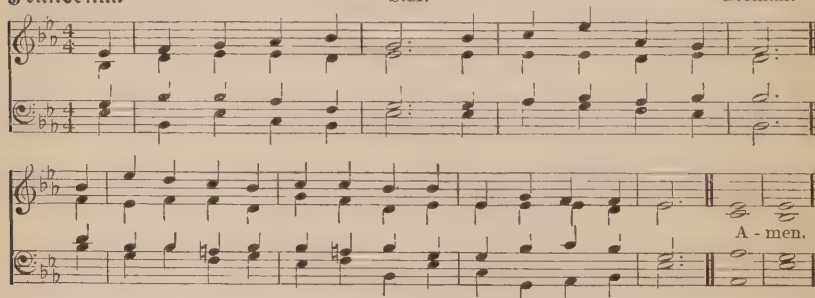
4 Nothing more can we require,
We will ask for nothing less;
Be Thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

C. Wesley.

Franconia.

S.M.

German.



Special Occasions for Prayer.

EARLY MORNING PRAYER MEETING.

633

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord.—PS. v. 3.

p 1 **S**WEETLY the holy hymn
Breaks on the morning air;
Before the world with smoke is dim
We meet to offer prayer.

2 While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls, descend;
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send.

3 Upon the battle-field,
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins.

4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.

5 On the lone mountain side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might.

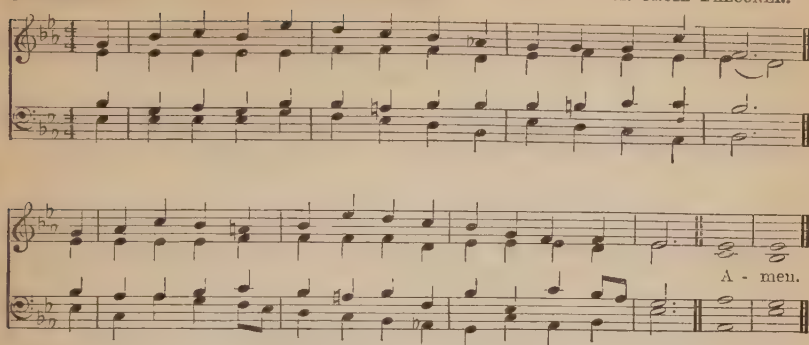
6 O hear us, then, for we
Are very weak and frail;
We make the Saviour's name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Jerusalem.

C.M.

A. CROIL FALCONER.



NOONTIDE PRAYER MEETING.

634

On Thee do I wait all the day.—PS. xxv. 5.

mp 1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care ;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou mayst be sought ;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

mf 4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea ;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know ;
cr And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

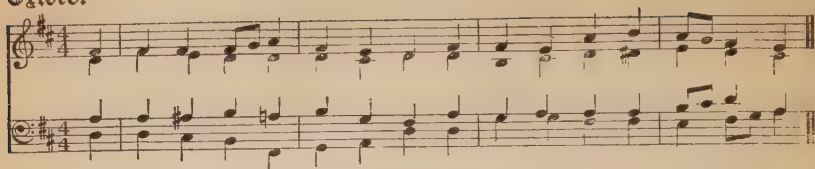
6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done ;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

J. Ellerton.

Orford.

L.M.

J. STAINER.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

FAMILY MEETINGS.

635

Ye shall return every man unto his family.—LEV. xxv. 10.

1 **T**HOU gracious Power, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold,
As in the peaceful days of old.

2 Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?

3 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres,

5 We thank Thee, Father; let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore.

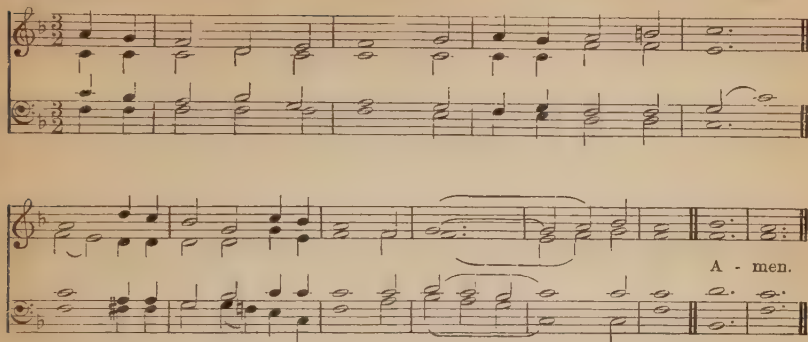
O. W. Holmes.

THE PRAYER MEETING : PARTING HYMNS.

Thornfield. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.6.8.4.

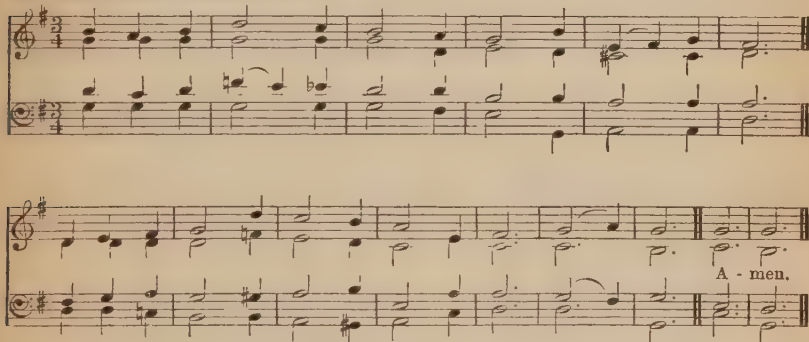
CHARLES VINCENT.



Verbum Pacis. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.6.8.4.

GEORGE LOMAS.



PARTING HYMNS.

636

Sorrowing most of all . . . that they should see his face no more.—ACTS xx. 38.

p 1 **W**ITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go,—
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

2 With the good word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend.

3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell ;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

mf 4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee,
That the sure promise of Thy truth
Faithful shall be.

f 5 And the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting shine,
The shade of absent days light up
With rays Divine.

6 Go then, with peace, and prayer,
And love, and faith, and hope ;
His guardian angels everywhere
Shall bear thee up.

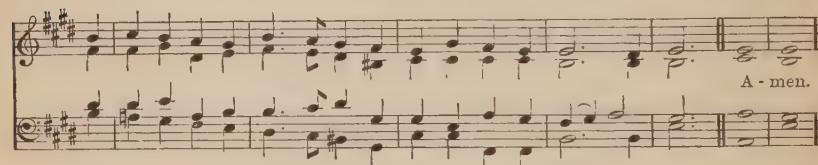
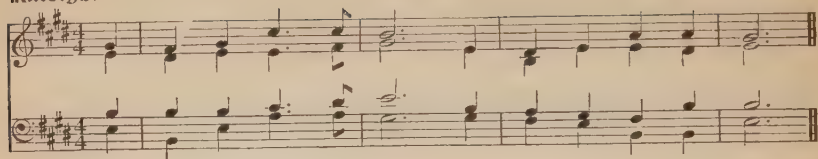
G. Watson.

WORSHIP.

Raleigh.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

E. PROUT.



637 Now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.—ACTS xx. 32.

mf 1 FATHER, who art alone
Our helper and our stay,
dim. O hear us, as we plead
For loved ones far away,
cr. And shield with Thine almighty hand
Our wanderers by sea and land.

mf 2 For Thou, our Father God,
Art present everywhere,
And bendest low Thine ear
To catch the faintest prayer,
Waiting rich blessings to bestow
On all Thy children here below.

3 O compass with Thy love
The daily path they tread ;
And may Thy light and truth
Upon their hearts be shed,
cr. That, one in all things with Thy will,
Heaven's peace and joy their souls may fill.

mf 4 Guard them from every harm
When dangers shall assail,
And teach them that Thy power
Can never, never fail ;
We cannot with our loved ones be,
But trust them, Father, unto Thee.

p 5 We all are travellers here
Along life's various road,
Meeting and parting oft
cr. Till we shall mount to God,—
At home at last, with those we love,
Within the fatherland above.

Edith J.

THE PRAYER MEETING: PARTING HYMNS.

No. 638.

87.87.47.

E. J. HOPKINS.



FAREWELL TO MISSIONARIES.

(See also Hymn 561.)

638

Depart, for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles.—Acts xxii. 21.

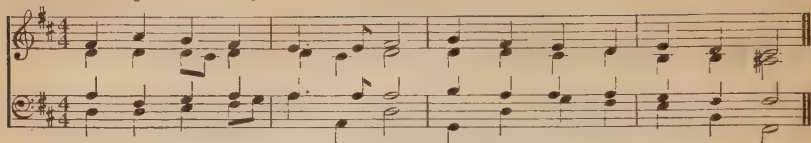
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>f</i> 1 SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed
 them !
 Thou art Lord of winds and waves :
 They were bound, but Thou hast freed
 them ;
 Now they go to free the slaves :
 Be Thou with them !
 'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
 Lord, they go at Thy command ;
 As their stay Thy promise taking,
 While they traverse sea and land :
 <i>cr</i> O be with them !
 Lead them safely by the hand.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 3 When they reach the land of strangers,
 And the prospect dark appears,
 Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
 Nothing felt but doubts and fears ;
 <i>cr</i> Be Thou with them !
 Hear their sighs and count their tears.</p> | <p><i>mp</i> 4 When they think of home, now dearer
 Than it ever seemed before,
 <i>cr</i> Bring the promised glory nearer ;
 Let them see that peaceful shore,
 Where Thy people
 Rest from toil and weep no more.</p> <p><i>p</i> 5 Where no fruit appears to cheer
 them,
 And they seem to toil in vain,
 Then in mercy, Lord, draw near
 them,
 <i>cr</i> Then their sinking hopes sustain :
 Thus supported,
 <i>cr</i> Let their zeal revive again.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 6 In the midst of opposition,
 Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee ;
 <i>p</i> When success attends their mission,
 Let Thy servants humbler be :
 <i>cr</i> Never leave them,
 Till Thy face in heaven they see ;</p> <p><i>f</i> 7 There to reap, in joy for ever,
 Fruit that grows from seed here sown ;
 There to be with Him, who never
 Ceases to preserve His own,
 And with gladness
 Give the praise to Him alone !
 <i>T. Kelly.</i></p> |
|---|---|

WORSHIP.

Earlsfield. [FIRST TUNE.]

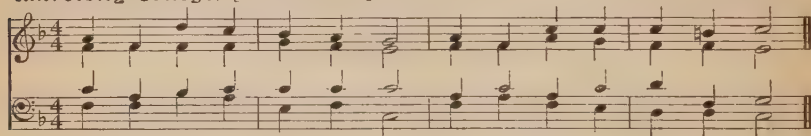
7.7.7.7.

E. S. WEST.



University College. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



639

Make you perfect in every good work to do His will.—HEB. xiii. 21.

mf 1 **N**OW may He, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

f 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

John Newton.

640

He is our peace.—EPH. ii. 14.

p 1 **P**ART in peace! Christ's life was peace;
Let us live our life in Him;
Part in peace! Christ's death was peace;
Let us die our death in Him.

2 Part in peace! Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease:
Holy brethren, part in peace!

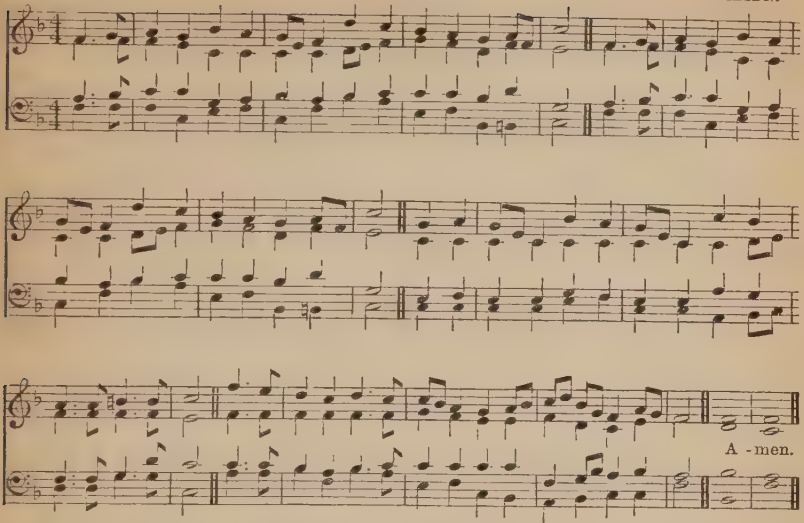
Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

DEDICATION SERVICES.

Austria.

8.7., eight lines.

HAYDN.



(4) DEDICATION SERVICES.

Laying a Foundation Stone.

641

Strengthen, O God, that which Thou hast wrought for us.—Ps. lxxviii. 28.

mf 1 **I**N the name which earth and heaven
Ever worship, praise, and fear,—
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—
Shall a house be builded here;
Here with prayer its deep foundations
In the faith of Christ we lay,
Trusting by His help to crown it
With the top-stone in its day.

2 Here as in their due succession
Stone on stone the workmen place,
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,
Jesus, build us up in grace;
Till, within these walls completed,
We complete in Thee are found;
And to Thee, the one Foundation,
Strong and living stones are bound.

3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple :
Here the careless passer-by
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
Of the holier house on high :
Weary hearts and troubled spirits
Here shall find a still retreat ;
Sinful souls shall bring their burden
Here to the Absolver's feet.

cr 4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,
Lord, we pray, this house adorn,
Where Thy bride, Thy Church redeemed,
Robes her for her marriage morn ;
Clothed in garments of salvation,
Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
Till she may behold His face.

f 5 Praise to Thee, O Master-BUILDER,
Maker of the earth and skies ;
Praise to Thee, in whom Thy temple
Fittingly framed together lies ;
Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit,
Binding all that lives in one,—
Till our earthly praise be ended,
And the eternal song begun.

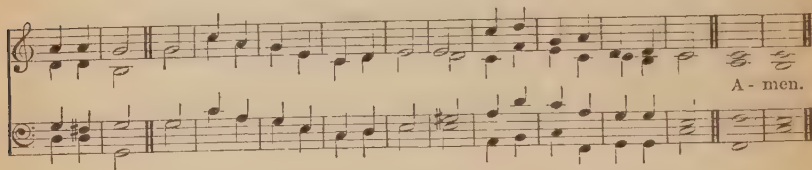
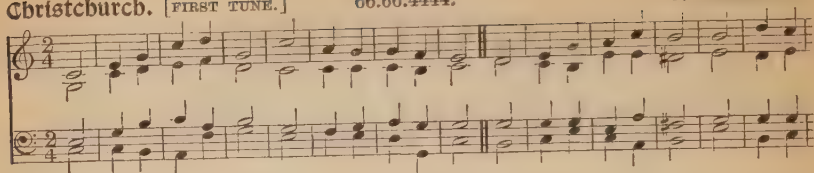
J. Ellerton.

WORSHIP.

Christchurch. [FIRST TUNE.]

66.66.4444.

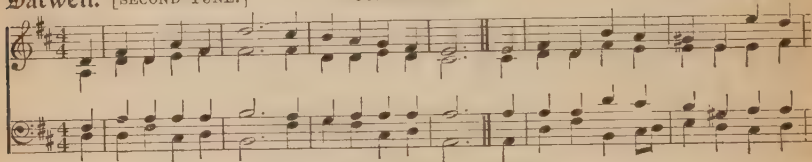
C. STEGGALL.



Darwell. [SECOND TUNE.]

66.66.4444.

J. DARWELL.



642

The Lord said unto him, . . . I have hallowed this house . . . to put My name there for ever, and Mine eyes and Mine heart shall be there perpetually.—1 KINGS ix. 3.

f 1 CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

mf 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

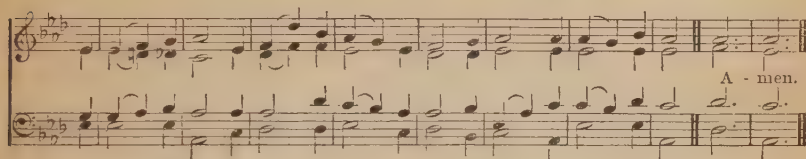
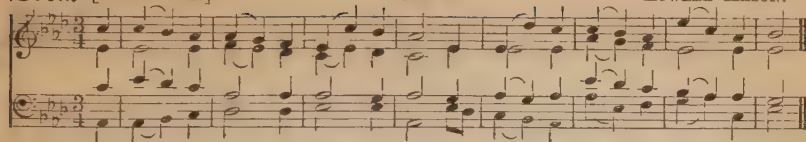
cr 4 Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.
From the Latin, tr. J. Chandler.

DEDICATION SERVICES.

Eden. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

LOWELL MASON.



Norfolk. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

S. HOWARD.



Opening a Place of Worship.

643

There am I in the midst of them.

—MATT. xviii. 20.

1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make our waiting hearts Thine own.

W. Cowper.

644

*Neither in this mountain, nor yet at
Jerusalem.*—JOHN iv. 21.

f 1 O THOU to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was
strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing
tongue,

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favoured worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

mf 4 To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the
knee;

dim And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

f 5 O Thou to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee at last in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

J. Pierpont.

Sunset.

L. M. D.

MEYER LUTZ.

645 *To see Thy power and Thy glory, so as I have seen Thee in the sanctuary.—Ps. lxxiii. 2.*

1 OUR Father God, not face to face,
 May mortal sense commune with Thee,
 Nor lift the curtains of that place
 Where dwells Thy secret majesty ;
 Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend
 In reverent faith and humble prayer,
 Thy promised blessing will descend,
 And we shall find Thy Spirit there.

2 Lord, be the spot where now we meet
 An open gateway into heaven ;
 Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
 And feel our many sins forgiven ;
 Here may desponding care look up,
 And sorrow lay its burden down,
 Or learn of Him to drink the cup,
 To bear the cross, and win the crown.

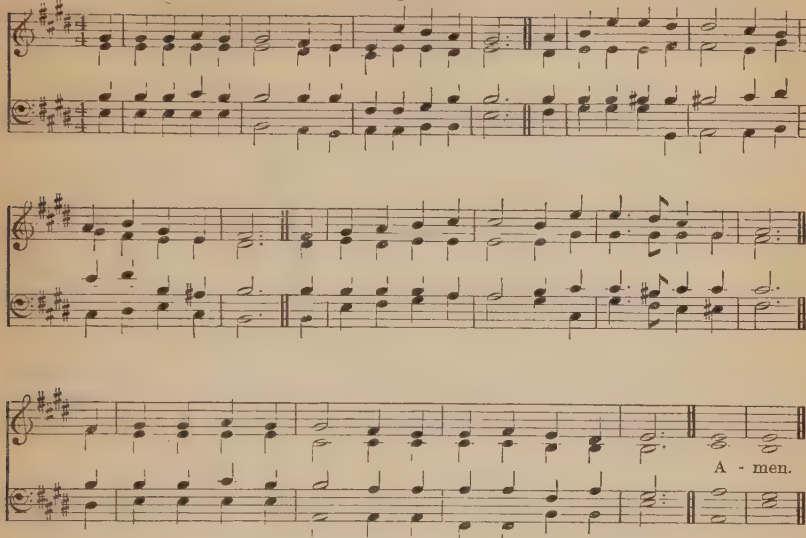
3 Here may the sick and wandering soul,
 To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
 Find better than Bethesda's pool,
 Or than Siloam's healing wave :
 And may we learn, while here apart
 From the world's passion and its strife,
 That Thy true shrine's a loving heart,
 And Thy best praise a holy life.

Edwin H. Chapin.

Aurelia.

7.6., eight lines.

S. S. WESLEY.



646

That thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day.—1 KINGS viii. 29.

1 **O** THOU whose hand hath brought us
Unto this joyful day,
Accept our glad thanksgiving,
And listen as we pray :
And may our preparation
For this day's service be.
With one accord to offer
Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee.

2 For this new house we praise Thee,
Reared by Thine own command ;
For every generous bosom,
And every willing hand ;
And now within Thy temple
Thy glory let us see ;
For all its strength and beauty
Are nothing without Thee.

3 And oft as here we gather,
And hearts in worship blend,
May truth reveal its power,
And fervent prayer ascend ;
Here may the busy toiler
Rise to the things above ;
The young, the old, be strengthened,
And all men learn Thy love.

4 And as the years roll over,
And strong affections twine,
And tender memories gather
About this sacred shrine,
May this, its chief distinction,
Its glory ever be,
That multitudes within it
Have found their way to Thee.

5 Lord God, our fathers' helper,
Our joy and hope and stay,
Grant now a gracious earnest
Of many a coming day :
Our yearning hearts Thou knowest ;
We wait before Thy throne ;
O come, and by Thy presence
Make this new house Thine own.

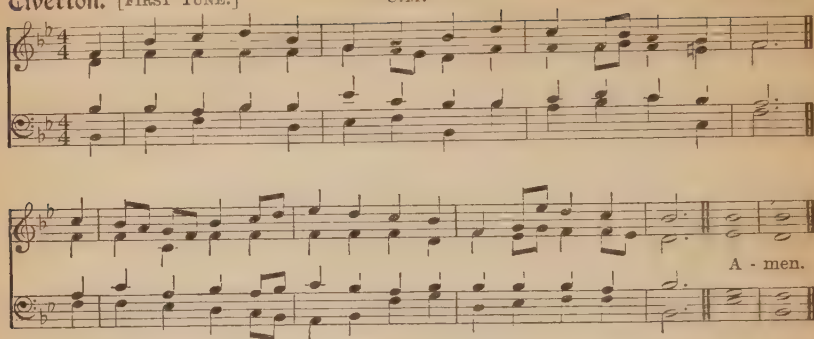
F. W. Goadby.

WORSHIP.

Tiverton. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

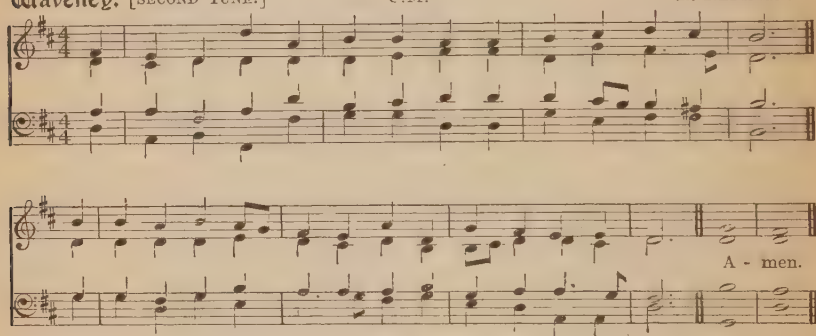
GRIGG.



Waveney. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

R. REDHEAD.



647

Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary.—Ps. lxxvii. 13.

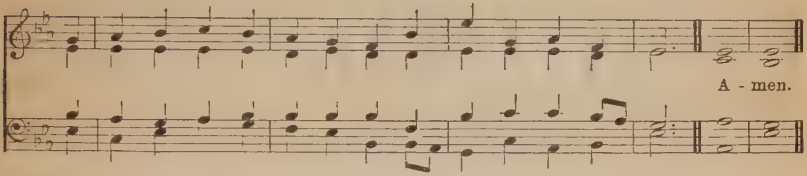
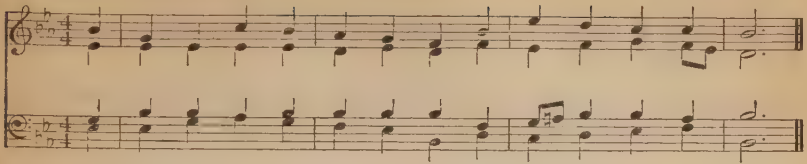
- 1 **T**HOU whose unmeasured temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, O God, to Thee.
- 2 And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 May they who err be guided here
To find the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. Bryant.

Bedford. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

W. WHEALE.



A - men.

648 *Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest; Thou
and the ark of Thy strength.—Ps.
cxxxii. 8.*

1 **L**IGHT up this house with glory, Lord;
Enter, and claim Thine own;
Receive the homage of our souls,
Erect Thy temple-throne.

2 We rear no altar—Thou hast died;
We deck no priestly shrine;
What need have we of creature-aid?
The power to save is Thine.

3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud
To glorify the place;
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—
A plenitude of grace.

4 No rushing mighty wind we ask,
No tongues of flame desire;
Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
His purifying fire.

5 Light up this house with glory, Lord,—
The glory of that love
Which forms and saves a Church below,
And makes a heaven above.

John Harris.

649 *Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest.—
Ps. cxxxii. 8.*

1 **A**RISE, O King of grace, arise
And enter to Thy rest:
Lo! Thy Church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And, as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

I. Watts.

WORSHIP.

Syria.

7s., eight lines.

650 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, . . . and the King of glory shall come in.—Ps. xxiv. 7.

mf 1 COME to bless Thy people, Lord,
From the hills of peace afar;
Come, and let Thy whispered word
Greet the souls that weary are.
Lo ! Thy congregation waits
One sweet look from Thee to win :
cr Lift your heads on high, ye gates ;
Christ, our King, will enter in.

f 2 Come, and let Thy glory dwell
In this house for evermore,
Great High Priest of Israel,
Whom the saints in light adore.
mf He has heard our prayer, He waits
To absolve us from all sin :
cr Lift your heads on high, ye gates ;
Christ, our Priest, will enter in.

mp 3 Signs of sorrow never cease
In a world so stained with guilt ;
And where'er a house of peace
For the Prince of Peace is built,
Lo ! a congregation waits,
Sorely pressed by toil and sin :
cr Lift your heads on high, ye gates ;
Let the mourners enter in.

mp 4 We will bid the poor to meet
In this house our promised Guest ;
We will lead them to the feet
Where the weary are at rest ;
For them all His mercy waits,
Smiles and blessings they shall win :
cr Lift your heads on high, ye gates,
That Christ's poor may enter in.

5 Who are we, to entertain
In the house our hands have made
Him, the glory of whose train
Makes the stainless heavens afraid ?
Yet He comes, and sweetly waits
Entrance to our hearts to win :
Lift your heads on high, ye gates ;
Let the gentle Master in.

B. M.

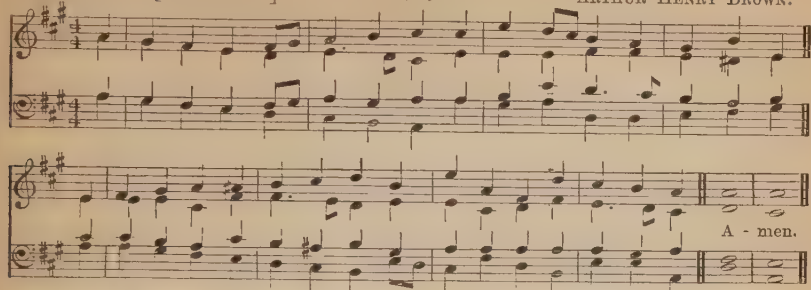
Section 10.

TIMES, SEASONS, AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Rotherfield. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

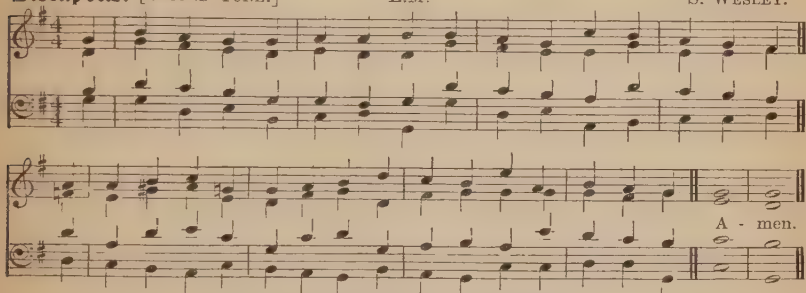
ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



Hierapolis. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

S. WESLEY.



(1) MORNING AND EVENING.

Morning.

651

Do all to the glory of God.—
1 Cor. x. 31.

- 1 **F**ORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom has assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all Thy works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost secrets see ;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 4 Give me to bear Thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.
- 5 For Thee delightfully employ
What'er Thy bounteous grace hath
given,
And run my even course with joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.
C. Wesley.

652

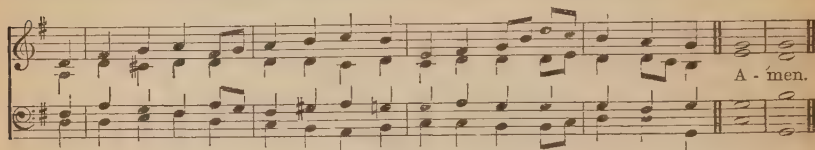
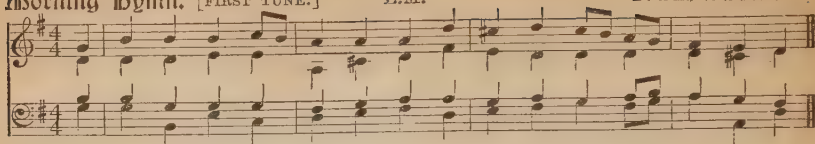
*Accept, I beseech Thee, the freewill
offerings of my mouth, O Lord.*
—Ps. cxix. 108.

- mf* 1 **L**ORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light ;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.
- 2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part ;
The kindly hours of sleep restore
Our drooping strength to serve Thee
more.
- p* 3 Yet, whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in noonday skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.
- mf* 4 O Lord of light, 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine
own :
- cr* O then be with us, Lord, that we
In Thy great day may wake to Thee.
- f* 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise Him through time, till time shall
end ;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of Evermore.
F. T. Palgrave.

Morning Hymn. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

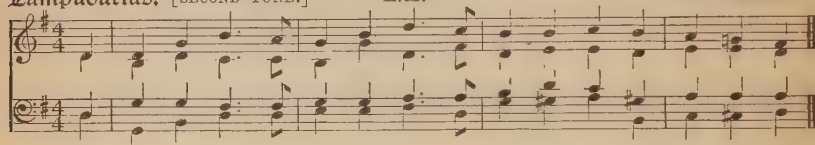
F. BARTHELEMON.



Lampadarius. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

A. H. MANN.



(By permission of the Composer.)

653

*Man goeth forth unto his labour
until the evening.—Ps. civ. 23.*

f 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the Eternal King.

mf 3 May I like them in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform like them my Maker's will,
And celebrate His glories still.

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,

And with Thyself my spirit fill.
5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,

cr That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

f 6 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Thomas Ken.

654

*Then spake Jesus . . . saying, I am the
Light of the world.—JOHN viii. 12.*

1 **O** JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's
face,

Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of
night,

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Send down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name ;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

4 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.

5 O hallowed be the approaching day ;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

6 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne ;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.
Ambrose, tr. J. Chandler.

Torquay. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

G. PERCY HARRIS,



St. Drostan. [FOURTH TUNE.]

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



655 *Ye are all the children of light,
and of the day.*—1 THESS. v. 5.

1 **O** TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise ;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Will dawn on every cross and care.

6 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

7 Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go,—
The secret this of rest below.

8 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

656 *When I awake, I am still with
Thee.*—Ps. cxxxix. 18.

mp 1 **I**N sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night ;
cr Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

mf 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee.

p 3 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress ;
cr Yet then Thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

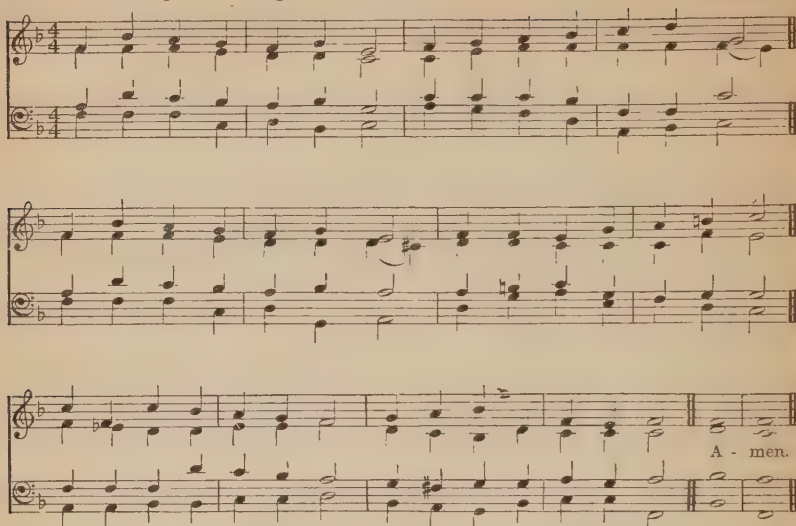
mf 4 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;
cr Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

John Hawkesworth.

Bekebourne. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

R. JACKSON.



657

I pray Thee, send me good speed this day.—GEN. xxiv. 12.

1.

AT Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day ;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more ;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy cross.

2.

If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight ;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless ;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3.

We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe,
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies ;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

4.

Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment in Thy grace,
All ourselves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee.

5.

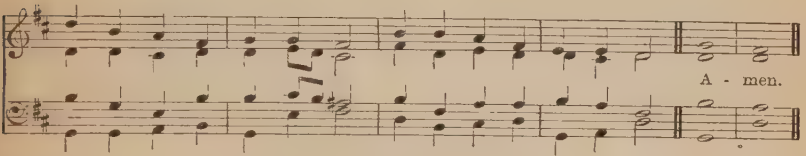
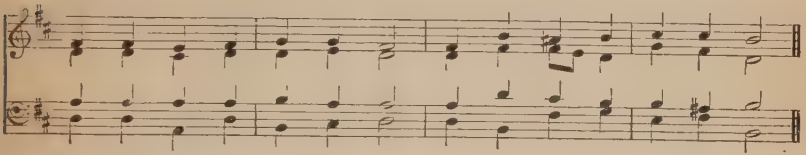
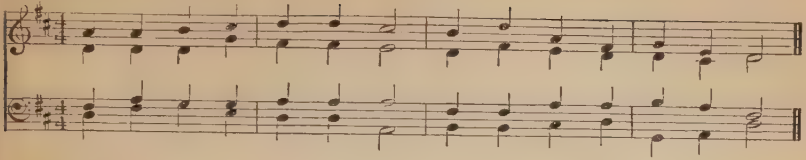
Hear us, Lord, and that right soon ;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart ;
So shall this, and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise.

W. Bright.

Ratisbon. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

German.



658

The dayspring from on high.—LUKE I. 78.

1.

f CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night:
 Day-spring from on high, be near;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

2.

p Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by Thee;
 Joyless is the day's return,
cr Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3.

mf Visit then this soul of mine;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, Radiancy divine;
 Scatter all my unbelief;
cr More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

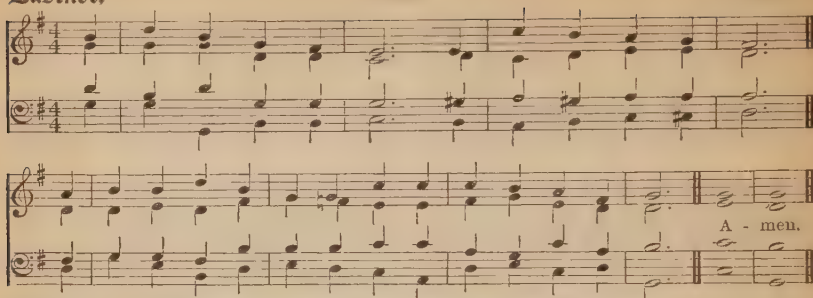
C. Wesley.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Eastnor.

S.M.

A. KING.



659

In the morning shall my prayer come before Thee.—Ps. lxxxviii. 13.

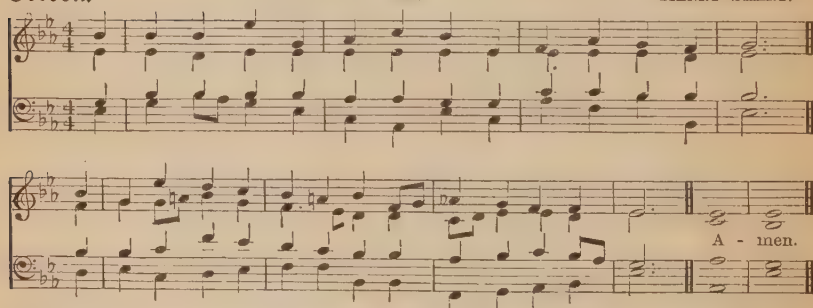
- f* 1 **B**EGIN the day with God ;
He is the rising sun,
His is the radiance of thy dawn,
His the fresh day begun.
- 2 Sing a new song at morn ;
Join the glad woods and hills ;
Join the fresh winds and seas and plains ;
Join the bright flowers and rills.
- 3 Awake, cold lips, and sing ;
Arise, dull heart, and pray ;
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes ;
Brush slothfulness away.
- 4 Cast every weight aside ;
Do battle with each sin ;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.
- 5 Look up beyond these clouds,
Thither thy pathway lies ;
Mount up, away, and linger not,
Thy goal is yonder skies !

H. Bonar.

Gordon.

C.M.

HENRY SMART.



660

The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.—ISA. lx. 19.

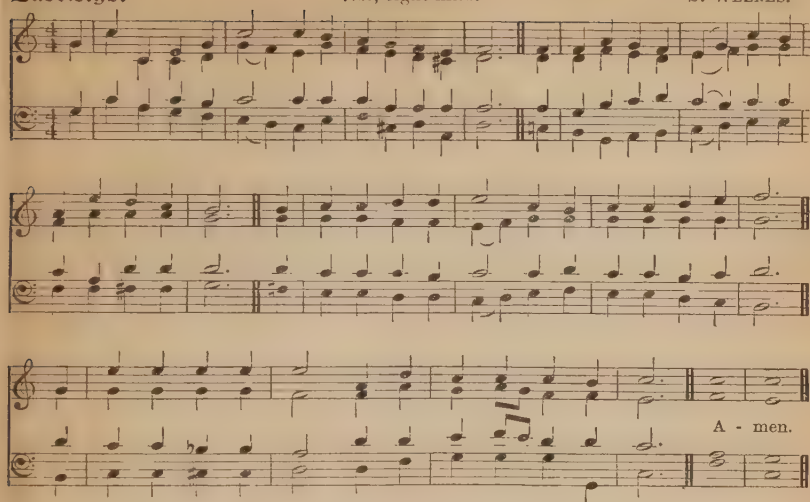
- 1 **N**OW that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.
- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.
- 3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.
- 4 And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favour end.

Ambrose, tr. J. H. Newman.

Lustleigh.

7.6., eight lines.

S. WEEKES.



Morning or Evening.

661

Evening and morning . . . will I pray and cry aloud.—Ps. lv. 17.

1.

f **T**o Thee, my God and Saviour,
 My soul exulting springs;
 Rejoicing in Thy favour,
 Almighty King of kings,
 I'll celebrate Thy glory,
 With all the saints above,
 And tell the pleasing story
 Of Thy redeeming love.

2.

mf Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast,
 My voice in supplication
 Well pleased Thou shalt hear;
 O grant me Thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.

3.

cr By Thee through life supported,
 I'll pass the dangerous road,
 By heavenly hosts escorted,
 Up to Thy bright abode;
f There cast my crown before Thee,
 When all my woes are o'er,
 And day and night adore Thee,
 Rejoicing evermore.

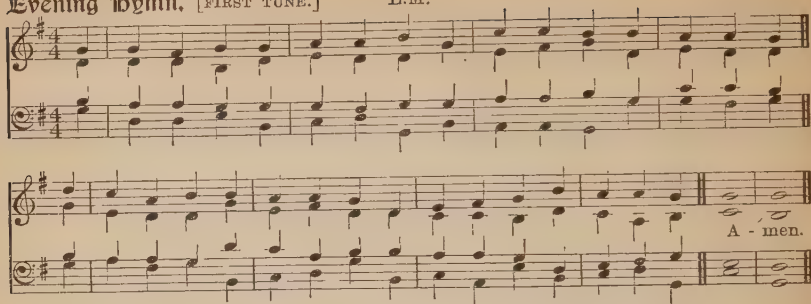
Thomas Hawets.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Evening Hymn, [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

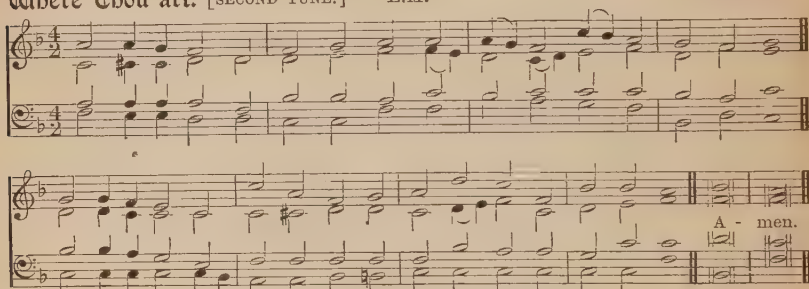
T. TALLIS.



Where Thou art. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. STAINER.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Evening.

662 Under His wings shalt thou trust.— Ps. xci. 4.

f 1 **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

mp 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

p 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
cr Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

f 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;

Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Thomas Ken.

663 He giveth His beloved sleep.— Ps. cxvii. 2.

mp 1 **T**HE sun is gone :—like to the day
Depart not Thou, great God, away;
Nor let my sins, a deeper night,
Obscure the lustre of Thy light.

2 O Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
Over my slumbers sentry keep;
And guard me from those fearful foes
Whose eyes sleep not, though mine may
close:

cr 3 That so I may, my full rest wrought,
Awake unto some holy thought;
f And my glad soul, once more set free,
Rejoice that she is still with Thee.

p 4 Sleep is a death; O make me try
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And then as gently lay my head
Within my grave as on my bed.

Thomas Browne.

Abends. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

HERBERT S. OAKLEY.

Ped. A - men.

Hursley. [FOURTH TUNE.]

L.M.

P. RITTER.

A - men.

664

Abide with us.—LUKE xxiv. 29.

mp 1 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

p 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

mf 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

5 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

cr 6 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store,
dim Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

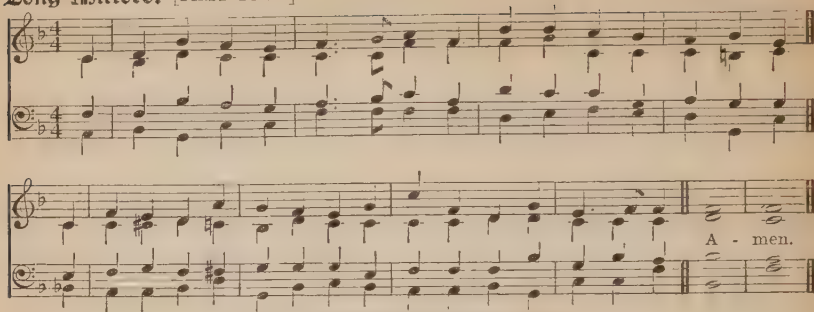
cr 7 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
f Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

I. Keble.

Long Milford. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

J. BARNEY.

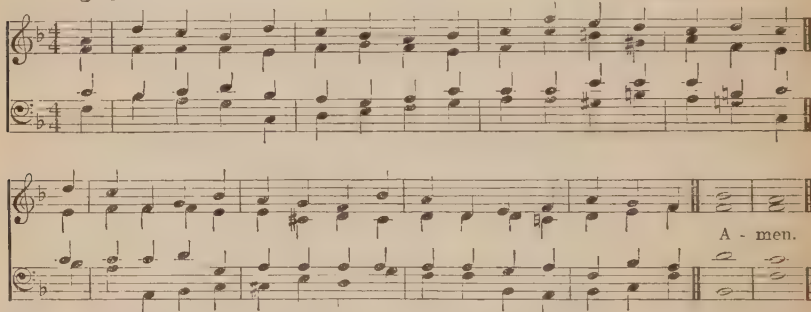


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Beadley. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

665 *The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.—Ps. cxxxix. 12.*

1 THE daylight wanes to eve again,
May sunshine on our souls remain;
Dear Saviour, whilst we feel Thee near,
No earthly darkness will we fear.

2 Blest be Thy love, that through the day
Brightens all changes by its ray;
Blest be Thy love, that through the
night
Chases all terrors by its light.

3 The evening hymn of grateful praise
On earth Thy saints unceasing raise;
As through all lands the sunsets move,
Each carries on the song of love.

4 Night follows day the wide world round,
And changes everywhere are found;
But this we know, that where Thou art
Thou keep'st sunshine in the heart.

5 Some hearts rejoice, and some must
grieve,
'Tis there the morning, here the eve;
This self-same hour Thy glories shine
Thou Sun of Love without decline.

J. Hunt Cooke.

666 *In Thy light shall we see light.—Ps. xxxvi. 9.*

mp 1 O LIGHT of Life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine
ear;

Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.

2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart;
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.

mf 3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find Guide and path and all in Thee.

4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near,
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

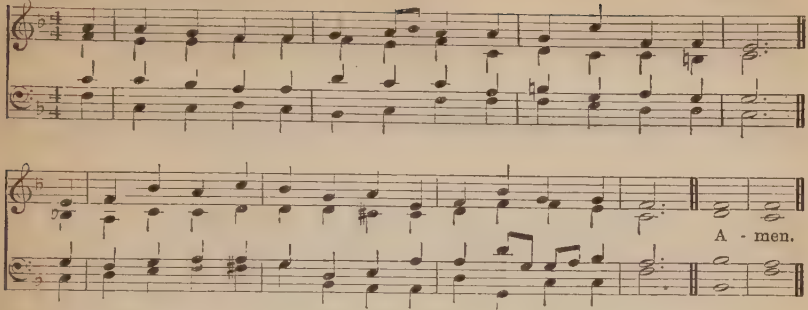
f 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
Praise Him through time, till time
shall end,
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

F. T. Palgrave.

Midhurst. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

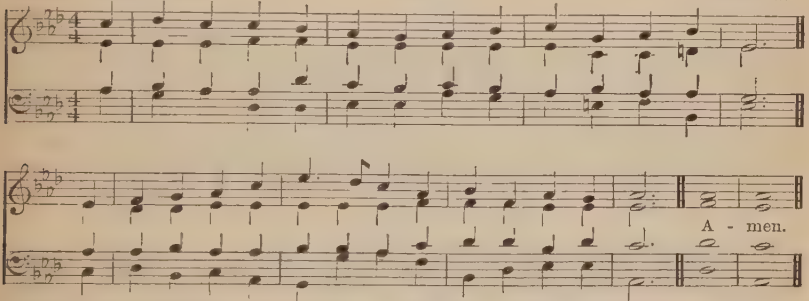
J. T. MUSGRAVE.



Tudor. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

J. P. JEWSON.

667 *The Lord shall preserve thee from
all evil.—Ps. cxxi. 7.*

- p* 1 **E**ACH coming night, O Lord, we see
Another closing stage :
A few short journeys more, and we
Shall rest from pilgrimage.
- mf* 2 As every day renews its needs,
Thy goodness fills our cup ;
From stage to stage Thy wisdom leads,
And holds our goings up.
- 3 Thy hand supplies our daily bread,
Our water, Lord, is sure ;
By night Thou compassest our bed,
And bidst us sleep secure.
- 4 A Father's blessing give this night,
And so shall we be blest ;
No evil will our hearts affright,
No danger break our rest.
- 5 Within the everlasting arms
Safe folded may we be ;
Our slumber shielded from alarms,
Our souls at rest in Thee.
- p* 6 And as our sleep is like a death,
So us Thy children keep,
That when we breathe our parting breath
Our death may be a sleep.

*James D. Burns.*668 *That maketh the day dark with
night.—Amos v. 8.*

- 1 **A**S darker, darker fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the eternal Light.
- 2 Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.
- 3 We pray Thee for all absent friends,
Who have been with us here ;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.
- 4 For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray Thee, God of love.
- 5 We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay ;
And, Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us when we pray.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Florence.

8.7., eight lines.

Italian Melody.

669

Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.—Ps. xci. 10.

p 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal :
 Sin and want we come confessing ;
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
cr Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.

mp 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
 Thou art He, who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.
p Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
cr May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

Laus Deo. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

R. REDHEAD.



Shanklin. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.9.7.

E. J. HOPKINS.



670

He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.—MATT. iv. 6.

p 1 **H**EAR my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

4 None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son hath wrought.

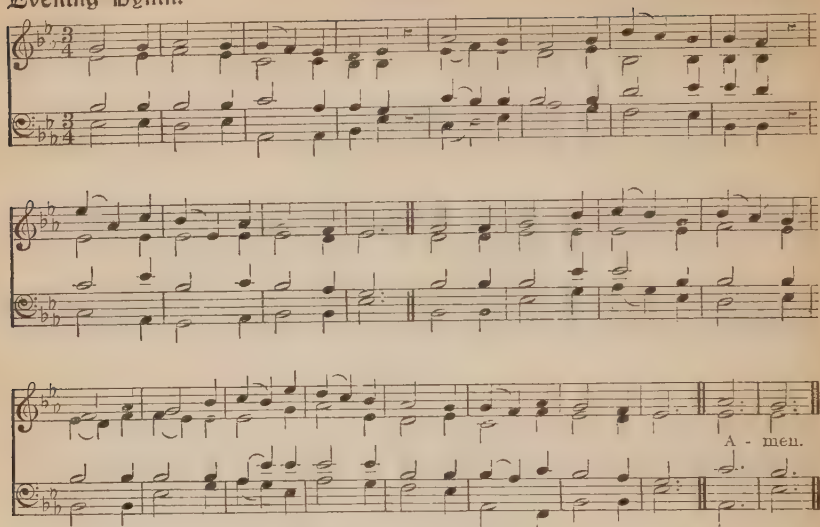
5 Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing
Till Thine angels bid me home.

Harriet Parr.

Evening Hymn.

887.887.

W. JACKSON.



671

Deliver us from evil.—LUKE xi. 4.

mf 1 **F**ATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
 May our evening song be telling
 Of Thy mercy large and free :
 Through the day Thy love hath fed us,
 Through the day Thy care hath led us,
 With divinest charity.

p 2 This day's sins O pardon, Saviour,
 Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
 Envy, pride, and vanity ;
 From the world, the flesh, deliver,
 Save us now, and save us ever,
 O Thou Lamb of Calvary !

3 From enticements of the devil,
 From the might of spirits evil,
 Be our shield and panoply :
 Let Thy power this night defend us,
 And a heavenly peace attend us,
 And angelic company.

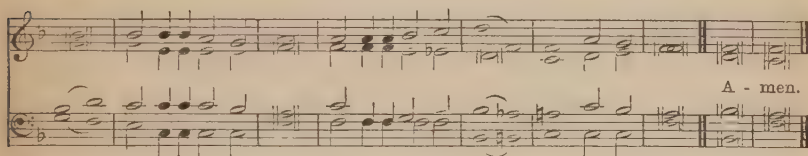
p 4 Whilst the night dews are distilling,
 Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
 With Thine own serenity :
 Softly let our eyes be closing,
 Loving souls on Thee reposing,
 Ever blessed Trinity.

George Rawson.

Kirby Bedon. [FIRST TUNE.]

664.6664.

E. BUNNETT.



Bethel. [SECOND TUNE.]

664.6664.

JOHN H. CORNELL.



672

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.—NUM. vi. 24.

mf 1 FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might :
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
dim And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night.

2 Jesus, Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite :
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe ;
Bless us to-night.

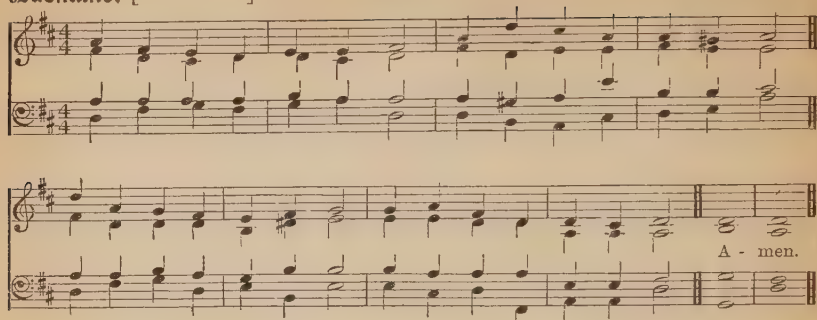
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light ;
Heal every inward smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
dim And Thine own peace impart ;
Bless us to-night.

George Rawson.

Buckland. [FIRST TUNE.]

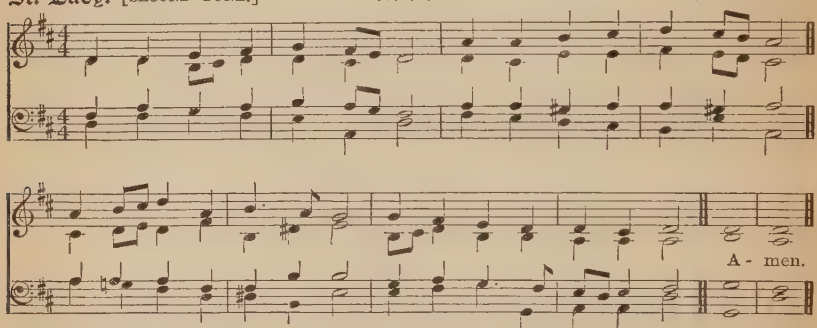
7.7.7.7.

L. G. HAYNE.

**St. Lucy.** [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

H. J. POOLE.



673

The Lord make His face shine upon thee.—NUM. vi. 25.

1 **G**OD the Father, be Thou near,
Save from every harm to-night,
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkness be our light.

2 God the Saviour, be our peace,
Put away our sins to-night,
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light.

3 Holy Spirit, deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night,
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Then our darkness shall be light.

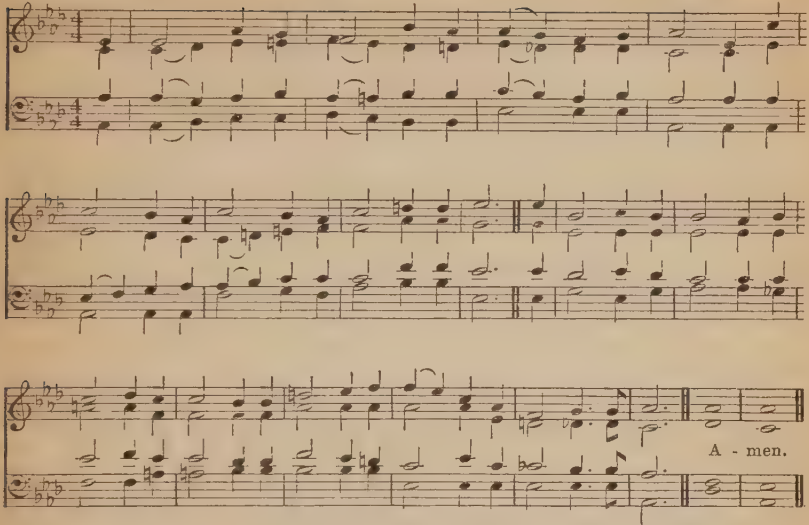
4 Holy Trinity, be nigh;
Mystery of love adored,
Help to live, and help to die;
Lighten all our darkness, Lord.

George Rawson.

St. Asaph.

12.11.12.11.

A. H. MANN.



(By permission of the Composer.)

674

The offering of the evening sacrifice.—1 KINGS xviii. 36.

1.

p **H**OW calmly the evening once more is descending,
 As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer;
 O wing of the Lord, in thy shelter befriending,
 May we and our households continue to share!

2.

mf The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open;
 O enter, my soul, at the glorious gates;
 The silence and smile of His love are the token,
 Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

3.

p We come to be soothed with His merciful healing,
 The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day;
 We come, our life's worth and its brevity feeling,
 With thanks for the past, for the future we pray.

4.

Lord, save us from folly; be with us in sorrow;
 Sustain us in work till the time of our rest;
cr When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-morrow
 Dawn on us, of homes long expected possessed.

T. T. Lynch.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Montrose. [FIRST TUNE.]

447.87. (iambic).

E. BUNNETT.

Perivale. [SECOND TUNE.]

447.87. (iambic).

C. E. KETTLE.

675

The morning cometh.—ISA. xxi. 12.

p 1 **T**HE day departs ;
 Our souls and hearts
 Long for that better morrow,
cr When Christ shall set His people free
 From every care and sorrow.

p 2 The sunshine bright
 Is lost in night ;
cr O Lord, Thyself unveiling,
 Shine on our souls with beams of love,
 All darkness there dispelling.

3 Be Thou still nigh,
 With sleepless eye,
 While all around are sleeping ;
 And angel-guards, at Thy command,
 Afar all danger keeping.

mf 4 The land above,
 Of peace and love,
 No earthly beams need brighten ;
cr For all its borders Christ Himself
 Doth with His glory lighten.

f 5 May we be there,
 That joy to share,
 Glad Hallelujahs singing ;
 With all the ransomed evermore
 Our joyful praises bringing.

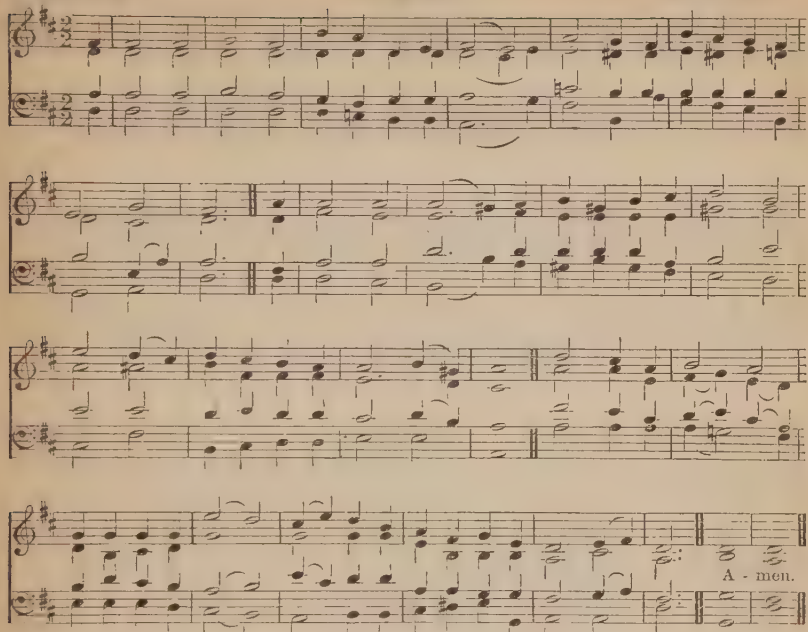
mf 6 Lord Jesus, Thou
 Our Refuge now,
 Forsake Thy servants never ;
 Uphold and guide, that we may stand
 Before Thy throne for ever.

*J. A. Freylinghausen,
 tr. H. L. L.*

Nachtlied.

10s., six lines.

HENRY SMART.



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676

God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all.—1 JOHN i. 5.

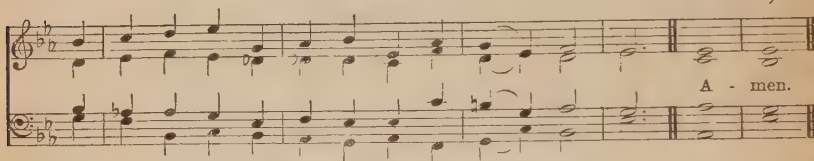
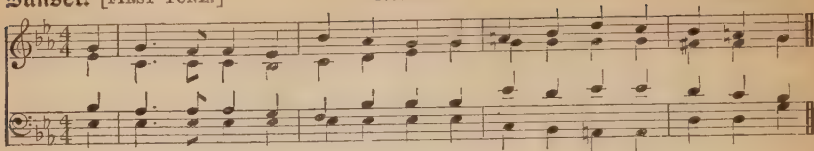
- p* 1 **T**HE day is gently sinking to a close,
 Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;
cr O brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
 Eternal Light of Light, be with us now;
f Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be;
 Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.
- p* 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
 Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
cr O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
 Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
f Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
 No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- mf* 3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
 Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
 Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
 And earthly hopes and human succours fail;
cr When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
f And hear Thy voice, 'Fear not, for it is I.'
- p* 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
 Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
 In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
cr May we arise awakened by Thy call,
f With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
 In that blest day which has no eventide.

C. Wordsworth.

Sunset. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

J. BARNBY.

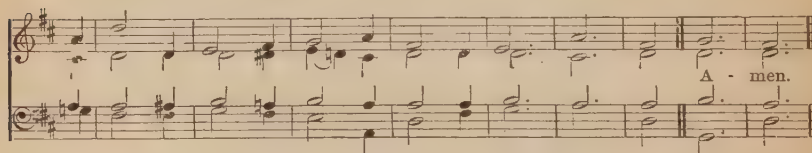
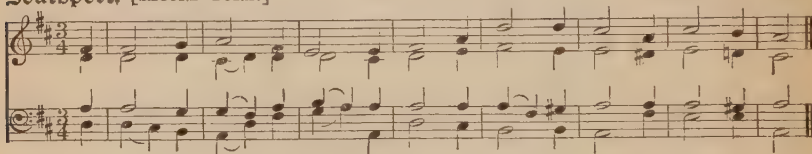


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Southport. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

GEORGE LOMAS.



677

He that keepeth thee will not slumber.—Ps. cxxi. 3.

p 1 **T**HE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,
cr Safe home at last.

cr 3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place,
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

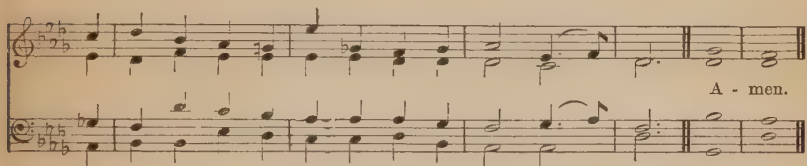
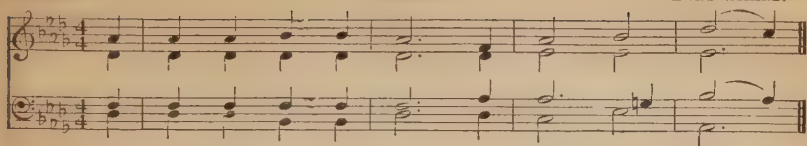
f 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

G. Thring.

Toreb.

6.4.6.6.

HENRY SMART.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

678 *At the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice . . . and gave up the ghost.—*

MARK xv. 34, 37.

p 1 **T**HE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
cr Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

p 2 As Christ upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In whom all spirits live ;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live ; yet now
cr Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me,

f 7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine ;
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine !

Latin Hymn, tr. E. Caswall,

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Aurora. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.D.

H. FORD BENSON.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides harmonic support. A bracket under the first measure of the bass staff is labeled "Org. Ped.".

The second system continues the musical piece with the same treble and bass staff arrangement. The melody progresses through several measures, maintaining the harmonic structure.

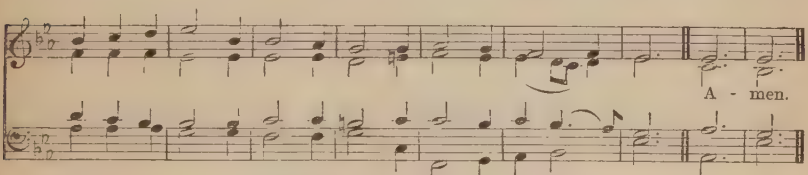
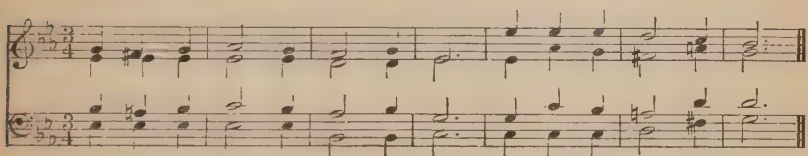
The third system of musical notation includes a grand staff (treble and bass) and a separate bass staff. The grand staff contains the main melody and accompaniment. The lower bass staff has a bracket labeled "senza Ped." (without pedal) and another bracket labeled "Ped." (with pedal).

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece, featuring the same grand staff and lower bass staff arrangement. The melody concludes with a final chord. The text "A - men." is written to the right of the final measure of the grand staff.

Castle Rising. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.D.

F. A. J. HERVEY.



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679

The things which are not seen are eternal.—2 COR. iv. 18.

p 1 **T**HE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away !
cr O for the pearly gates of heaven,
 O for the golden floor,
cr O for the Sun of Righteousness
 That setteth nevermore !

p 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint !
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint !
cr O for a heart that never sins,
 O for a soul washed white,
cr O for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day or night !

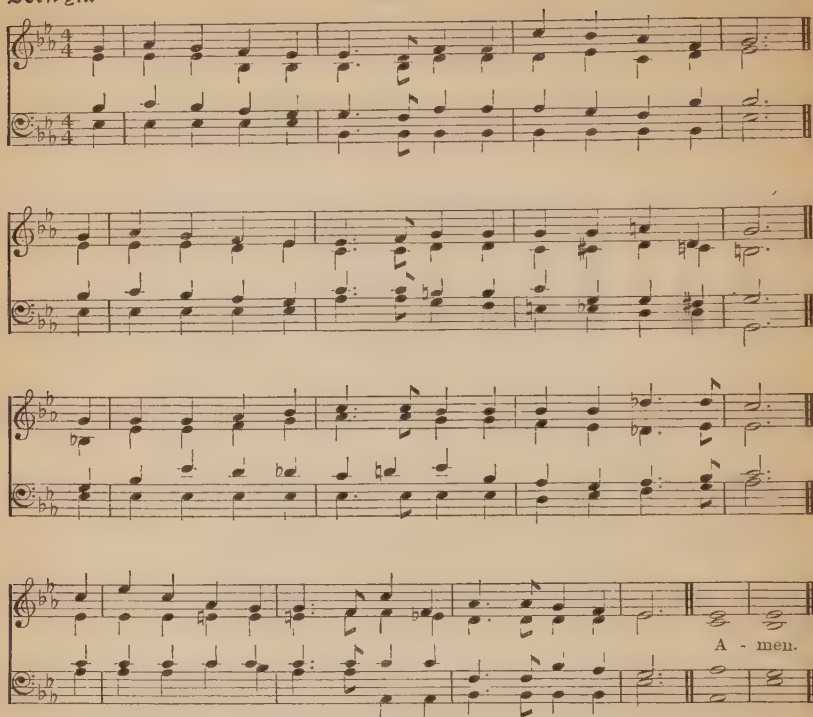
mf 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope
 And grace to lead us higher ;
 But there are perfectness and peace
 Beyond our best desire :
p O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
 And by Thy life laid down,
 Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown !

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Selwyn.

C.M. D.

J. TILLEARD.



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680

At evening time it shall be light.—ZECH. xiv. 7.

p 1 **T**HE shadows of the evening hours
 Fall from the darkening sky ;
 Upon the fragrance of the flowers
 The dews of evening lie :
 Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
 We kneel at close of day ;
 Look on Thy children from on high,
 And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
 O do not Thou despise,
 But let the incense of our prayers
 Before Thy mercy rise :
 The brightness of the coming night
 Upon the darkness rolls ;
 With hopes of future glory chase
 The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
 So fade within our heart
 The hopes of earthly love and joy,
 That one by one depart :
 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
 Within the heavens shine ;
 Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
 And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord,—Thy peace, O God,—
 Upon our souls descend ;
 From midnight fears and perils, Thou
 Our trembling hearts defend :
 Give us a respite from our toil ;
 Calm and subdue our woes ;
 Through the long day we labour, Lord,—
 O give us now repose.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Temple. [FIRST TUNE.]

84.84.8884.

E. J. HOPKINS.

A - men.

Steggall. [SECOND TUNE.]

84.84.8884.

C. STEGGALL.

A - men.

681

Thou makest darkness, and it is night.—PSALM civ. 20.

mp 1 **G**OD that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night;
 May Thine angel-guards defend us,
dim Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

mp 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
 And when we die,
 May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
 All peaceful lie:
 When the last dread call shall wake us,
 Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
cr But to reign in glory take us,
 With Thee on high.

R. Heber and R. Whately.

Requiem. [FIRST TUNE.]

87.87.77.

W. SCHULTZES.

Org.

A - men.

Evensong. [SECOND TUNE.]

87.87.77.

J. SUMMERS.

A - men.

682

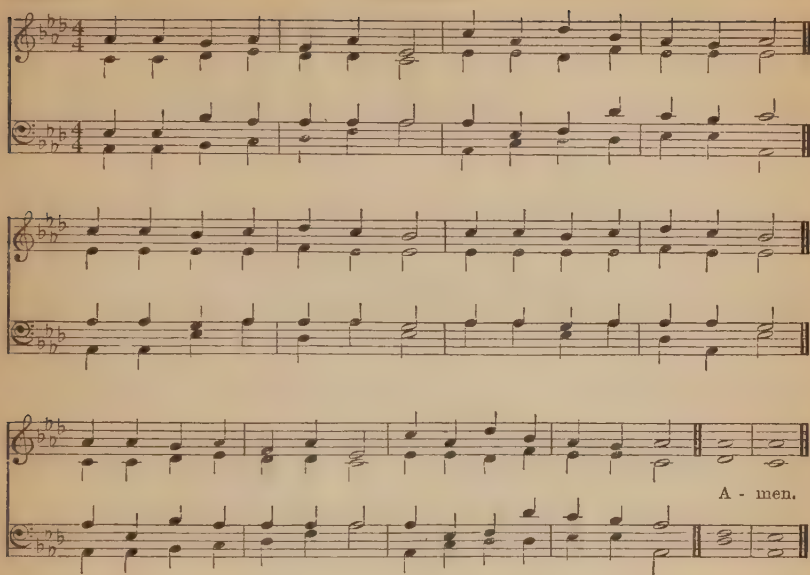
And Thy faithfulness every night.—Ps. xcii. 2.

- 1 **T**HROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us ; 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Now we lay us down to rest ;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Let no foe our peace molest ;
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,
 In Thine arms may we repose :
 Jesus, Thou our Guardian be ;
 And, when life's brief day is past,
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee. Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

T. Kelly.

Spain.

7s., six lines.



Saturday Evening.

683

The day of the preparation.—MATT. xxvii. 62.

1.

SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek
 On the approaching Sabbath day,
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2.

When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes
 When we in Thy house appear:
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

3.

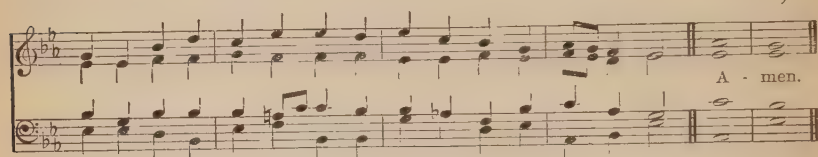
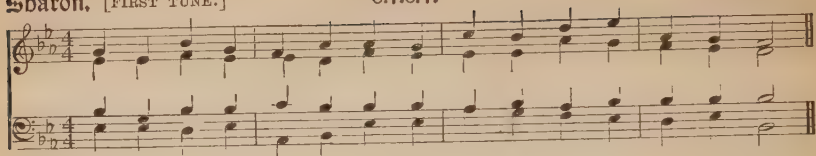
May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus may all our sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

John Newton.

Sbaron. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

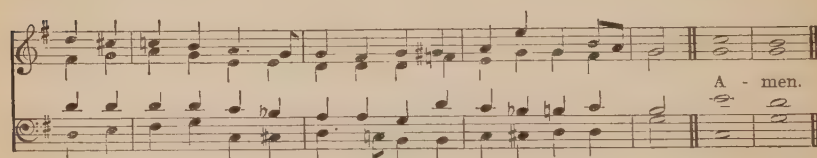
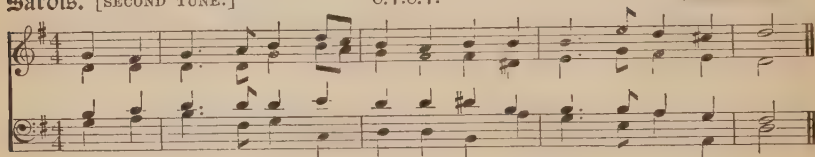
W. BOYCE.



Sardis. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

BEETHOVEN.



684

To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath.—Ex. xvi. 23.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 SOUL, thy week of toil is ended,
And a voice that speaks from high
With the closing hours is blended,—
'Rest is coming, rest is nigh.'</p> <p>2 Nearing Sabbath, how I bless thee !
Let thy calmness fill my breast :
Let me even now possess thee,
And anticipate thy rest.</p> <p>3 Is my journey full of sadness,
Through a desert wild and drear ?
Be to me a well of gladness ;
Bid me quite forget my fear.</p> | <p>4 Clouds on clouds my way may darken,
But thy rainbow beams above,
And the storms and wild winds hearken
To thy still small voice of love.</p> <p>5 So when life's long week is over,
Blessed it will be to die ;
Angels whispering, as they hover,—
'Rest is coming, rest is nigh.'</p> <p>6 Then the heavenly rest to enter,
In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine ;
Rest of God ! the sun and centre
Of the bliss that is divine.</p> |
|--|---|

George Rawson.

St. Leonard.

C.M.

R. JACKSON.



Close of Working-Days.

685

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night.—Ps. xci. 5.

p 1 **T**HE twilight falls, the night is near ;
 We fold our work away,
 And kneel to One who bends to hear
 The story of the day.

2 The old, old story ; yet we kneel
 To tell it at Thy call ;
 And cares grow lighter as we feel
 That Jesus knows them all.

3 Knows all ; the morning and the night,
 The joy, the grief, the loss,
 The mountain track, the valley bright,
 The hourly thorn and cross ;—

4 Thou knowest all : we lean our head,
 Our wearied eyelids close ;
 Content and glad awhile to tread
 The path, since Jesus knows.

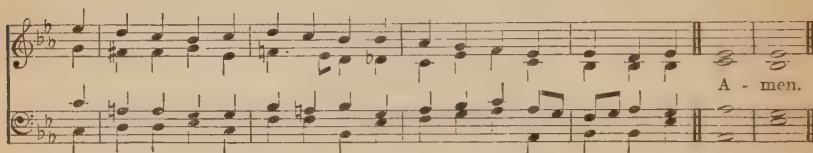
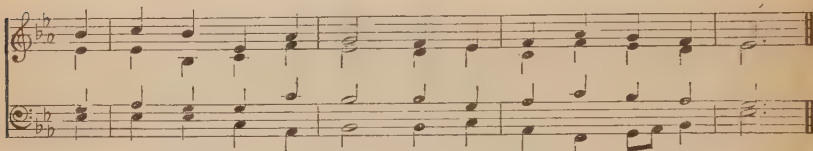
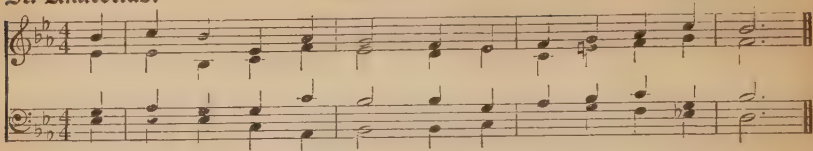
5 And He has loved us : all our heart
 With answering love is stirred,
 And every anguish, pain, and smart,
 Find healing in that word.

6 So here we lay us down to rest,
 As nightly shadows fall ;
 And lean confiding on His breast
 Who knows and pities all.

St. Anatolius.

76.76.88.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



686

The night also is Thine.—Ps. lxxiv. 16.

1 **T**HE day is past and over :
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee ;
 We pray Thee now that sinless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
 And guard us through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over :
 We lift our hearts to Thee ;
 And ask Thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
 And guard us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over :
 We raise the hymn to Thee ;
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
 And guard us through the coming night.

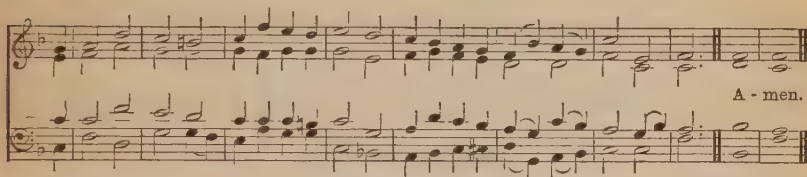
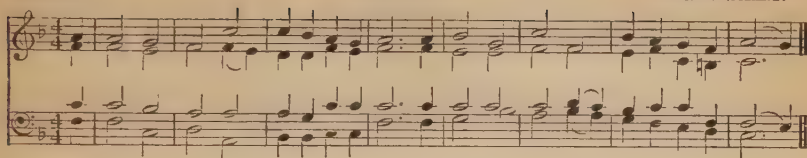
4 Be Thou our souls' Preserver,
 O God, for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which we have to go.
 Lover of men, O hear our call,
 And guard and save us from them all.

Anatolius, tr. J. M. Neale.

Genoa.

10.10.10.10.

HENRY SMART.



A - men.

687 *Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.—Ps. lxx. 8.*

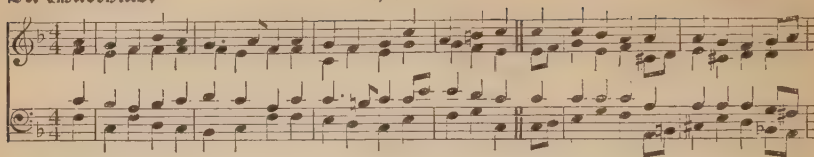
- 1 O LORD, who by Thy presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.
- 2 O speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord ;
Thy blessing is endued with soothing power ;
On the poor heart worn out with toil, Thy word
Falls soft and gentle as the evening shower.
- 3 How sad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead !
But if Thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed ;
- 4 Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
The calm of evening settles on my breast ;
If Thou be with me when my labours close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.
- 5 Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be my Guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din ;
O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin.
- 6 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
Left in my bosom from the day just past,
And let me on a Father's loving heart
Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest at last.

C. J. P. Spitta, tr. R. Massie.

St. Matthias.

8s., six lines.

W. H. MONK.



The Evening of Life.

688

At evening time it shall be light.—ZECH. xiv. 7.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>p</i> 1 At evening time, when day is
done,
Life's little day is near its close,
And all the glare and heat are gone,
And gentle dews foretell repose;
<i>cr</i> To crown my faith before the night,
At evening time let there be light.</p> | <p>2 At evening time, when labour's past,
Though storms and toils have marred
my day,
Mercy has tempered every blast,
And love and hope have cheered the way;
<i>cr</i> Now let the parting hour be bright;
At evening time let there be light.</p> |
|--|---|

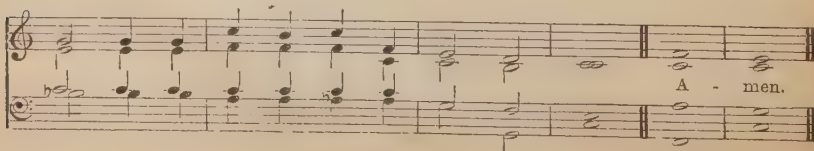
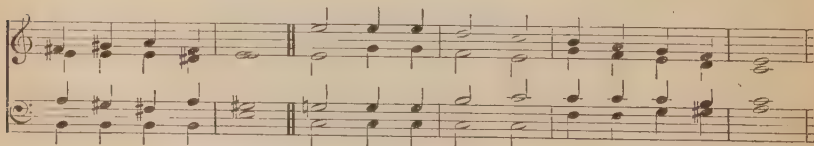
- mf* 3 God doth send light at evening time,
And bid the fears, the doubtings flee;
I trust His promises sublime;
His glory now is risen on me;
cr His full salvation is in sight;
At evening time, there now is light.

George Rawson.

Eventide. [FIRST TUNE.]

10.10.10.10.

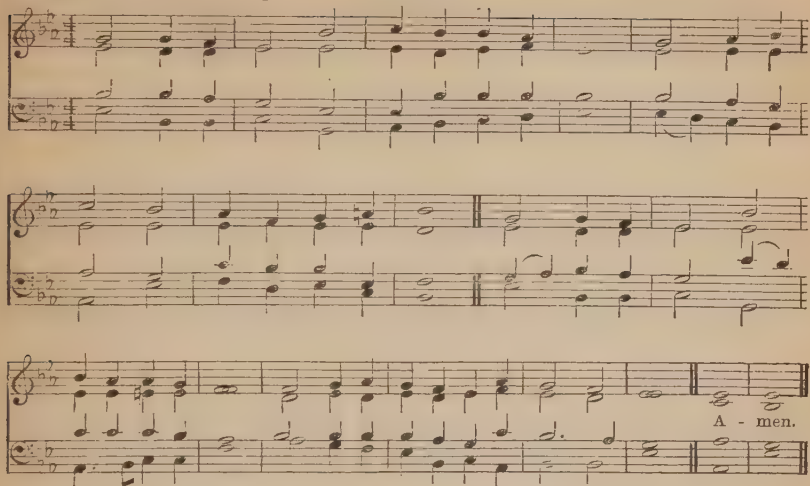
G. A. POPE.



Eventide. [SECOND TUNE.]

10.10.10.10.

W. H. MONK.



689

Abide with us, for it is toward evening.—LUKE xxiv. 29.

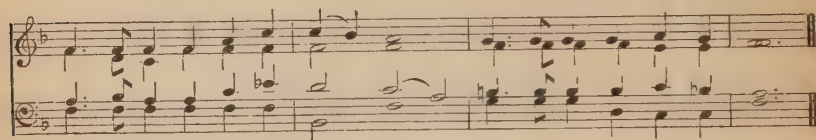
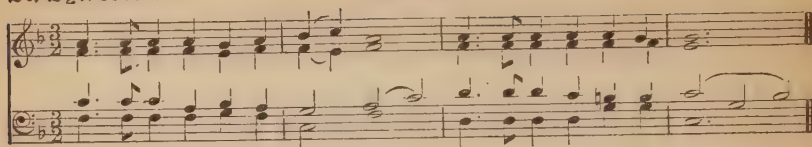
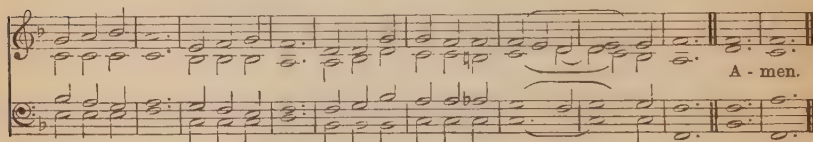
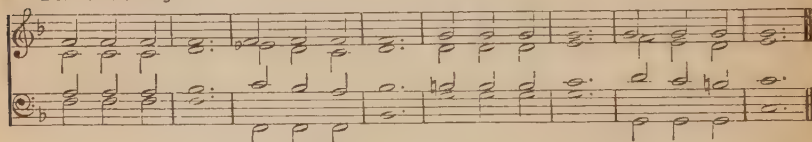
- p* 1 **A**BIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide:
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see:
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
 But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
 Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
- 5 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
- mf* 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
cr Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
f I triumph still if Thou abide with me.
- p* 7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
cr Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
f Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

H. F. Lyte.

St. Sylvester.

Irregular.

J. B. DYKES.

*For verse 7 only.*

(2) THE NEW YEAR.

New Year's Eve—'Watch Night.'

690

*So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—**Ps. xc. 12.*

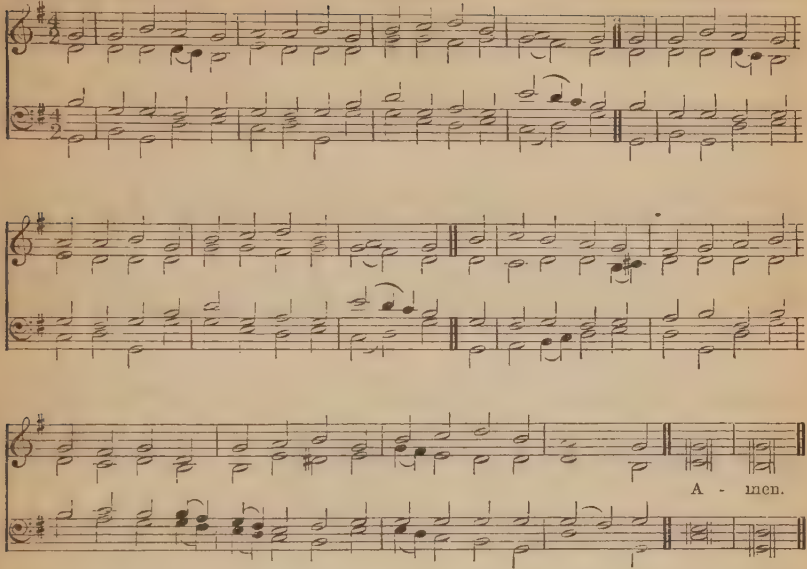
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p><i>p</i> 1 DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead :
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed !</p> <p>2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight ;
Able now by grace to save them,
O that, while we can, we might !</p> <p><i>mf</i> 3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came,</p> <p><i>p</i> 4 Whence we came, and whither wending ;
So that by Thy mercy, we
May at last, in life unending,
Find our perfect rest with Thee.</p> | <p><i>mp</i> 5 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice ;
<i>mf</i> Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.</p> <p><i>p</i> 6 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand ;
<i>cr</i> Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then at Thy right hand.</p> <p><i>p</i> 7 Life passeth soon ;
Death draweth near :
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear,—
With Thee to live,
<i>dim</i> With Thee to die,
<i>cr</i> With Thee to reign through eternity.</p> |
|--|--|

E. Caswall.

Luther's Hymn.

87.87.887.

JOHANN KLUG.



691

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.—Ps. xc. 1.

p 1 **A** CROSS the sky the shades of night
 This winter's eve are fleeting;
 We come to Thee, the Life and Light,
 In solemn worship meeting:
 And as the year's last hours go by
 We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
 Once more Thy love entreating.

2 Before the cross subdued we bow,
 To Thee our prayers addressing;
 Recounting all Thy mercies now,
 And all our sins confessing;
 Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
 To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
 And crown us with Thy blessing.

mf 3 We gather up in this brief hour
 The memory of Thy mercies;
 Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
 Our grateful song rehearses;
 For Thou hast been our strength and stay
 In many a dark and dreary day
 Of sorrow and reverses.

p 4 In many an hour, when fear and dread
 Like evil spells have bound us,
 And clouds were gathering overhead,
cr Thy providence hath found us:
 In many a night when waves ran high,
 Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
dim Hath made all calm around us.

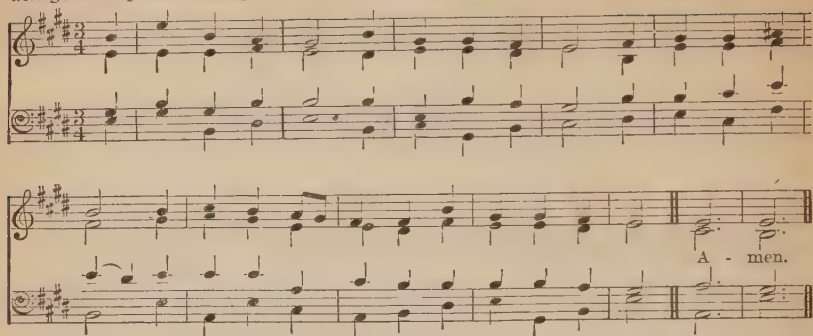
mf 5 Then, O great God, in years to come,
 Whatever fate betide us,
 Right onward through our journey home
 Be Thou at hand to guide us;
 Nor leave us till, at close of life,
cr Safe from all peril, toil, and strife,
f Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

J. Hamilton.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Ringland. [FIRST TUNE.]

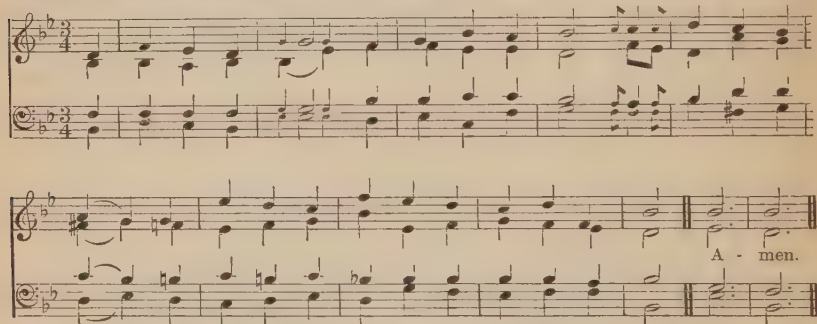
5.5.5.11.



Wasdale. [SECOND TUNE.]

5.5.5.11.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



692

He thanked God, and took courage.—ACTS xxviii. 15.

mf 1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master
appear.

2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour
of love.

mp 3 Our life is a dream;
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to
stay.

4 The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's
here.

mf 5 O that each in the day
Of His coming may say,
'I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work Thou didst give
me to do.'

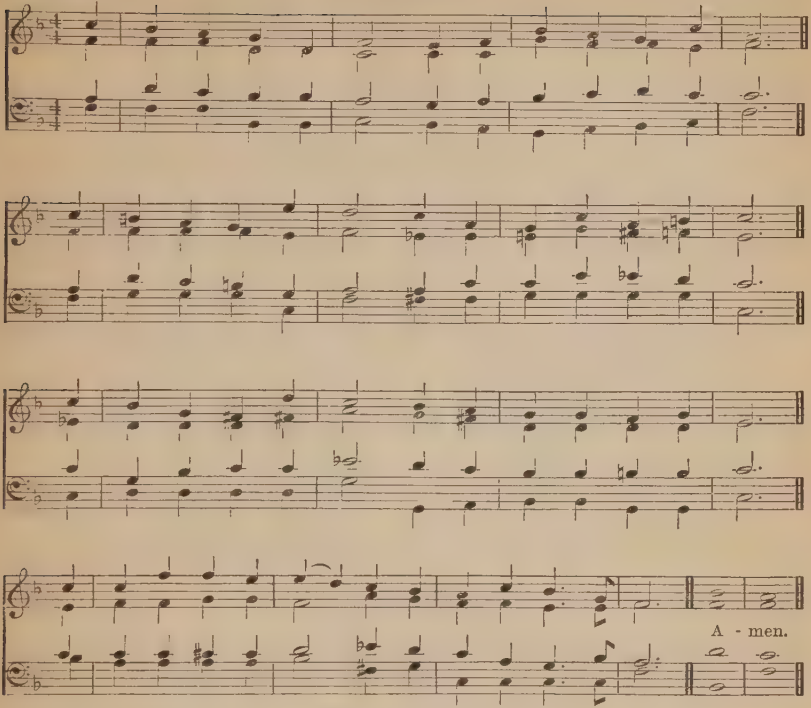
cr 6 O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
f 'Well and faithfully done!
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My
throne.'

C. Wesley.

St. Ewen.

7.6., eight lines.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



Beginning of the Year.

693

Ye have not passed this way heretofore.—JOSE. iii. 4.

- 1 **S** STILL on the homeward journey
 Across the desert plain,
 Beside another landmark,
 We pilgrims meet again ;
 We meet in cloud and sunshine
 Beneath a changeful sky,
 With calm and storm before us,
 As in the days gone by.
- 2 We meet with loving greetings,
 Fond wishes from the heart,
 As brothers often parted,
 And soon again to part :
 With tender recollections,
 With many a gentle tear
 We meet, for some are wanting ;
 All loved ones are not here.

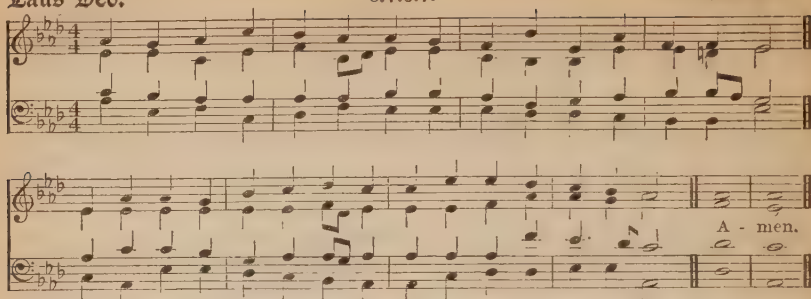
- 3 Safe in the home of Jesus,
 With Him for ever blest,
 How glorious is their portion,
 How undisturbed their rest !
 How gladly will they greet us,
 When, all our journey past,
 We reach the better country,
 The Father's house, at last !
- 4 Thus round the silent landmark,
 Here on the desert plain,
 We pilgrims meet together
 With loving hearts again :
 The storm may gather round us
 But Christ has gone before ;
 We follow in His footsteps,
 And doubt and fear no more

Jane Borthwick.

Laus Deo.

8.7.8.7.

R. REDHEAD.



694

This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our Guide even unto death.—

PSALM xlviii. 14.

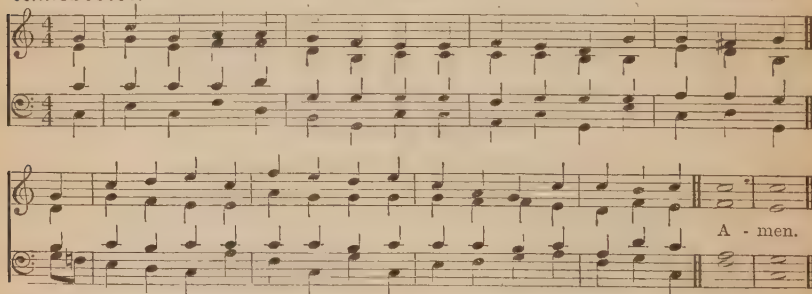
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 AT Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blessed us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin the year with praise,—</p> <p>2 Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above,
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.</p> <p>3 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.</p> | <p>4 With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.</p> <p>5 Every day will be the brighter
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee.</p> <p>6 Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us;
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till the glory breaks before us,
Through the City's open gate.</p> |
|--|--|

J. D. Burns.

Winchester.

L.M.

German.



695

Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.—Acts xxvi. 22.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 GREAT God we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till its close.</p> <p>2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.</p> | <p>3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.</p> <p>4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.</p> |
|---|--|

- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

P. Doddridge.

St. Ignatius.

7.5., eight lines.

J. BARNBY.

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696

I will glorify Thy name.—PSALM lxxvi. 12.

- mf* 1 **F**ATHER, let me dedicate
 All this year to Thee,
 In whatever worldly state
 Thou wouldst have me be;
 Not from sorrow, pain, or care
 Freedom dare I claim;
 This alone shall be my prayer,
 'Glorify Thy name.'
- 2 Can a child presume to choose
 Where or how to live?
 Can a Father's love refuse
 All the best to give?
 More Thou givest every day
 Than the best can claim;
 Nor withholdest aught that may
 Glorify Thy name.
- 3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
 Joys that yet are mine,
 If on life, serene and fair,
 Brighter rays may shine,
cr Let my glad heart, while it sings,
 Thee in all proclaim;
 And whate'er the future brings,
 Glorify Thy name.
- p* 4 If Thou callest to the cross,
 And its shadow come,
 Turning all my gain to loss,
 Shrouding heart and home;
 Let me think how Thy dear Son
 To His glory came,
 And in deepest woe pray on,
 'Glorify Thy name.'

L. Tuttle.

St. Saviour. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

F. G. BAKER.

Allwright. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.

697

I will be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.—JOSH. i. 5.

*f*1 **B**REAK, new-born year, on glad eyes
break,
Melodious voices move;
On, rolling Time! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.

*mf*2 The parted year had wingèd feet;
The Saviour still doth stay:
The New Year comes; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.

3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams:
Our sins are swelling evermore;
But pardoning grace still streams.

4 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight;
O make its hours less sad with sin.
Its days with Thee more bright:

5 Then we may bless its precious
things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou shouldst take us home.

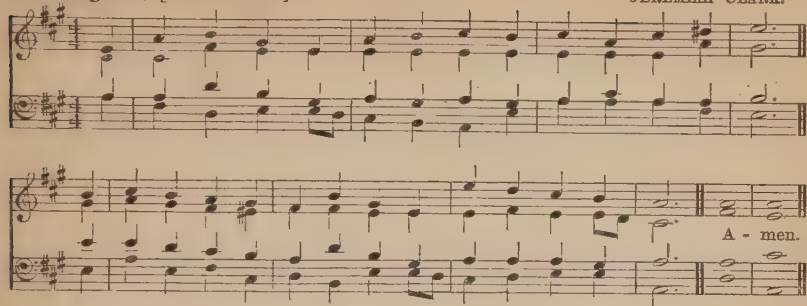
cr 6 O golden then the hours must be;
The year must needs be sweet;
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

T. H. Gill.

St. Magnus. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

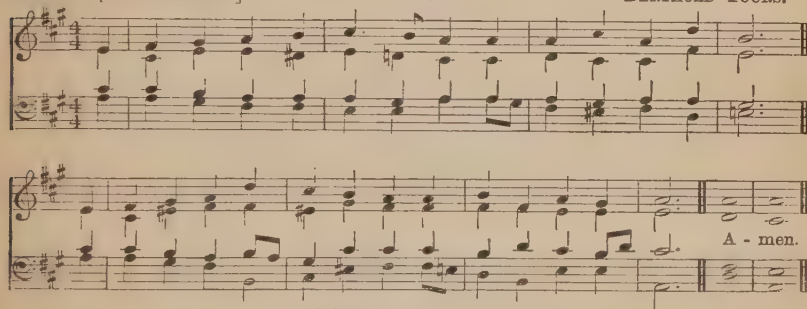
JEREMIAH CLARK.



Gouda. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



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698 Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare.
—ISA. xlii. 9.

1 THE New Year, Lord, we welcome make
With gladsome heart and tongue;
The newness of the gift doth wake
The gladness of the song.

2 We look for things unseen before;
We hope for joys unknown;
But Thou canst on this New Year pour
A newness all Thine own.

3 Grant us new beams of Thine to see,
New steps of Thine to trace,
New visions of Thy majesty,
New visits of Thy grace.

4 Help us new peaks of truth to climb,
To win new realms of lore,
Each depth divine, each height sublime
More aptly to explore.

5 Augment our skill this law divine
Without, within, to read,
And let this year in joy divine
Each earlier year exceed.

6 May grace those sweet surprises lend
That bring our God more near,
And novelties divine commend
The newness of the year.

T. H. Gill.

699 Lo, the star . . . went before them.
—MATT. ii. 9.

1 AS shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

2 And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten, and are gone.

3 Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

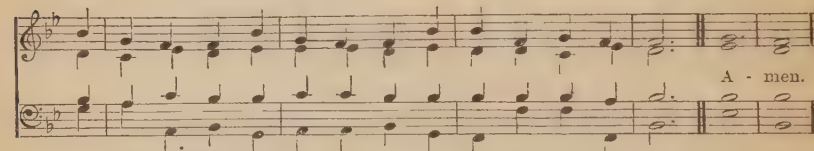
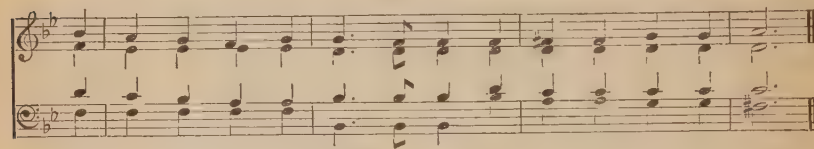
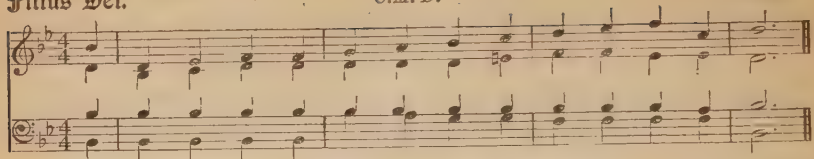
4 O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

W. C. Bryant.

Filius Dei.

C.M. D.

A. R. GAUL.



700

But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love.—
1 THESS. V. 8.

mf 1 **T**HE old year's long campaign is o'er;
Behold a new begun;
Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won:
Out of its still and deep repose
We hear the old year say,
cr 'Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day.'

f 2 'Go forth, firm faith in every heart,
Bright hope on every helm,
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm:
Go in the spirit and the might
Of Him who led the way;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day.'

3 So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly;
We love the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die:
We slumber not, that charge in view,
'Toil on, while toil ye may,
Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day.'

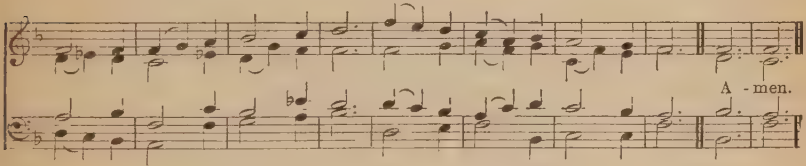
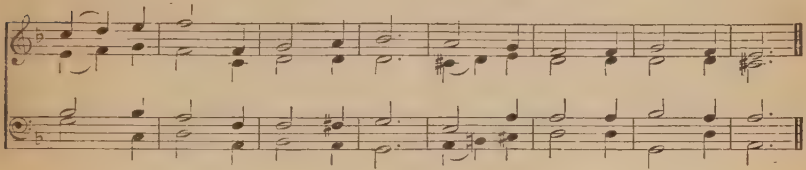
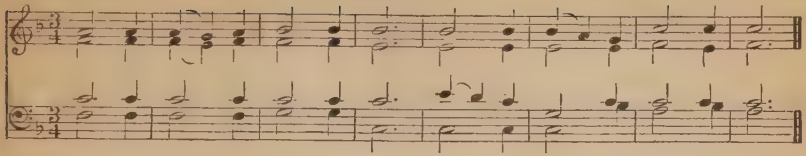
4 Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,
Thine own sustain, defend;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end,
Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
And never-ending triumph crown
The children of the day.

S. J. Stone.

Asbburton.

7s., six lines.

R. JACKSON.



The Journey of Life.

701 *Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life.—MATT. vii. 14.*

1.

LORD, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep,
Through this weary wilderness :
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

2.

There are stony ways to tread ;
Give the strength we sorely lack :
There are tangled paths to thread ;
Light us, lest we miss the track :
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

3.

There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die ;
Grant us grace to persevere :
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

4.

There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades ;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease :
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

5.

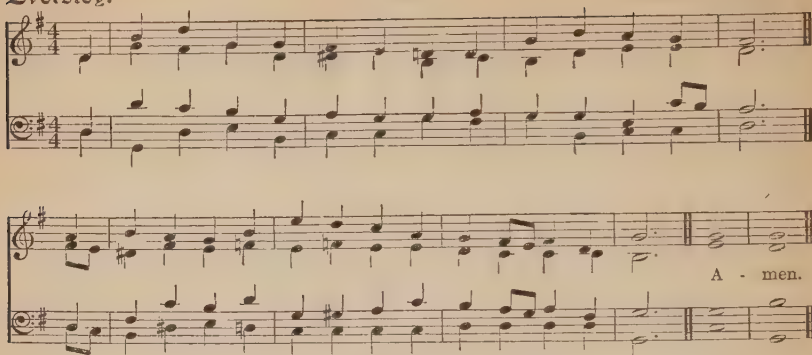
Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest :
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

W. W. How.

Eversley.

C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



(3) SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

Spring.

702

Thou renewest the face of the earth.—Ps. civ. 30.

f 1 **T**HE glory of the spring how sweet !
 The new-born life how glad !
 What joy the happy earth to greet,
 In new, bright raiment clad !

2 Divine Renewer, Thee I bless ;
 I greet Thy going forth ;
 I love Thee in the loveliness
 Of Thy renewèd earth.

mf 3 But O these wonders of Thy grace,
 These nobler works of Thine,
 These marvels sweeter far to trace,
 These new births more divine,

4 These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
 These hearts Thou makest new,
 These mourning souls by Thee made blest,
 These faithless hearts made true,

5 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
 This bloom of love so fair,
 This new-born ecstasy of song
 And fragrancy of prayer !

6 Creator Spirit, work in me
 These wonders sweet of Thine ;
 Divine Renewer, graciously
 Renew this heart of mine.

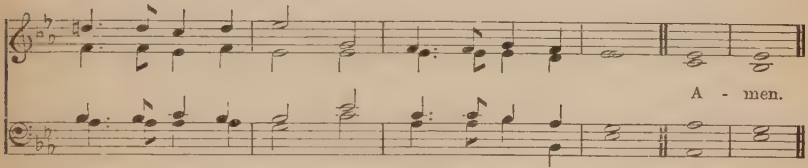
cr 7 Still let new life and strength upspring,
 Still let new joy be given ;
f And grant the glad new song to ring
 Through the new earth and heaven.

T. H. Gull.

Ruth.

6.5., eight lines.

SAMUEL SMITH.



Summer.

703 *The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.*—CANTICLES ii. 12.

1.

f SUMMER suns are glowing
 Over land and sea,
 Happy light is flowing,
 Bountiful and free.
 Everything rejoices
 In the mellow rays;
 All earth's thousand voices
 Swell the psalm of praise.

2.

God's free mercy streameth
 Over all the world,
 And His banner gleameth,
 Everywhere unfurled.
 Broad and deep and glorious
 As the heaven above,
 Shines in might victorious
 His eternal love.

3.

mf Lord, upon our blindness
 Thy pure radiance pour;
 For Thy loving-kindness
 Make us love Thee more.
dim And when clouds are drifting
 Dark across our sky,
cr Then, the veil uplifting,
 Father, be Thou nigh.

4.

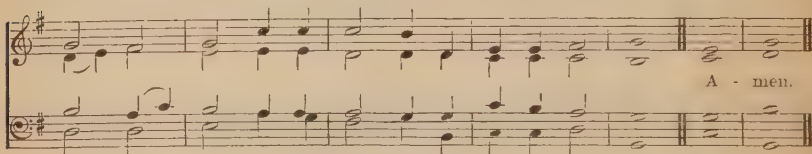
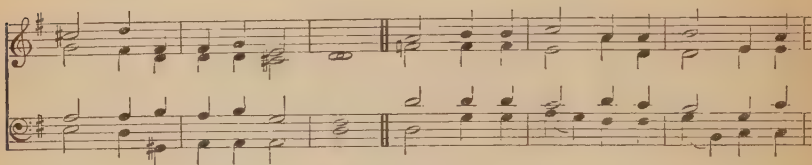
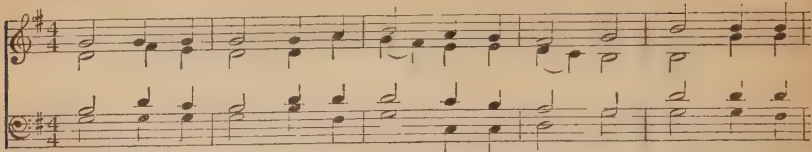
f We will never doubt Thee,
 Though Thou veil Thy light:
 Life is dark without Thee;
 Death with Thee is bright.
 Light of Light, shine o'er us
 On our pilgrim way;
 Go Thou still before us
 To the endless day.

W. W. How.

St. Ninian.

11.10.11.10. (dactylic).

J. B. DYKES.



Flower Services.

704

The Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valleys.—CANTICLES ii 1

1.

mf **H**ERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
 Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field,
 Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest
 More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

2.

mp Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,
 Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
 Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying,
 Grant the departing a gentle release.

3.

mf Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened;
 Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
 Give, of Thy grace, to the souls Thou hast quickened
 Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

4.

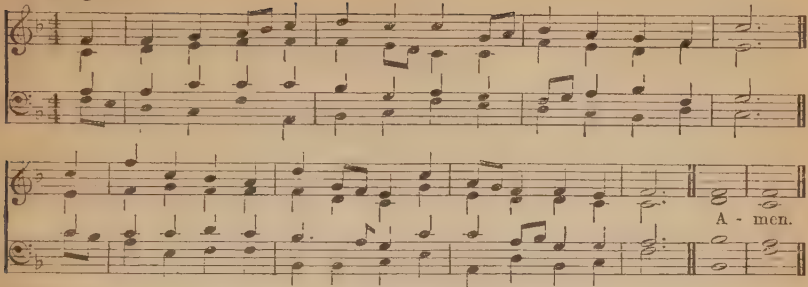
mp We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
 We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
 Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
cr Grant us a place in Thy home in the sky.

A. G. W. Blunt.

St. Angelus.

C.M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



705

God said, Let the earth bring forth.—GEN. i. 11.

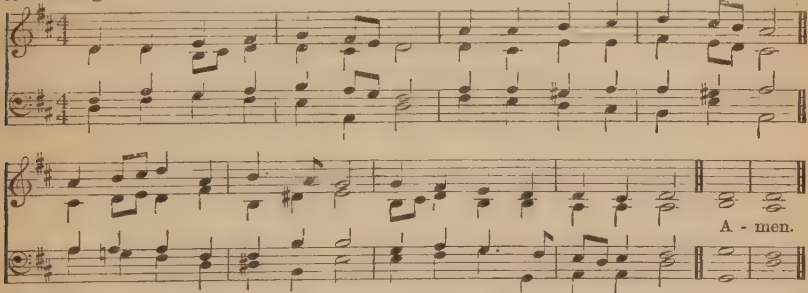
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 GOD might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.</p> <p>2 He might have made enough,—enough
For every want of ours,
For medicine, luxury, and food,
And yet have made no flowers.</p> <p>3 Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed in rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night,—</p> | <p>4 Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the secret wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?</p> <p>5 Our outward life requires them not :
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
And beautify the earth,</p> <p>6 To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For He who careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him.</p> |
|---|---|

Mrs. Mary Howitt.

St. Lucy.

7.7.7.7.

H. J. POOLE.



706

He hath made every thing beautiful in its time ; . . . no man can find out the work that God maketh.—ECCLES. iii 11.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 MANY things in life there are
Past our understanding far ;
And the humblest flower that grows
Hides a secret no one knows.</p> <p>2 All unread by outer sense
Lies the soul's experience ;
Mysteries around us rise ;—
We the deeper mysteries.</p> | <p>3 While we may so little scan
Of Thy vast creation's plan,
Teach us, O our God, to be
Humble in our walk with Thee.</p> <p>4 May we trust, through ill and good,
Thine unchanging Fatherhood ;
And our highest wisdom find
In the reverent heart and mind.</p> <p>5 Clearer vision shall be ours,
Larger wisdom, ampler powers ;
And the meaning yet appear
Of what passes knowledge here.</p> |
|---|---|

Frederick L. Hosmer.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Dresden.

7.6., eight lines (with refrain).

J. A. P. SCHULZ.

Seedtime and Harvest.

Thou blessest the springing thereof.—Ps. lxx. 10.

707

mf 1 **W**E plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand ;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine
And soft refreshing rain.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far ;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star ;
The wind and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,
For all His love.

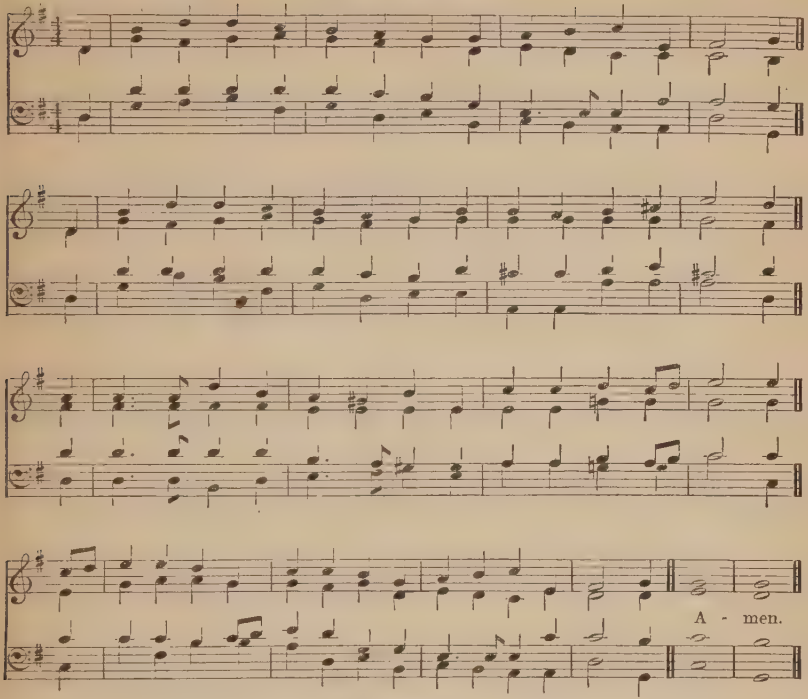
3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food :
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

M. Claudius, tr. Jane M. Campbell.

Golden Sheaves.

8.7., eight lines (iambic).

A. SULLIVAN.



Harvest.

708

He . . . filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.—Ps. cxlvii. 14.

f 1 **T**o Thee, O Lord, our hearts we
raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation;
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Before Thee thankfully we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing:
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the bread eternal.

mf 3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary,
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary;
cr May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garner bright elected.

f 4 O blessed is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever,
Where golden fields spread far and
broad,
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

W. C. Dix.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Swanage. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

J. STAINER.

Smoothly.

A - men.

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Whitstable. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

CHARLES VINCENT.

UNISON. HARMONY.

A - men.

709 Who giveth food to all flesh; for His mercy endureth for ever.—Ps. cxxxvi. 25.

f 1 PRAISE, O praise the Lord of harvest,—
Providence and Love!
Praise Him in His earthly temples,
And above!

2 Praise Him, every living creature,
By His goodness fed,
Whose rich mercy daily giveth
Daily bread.

3 Sing Him thanks for all the bounties
Of His gracious Hand;
Smiling peace and welcome plenty
O'er our land.

4 Praise His Name that war's loud thunder
Breaks not on our shore!
Fields of harvest, not of plunder,
Yield their store.

mf 5 Quickened unto life eternal,
Bear we heavenly fruit;
dim Lest, if barren, He reject us
Branch and root.

mf 6 Speed, O speed that glorious harvest
Of the souls of men,
When Christ's members, here long
scattered,
Meet again.

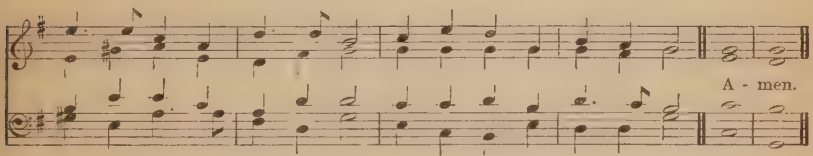
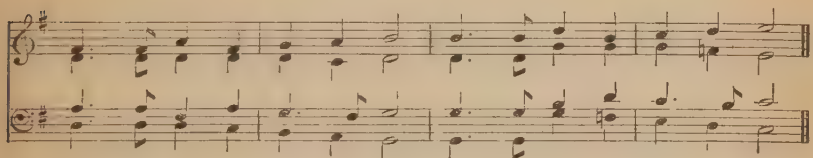
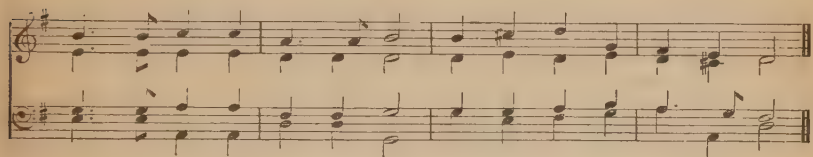
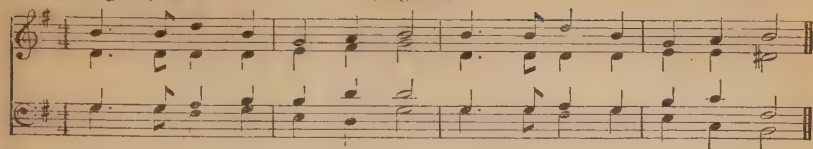
ff 7 Glory to the Lord of harvest,
Holy Three in One!
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Praise be done!

J. Hamilton.

St. George's, Windsor.

7s., eight lines.

G. J. ELVEY.



710

In the time of harvest.—MATT. xiii. 30.

f 1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of harvest home :
 All is safely gathered in
 Ere the winter storms begin ;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied :
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of harvest-home.

mf 2 All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
cr First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear :
dim Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take His harvest home,
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away,
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.

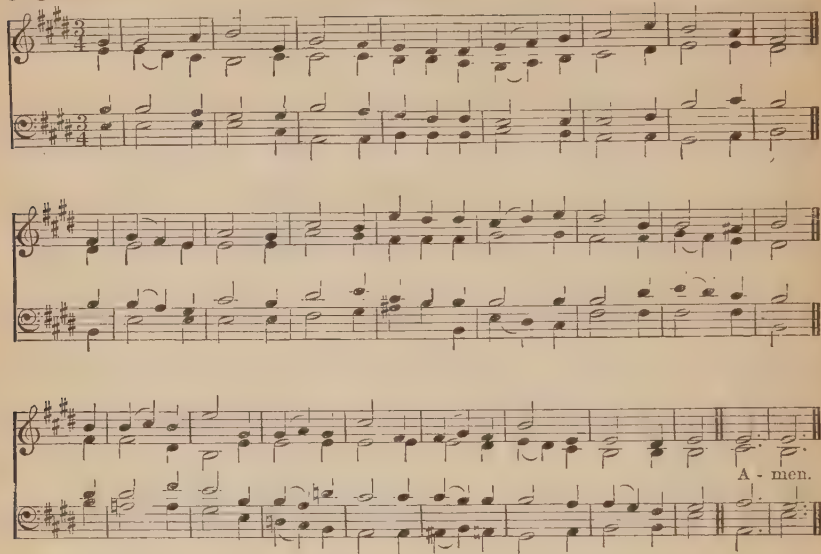
f 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
 Bring Thy final harvest home ;
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 There, for ever purified,
 In Thy garner to abide :
 Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious harvest-home.

H. Alford.

For Howe.

98.98.88.

EDWIN EDWARDS.



711 *He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.—PSALM cvii. 9.*

1.

f WE come, our hearts with gladness glowing,
Thee, Lord of harvest, to adore,
For garners filled to overflowing
With treasured heaps and plenteous store ;—
To thank Thee that Thy Father-hand
Hath blest anew our happy land.

2.

mf Since Thou, on us compassion taking,
With daily bread our wants dost feed,
So, pity in our breasts awaking,
Make us to feel for others' need ;
Thou rich and poor alike dost love ;
Then let them both Thy bounty prove.

3.

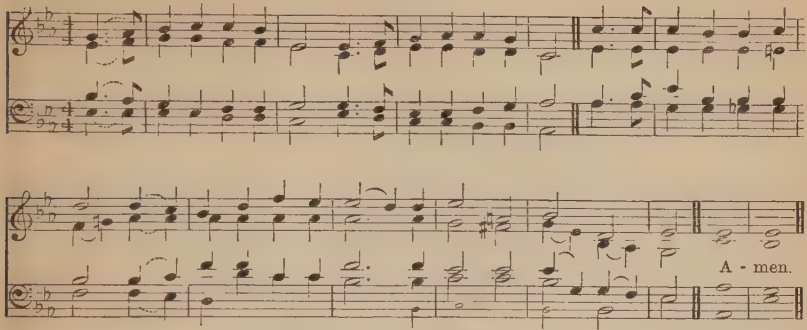
Our praise for this abundant blessing,
With favour, gracious Father, hear,
More deeply on our minds impressing
Thy mercies each successive year ;
That so our truest praise may be
A life devoted all to Thee.

E. Liebich, tr. Frances E. Cox.

Studland. [FIRST TUNE.]

Irregular.

J. STAINER.

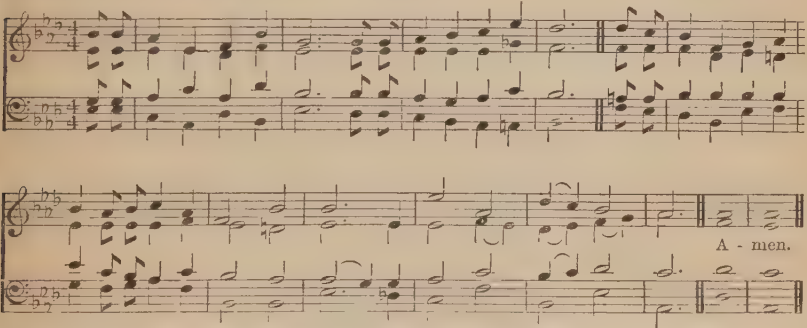


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Brathay. [SECOND TUNE.]

Irregular.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

712 *Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; Thou greatly enrichest it.—Ps. lxxv. 9.*

f 1 **F**OR the sunshine and the rain,
For the dew and for the shower,
For the yellow ripened grain,
And the golden harvest hour,
We bless Thee, O our God.

2 For the heat and for the shade,
For the gladness and the grief,
For the tender sprouting blade,
And for the nodding sheaf,
We bless Thee, O our God.

mf 3 For the hope and for the fear,
For the storm and for the peace,
For the trembling and the cheer,
And for the glad increase,
We bless Thee, O our God.

4 Our hands have tilled the sod,
And the torpid seed have sown;
cr But the quickening was of God,
And the praise be His alone;
We bless Thee, O our God.

f 5 For the sunshine and the shower,
For the dew and for the rain,
For the golden harvest hour,
And for the garnered grain,
We bless Thee, O our God.

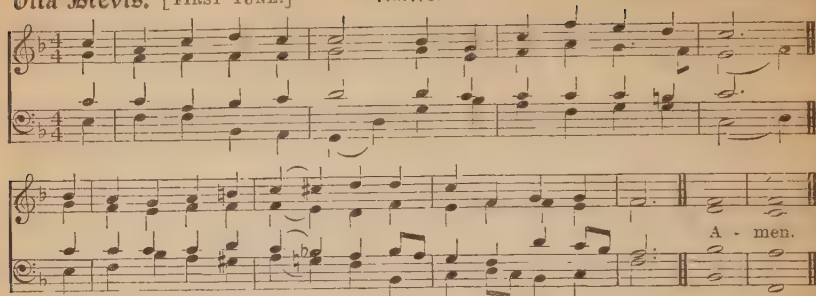
Jane Creadson.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Vita Brevis. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

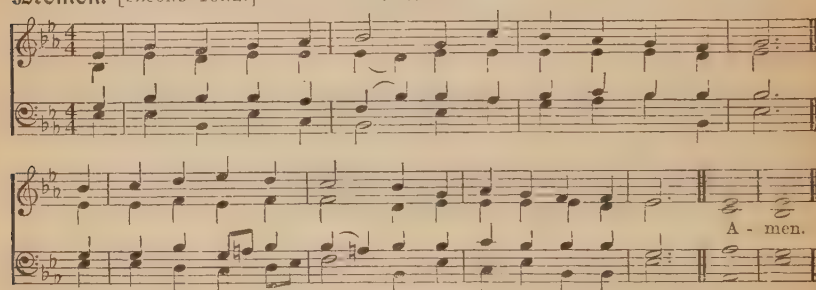
W. A. JEFFERSON.



Bremen. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

M. VULPIUS.



Autumn.

713

He . . . gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons.—Acts xiv. 17.

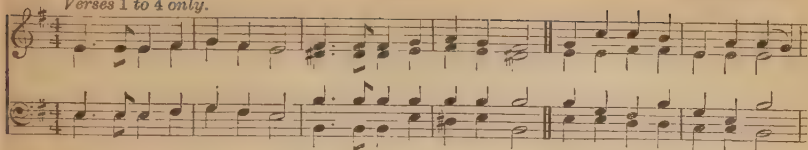
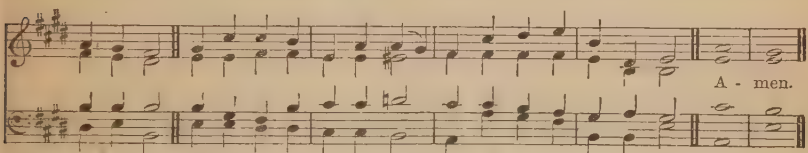
- mp* 1 **T**HE year is swiftly waning ;
The summer days are past ;
And life, brief life, is speeding ;
The end is nearing fast.
- 2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go ;
But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.
- 3 O pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.
- 4 Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned ;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.
- 5 O by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,
- 6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

W. W. How.

Clarence.

7.7.7.7.

A. SULLIVAN.

Verses 1 to 4 only.*Verses 5 and 6 only.*

A - men.

Winter.

714 *He casteth forth His ice like morsels; who can stand before His cold?—Ps. cxlvii, 17.*

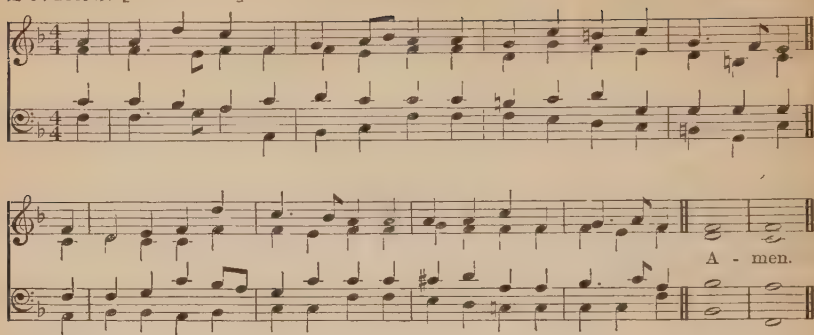
- p* 1 WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.
- 2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.
- 3 Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.
- 4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.
- f* 5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.
- 6 So the saints from slumber blest
Rising shall awake and sing,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Till there breaks the endless spring.

W. W. How.

Devotion. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

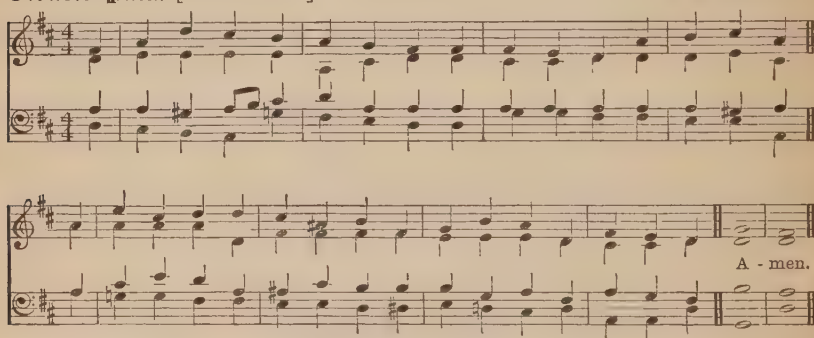
J. BOOTH.



Oldfield Park. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.



(4) HOSPITAL SERVICES.

715

Great multitudes followed Him, and He healed them all.—MATT. xii. 15.

- p 1 **O** THOU through suffering perfect made,
On whom the bitter cross was laid,
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.
- 2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind ;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.
- 3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure ;
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.
- 4 But O, far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.
- cr 5 O heal the bruised heart within ;
O save our souls all sick with sin ;
cr Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore.

W. W. HOW.

Requiem. [FIRST TUNE.]

87.87.77.

W. SCHULTES.

Stoneleigh. [SECOND TUNE.]

87.87.77.

C. S. JERYLL.

716

Jesus . . . was moved with compassion toward them, and He healed their sick.—MATT. XIV. 14.

p 1 THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care ;
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

mf 3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

cr 4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
f One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

G. Thring.

Petersham.

C.M. D.

C. W. POOLE.

717 *And they brought unto Him all sick people, . . . and He healed them.*—MATT. iv. 24.

f 1 **THINE** arm, O Christ, in days of old
 Was strong to heal and save;
 It triumphed o'er disease and death,
 O'er darkness and the grave.
 To Thee they went, the blind, the
 dumb,
 The palsied, and the lame,
 The leper with his tainted life,
 The sick with fevered frame;

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and
 health,
 Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
 And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
 Owned Thee, the Lord of Light:
mf And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
 Almighty as of yore,
 In crowded street, by restless couch,
 As by Gennesaret's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
 Thou Lord of life and death;
 Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
 With Thine almighty breath:
 To hands that work and eyes that see
 Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
or That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
 May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. Plumpre.

Midhurst. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.



St. Flavian. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.



718

All things come of Thee.—1 CHRON. xxix. 14.

1 FROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope ;
O pour them from above ;

2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace ;

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod ;
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

C. Kingsley.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Cruse of Comfort. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7.8.7.

ROWLAND BRIANT.
HARMONY.

UNISON.

Solatium Caritatis. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7.8.7.

CHARLES VINCENT.

719 *The barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail.—1 KINGS xvii. 16.*

m 1 **I**S thy cruse of comfort wasting? haste its scanty drops to share,
And through all the years of famine, thou shalt still have drops to spare.

f 2 Love Divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

mf 3 For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain:
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.

p 4 Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag wearily?
f Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

5 Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and, together, both shall glow.

p 6 Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan;
m Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

7 Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longings still.

8 Is the heart a living power? Self-entwined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.

Aurelia.

7.6., eight lines.

S. S. WESLEY.

(5) MARRIAGE SERVICES.

720

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.—Ps. cxvii. 1.

m 1 **O** LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden
Looks up for life and light :
p O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest,
Beneath whose care parental
The world lies down in rest,
f 2 The fields of earth adore Thee,
The forests sing Thy praise,
All living things before Thee
Their holiest anthems raise :
Thou art the joy of gladness ;
The Life of life Thou art ;
p The dew of gentle sadness,
That droppeth on the heart.

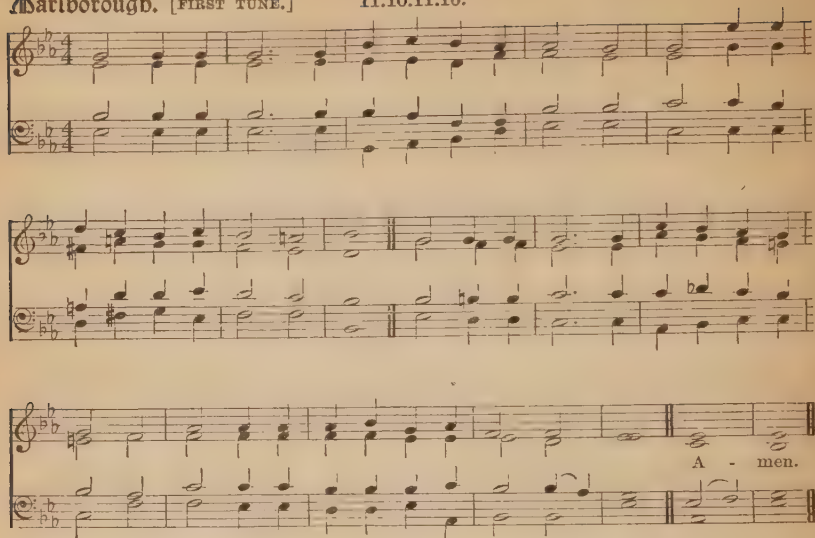
3 O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love,
m A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.
f 4 God bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one ;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on :
m Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright Home above ;
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where God is love.

J. S. B. Monsell.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Marlborough. [FIRST TUNE.]

11.10.11.10.



721

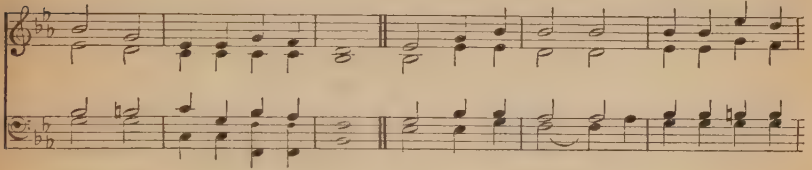
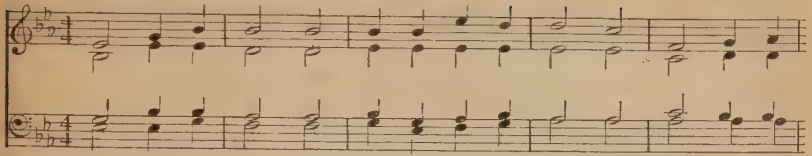
The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacle of the righteous.—Ps. cxviii. 15.

- m* 1 **O** HAPPY home, where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honoured place!
- 2 O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessed hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!
- 3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!
- 4 O happy home, where each one serves Thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee!
- mf* 5 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free,
m O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee,—
- mf* 6 Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessed home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

K. J. P. Spitta, tr. Sarah L. Findlater.

Perfect Love. [SECOND TUNE.] 11.10.11.10.

J. BARNBY.



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722

As Christ also loved the Church.—EPH. v. 25.

1.

O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2.

O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity, and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

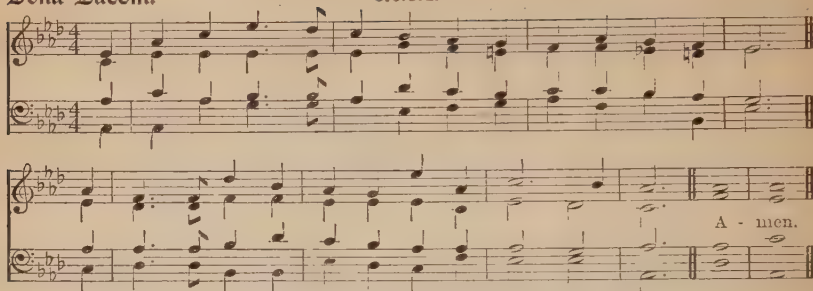
Mrs. D. F. Gurney.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Dona Lucem.

8.6.8.4.

JOHN GOSS.



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723

Love is of God.—1 JOHN iv. 7.

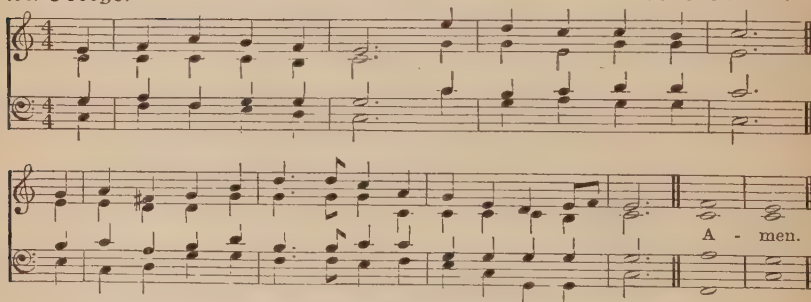
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 ETERNAL Love, whose law doth sway
The worlds in ordered course,
And works in human hearts its way
With sacred force ;</p> <p>2 To Thee our waiting hearts we lift,
This solemn, joyful hour,
And ask Thy Spirit's perfect gift
For marriage dower.</p> | <p>3 Thy hand the sacred links hath wrought
That bind two souls in one ;
Thy highest mysteries thus are taught,
Thy heaven begun.</p> <p>4 O hallow with Thy presence now
This sacrament of love ;
Breathe in the trembling human vow
Strength from above.</p> <p>5 Then through what scenes the unknown road
Of outward life may roam,
A flame that on Thine altar glowed
Shall light the home.</p> |
|--|--|

Mrs. E. S. Armitage.

St. George.

S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



724

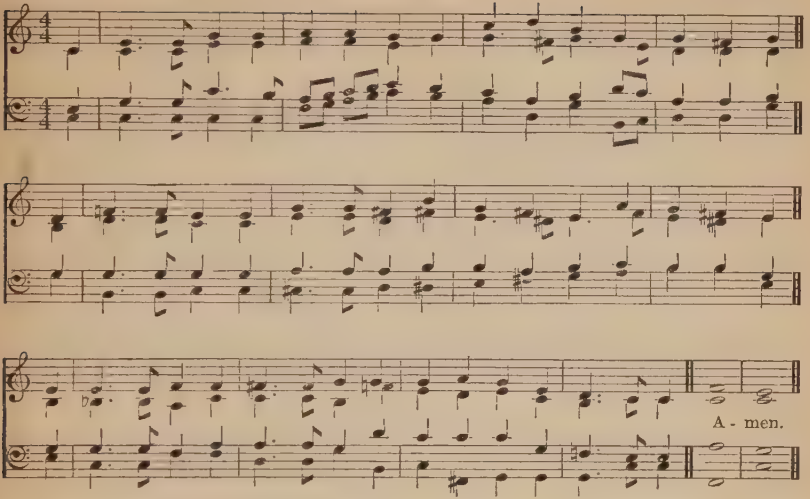
Both Jesus was called, and His disciples to the marriage.—JOHN ii. 2.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 HOW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage-day !</p> <p>2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart.
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.</p> <p>3 His gracious power Divine
The water vessels knew ;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.</p> | <p>4 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day,
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.</p> <p>5 O bless, as erst of old
The bridegroom and the bride ;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.</p> <p>6 Before thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore :
As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.</p> |
|---|--|

Melita.

8s., six lines.

J. B. DYKES.



(6) FOR THOSE AT SEA.

725

Thou rulest the raging of the sea.—Ps. lxxxix. 9.

mf 1 **E**TERNAL Father, strong to save,
 Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
 Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
 Its own appointed limits keep,
p O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
 And hushed their raging at Thy word,
 Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
 And calm amid the storm didst sleep,
p O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
 Upon the chaos dark and rude,
 And bid its angry tumult cease,
 And give, for wild confusion, peace,
p O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

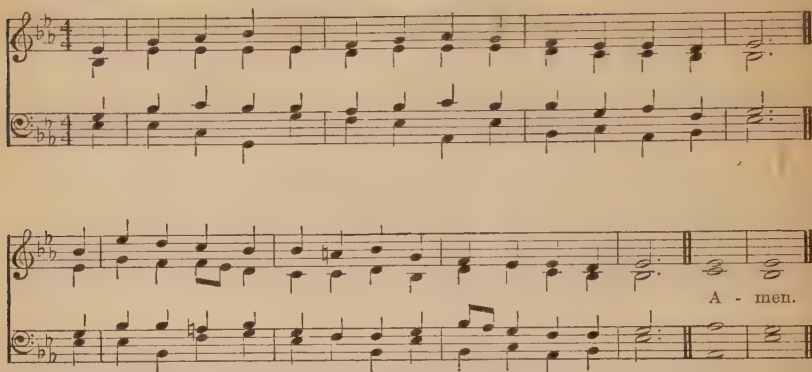
f 4 O Trinity of love and power,
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour,
 From rock and tempest, fire and woe,
 Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
cr Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. Whiting.

Dundee.

C.M.

Scotch Psalter.



On Undertaking a Voyage.

726

So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—Ps. cvii. 30.

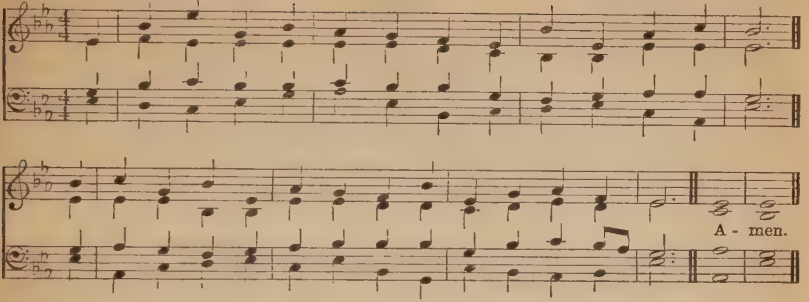
- 1 **O** LORD, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.
- 2 We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge,
For Thou, O God, art near.
- 3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thy hand.
- 4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save,
- 5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, 'Peace, be still!'
- 6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

E. A. Dayman.

St. David. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

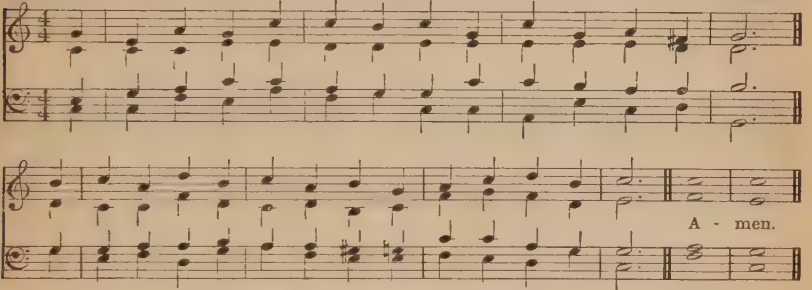
RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter.



St. Anne. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

W. CROFT.



(7) NATIONAL HYMNS.

727 *Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.—Ps. cxliv. 15.*

- f* 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.
- 2 Amidst our isle exalted high
Do Thou our glory stand;
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the favoured land.
- 3 When shall Thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?
- 4 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds He made
In justice and in love.
- 5 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown His chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.

I. Watts.

728 *Our help is in the name of the Lord.—Ps. cxxiv. 8.*

- 1 **L**ORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.
- 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too; how should we love
Another land so well?
- 3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend,
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

J. R. Wreford.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

National Anthem.

664.6664.

Arranged by ROWLAND BRIANT.

First and last verses.

[illegible]

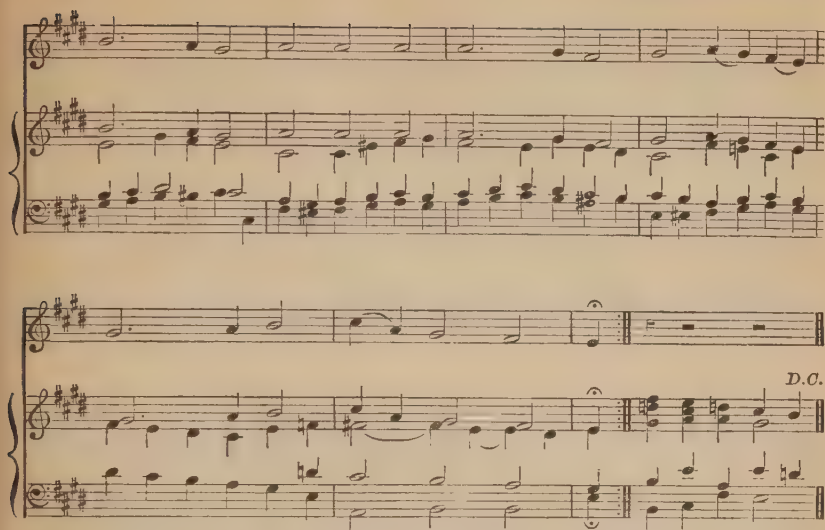
A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree" in G major, 2/4 time. The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves, with the right hand in the treble clef and the left hand in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked "Moderato". The score begins with a piano introduction of four measures. The first vocal line consists of eight measures, with the lyrics "The rose tree, the rose tree, the rose tree, the rose tree" written below. The second vocal line consists of eight measures, with the lyrics "The rose tree, the rose tree, the rose tree, the rose tree" written below. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing a simple melody and the left hand providing a harmonic accompaniment. The score ends with a double bar line.

Musical score for "Amen" in G major, 4/4 time. The score is for two staves: Treble and Bass. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the bass line is in the Bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and the word "Amen." written below the Bass staff.

UNISON.

Verse 2 of Hymn 729.
Verses 2 & 3 of Hymn 730.

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on three staves. The top staff is for the voice, the middle staff is for the treble clef piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeat sign at the end. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the melody. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.



729

And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king!—1 Sam. x. 24.

f 1 GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King!

mf 2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
Make wars to cease:
Keep us from plague and dearth,
Turn Thou our woes to mirth,
And over all the earth
Let there be peace.

f 3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
cr To sing with heart and voice
God save the King!

2nd verse alt. by S. R. Hole.

730

God be merciful unto us and bless us.—Ps. lxxvii. 1.

f 1 GOD bless our native land!
May His protecting hand
Still guard our shore:
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.

mf 2 O Lord, our monarch bless
With strength and righteousness;
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle:
cr Home of the brave and free,
Thou land of liberty,
May heaven ne'er cease on thee
With love to smile.

cr 4 Nor on this land alone,
But be God's mercies known
From shore to shore:
f And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

W. E. Hickson

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Rivaulx. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.

Quilton. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. HARRISON.

731 *Ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of Hosts.—MAL. iii. 12.*

- f* 1 PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,—
A garden fenced with silver sea,
A people prosperous, strong and free !
- dim* 2 Praise to our God ! through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast ;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.
- mf* 3 Praise to our God ! the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet ;
On many a shore her seedlings grow ;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.
- 4 Praise to our God ! His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.
- 5 Praise to our God ! though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should thoroughly burn,
cr His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage.

J. Ellerton.

732 *Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.—LUKE xiv. 23.*

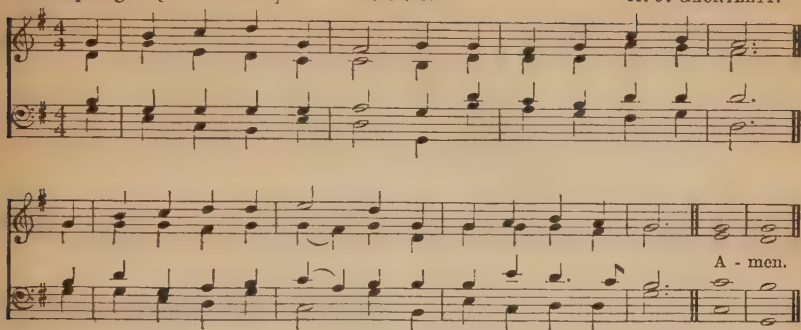
- mp* 1 LOOK from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might,
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.
- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee !
- mf* 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.
- cr* 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which with sorrowing eyes we gaze,
cr Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant.

St. Albegs. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

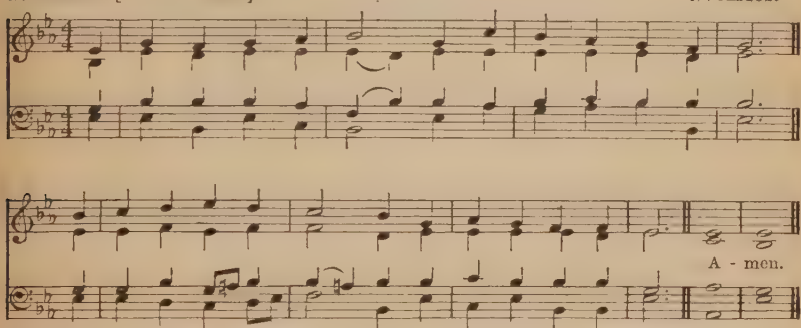
H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Bremen. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

M. VULPIUS.



733

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.—Ps. cxxii. 7.

- 1 **N**OW pray we for our country,
That Britain long may be
The holy and the happy,
The gloriously free.
- 2 Who blesseth her is blessed:
Peace be within her walls,
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages, and halls.
- 3 For her we labour gladly,
For her we give our best,
Our strength, our thought, our treasure,
So she be truly blest.
- 4 And she shall be the giver
Of peace and liberty;
And all the world shall bless her,
The jewel of the sea.

A. C. Cox.

Commonwealth.

76.76.8885.

J. BOOTH.

A - men.

734 He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great.—Ps. cxv. 13.

p 1 **W**HEN wilt Thou save the people,
 O God of mercy, when?
 Not kings and lords, but nations;
 Not thrones and crowns, but men:
f Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
 Let them not pass like weeds away—
cr Their heritage a sunless day:
 God save the people!

p 2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
 Strength aiding still the strong?
 Is it Thy will, O Father,
 That man shall toil for wrong?
f 'No,' say Thy mountains; 'No,' Thy
 skies;
 Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
cr And songs ascend instead of sighs:
 God save the people!

p 3 When wilt Thou save the people,
 O God of mercy, when?
 The people, Lord, the people;
 Not thrones and crowns, but men:
f God save the people; Thine they are,
 Thy children, as Thine angels fair:
cr From vice, oppression, and despair,
 God save the people!

Ebenezer Elliott

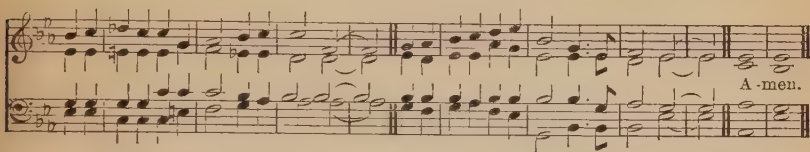
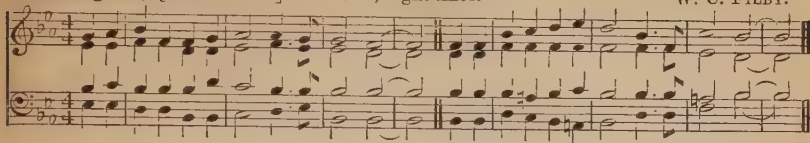
Section 11.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Leamington, [FIRST TUNE.]

7.4., eight lines.

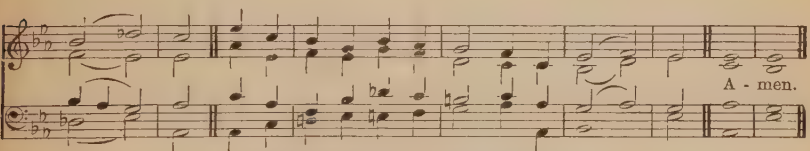
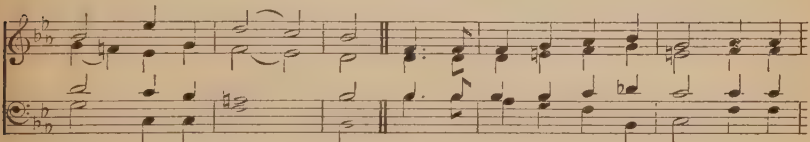
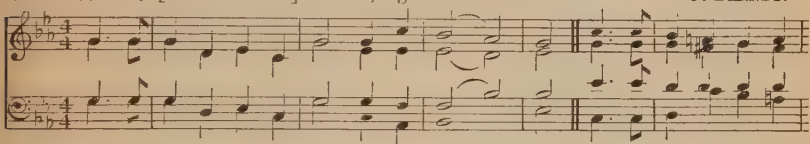
W. C. FILBY.



West Dean, [SECOND TUNE.]

7.4., eight lines.

J. BARNBY.



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(1) INTERCESSION FOR THE YOUNG.

735

Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me, my Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth!—JER. iii. 4.

1 **S**TANDING forth on life's rough way,
 Father, guide them;
 O we know not what of harm
 May betide them;
 'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
 Father, hide them;
 Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
 Go beside them.

2 When in prayer they cry to Thee,
 Thou wilt hear them;
 From the stains of sin and shame
 Thou wilt clear them;

'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
 Thou wilt steer them;
 In temptation, trial, grief,
 Be Thou near them.

3 Unto Thee we give them up;
 Lord, receive them;
 In the world we know must be
 Much to grieve them,
 Many striving oft and strong
 To deceive them:
 Trustful, in Thy hands of love
 We must leave them.

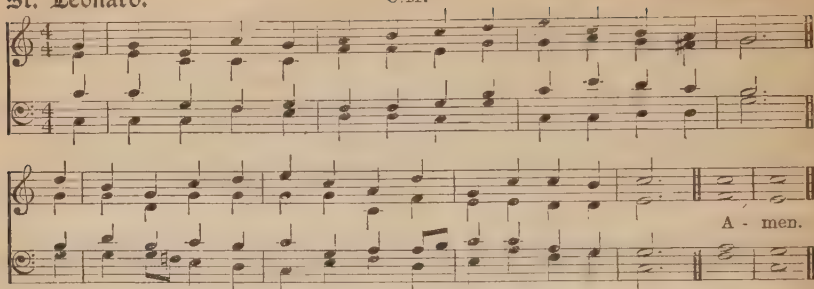
W. Bryant.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

St. Leonard.

C.M.

HENRY SMART.



(2) YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS AND RESOLVES.

736

Thou hast the dew of Thy youth.—Ps. cx. 3.

- f* 1 **L**ORD, in the fulness of my might
I would for Thee be strong ;
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To Thee should soar my song.
- mf* 2 I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love :
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then Thy service prove.
- 3 I would not with swift-winged zeal
On the world's errands go :
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.

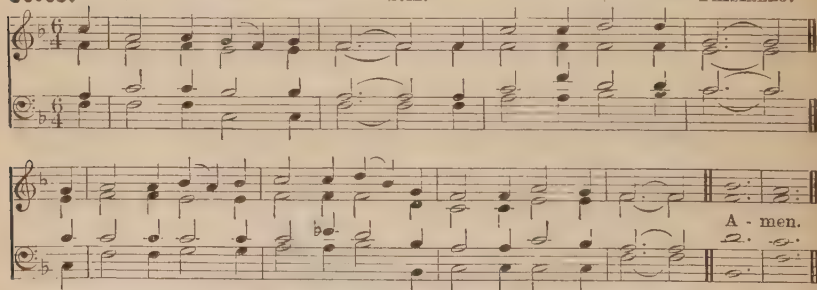
- 4 O not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part !
O not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart !
- cr* 5 O choose me in my golden time,
In my dear joys have part ;
f For Thee the glory of my prime,
The fulness of my heart !
- 6 I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine :
O ne'er the happy heart may break
Whose earliest love was Thine.

T. H. Gill.

Ceres.

S.M.

PAISIELLO.



737

In the day of the first fruits . . . bring a new meat-offering unto the Lord.—
NUM. xxviii. 26.

- f* 1 **F**AIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When, full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.
- 2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.
- mf* 3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran ;
'The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man.'

- 4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.
- f* 5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers ;
dim Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.
- mf* 6 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
f That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

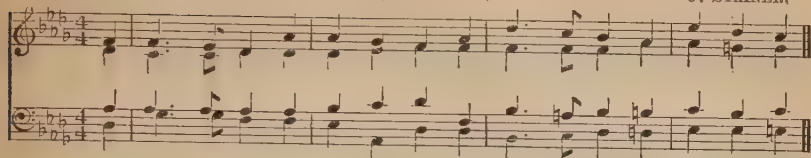
J. Hampden Gurney.

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS AND RESOLVES.

Magdalen.

8s., six lines.

J. STAINER.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

738

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—JOHN xiv. 6.

1 O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray ;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

2 O Way, through whom our souls draw
near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering
cease ;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through
Thee.

3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek ;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows ?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint ?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave ;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead.

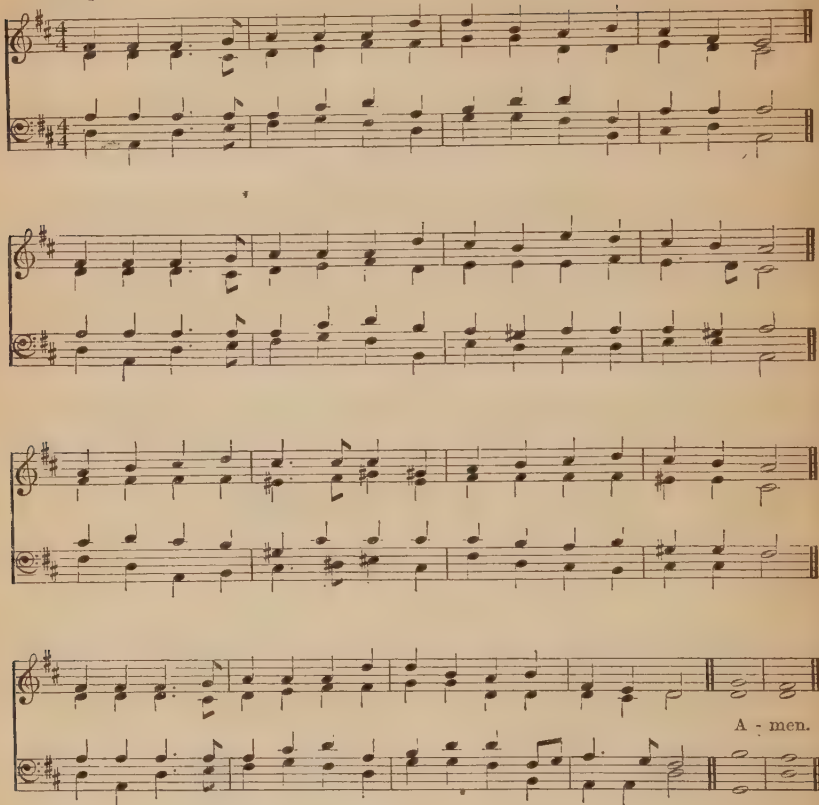
E. H. Plumtre.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

St. Asaph. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7., eight lines.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE.



739

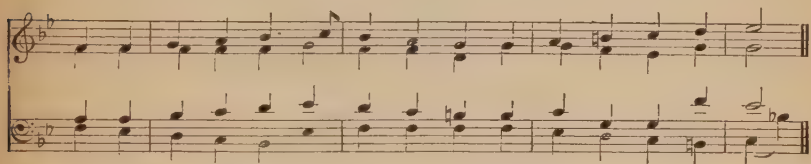
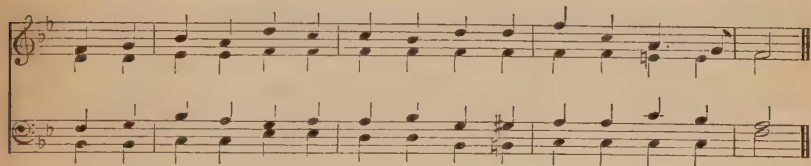
Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth.—ECCLES. xi. 9.

mf 1 **L**ORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure
 That our happy lifetime gives,
 The inestimable treasure
 Of a soul that ever lives ;
 Mind that looks before and after,
 Yearning for its home above,
 Human tears, and human laughter,
 And the depths of human love.

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS AND RESOLVES.

Sursum Voces, [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7., eight lines.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

cr 2 For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free ;
dim E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer Thee ;
But, above all other kindness,
Thine unutterable love,
Which, to heal our sin and blindness,
Sent Thy dear Son from above.

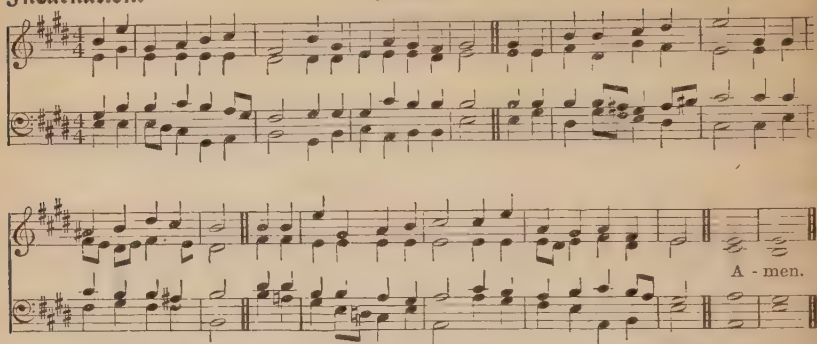
3 Teach us so our days to number
That we may be early wise ;
Dreamy mist, or cloud, or slumber,
Never dull our heavenward eyes.
cr Hearty be our work and willing,
As to Thee, and not to men ;
For we know our souls' fulfilling
Is in heaven, and not till then.

T. W. Jex-Blake.

Incarnation.

7s., six lines.

HENRY SMART.



740

In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence; and His children shall have a place of refuge.—Prov. xiv. 26.

- 1 **L**IFE and joy are found
In the presence of the Lord;
Life, with richest blessings crowned,
Light, from many fountains poured:
Life and light and holy joy
None can darken or destroy.
- 2 Bring to Him life's brightest hours,
He will make them still more bright;
Give to Him your noblest powers,
He will hallow all your might.
Come to Him with eager quest,
You shall hear His high behest.
- 3 All your questions large and deep
All the open thoughts of youth,
Bring to Him, and you shall reap
All the harvest of His truth;
You shall find in that great store
Largest love and wisest lore.
- 4 Then, when comes life's wider sphere
And its busier enterprise,
You shall find Him ever near,
Looking with approving eyes
On all honest work and true
His dear servants' hands can do:
- 5 And if care should dim your eye,
And life's shadows come apace,
You shall find Him ever nigh
In His all-abounding grace,
Changing sorrow's darkest night
Into morning clear and bright.

C. E. Mudie.

Filius Dei.

C.M. D.

A. R. GAUL.



741

I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring.

—ISA. xlv. 3.

f 1 **O** LORD of life, and love, and power,
How joyful life might be
If in Thy service every hour
We lived and moved with Thee ;
If youth in all its bloom and might
By Thee were sanctified,
And manhood found its chief delight
In working at Thy side !

mf 2 'Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,
A new life to begin ;
'Tis ne'er too late to leave the past,
And break with self and sin :
cr And we this day, both old and young,
Would earnestly aspire
For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
And purified desire.

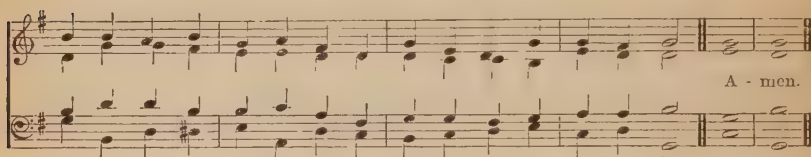
3 Nor for ourselves alone we plead,
But for all faithful souls
Who serve Thy cause by word or deed,
Whose names Thy book enrols :
cr O speed Thy work, victorious King,
And give Thy workers might,
f That through the world Thy truth may ring,
And all men see Thy light.

Mrs. E. S. Armitage.

Stuttgart.

8.7.8.7.

German.



742

*I will run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge
my heart.—Ps. cxix. 32.*

mf 1 **T**ELL me not in mournful numbers
‘Life is but an empty dream,’
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

cr 2 Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal ;
‘Dust thou art, to dust returnest,’
Was not spoken of the soul.

3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

4 Lives of good men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

5 Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o’er life’s fitful main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, may take heart again.

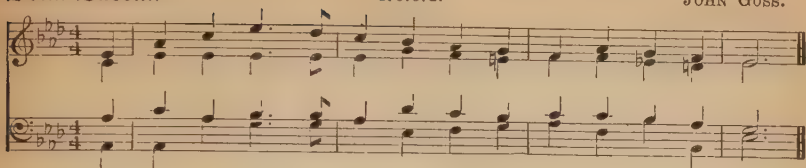
f 6 Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

Dona Lucem.

8.6.8.4.

JOHN GOSS.



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743

*Every good gift and every perfect gift . . . cometh down from the
Father of lights.—JAMES i. 17.*

1 **G**IVE light, O Lord, that we may learn
The way that leads to Thee,
That where our hearts true joy discern
Our life may be.

2 Give light, O Lord, that we may know
Thy one unchanging Truth,
And follow, all our days below,
Our Guide in youth.

3 Give light, O Lord, that we may see
Where wisdom bids beware;
And turn our doubting minds to Thee
In faithful prayer.

4 Give light, O Lord, that we may look
Beneath, around, above,
And learn from nature's living book
Thy power and love.

5 Give light, O Lord, that we may read
All signs that Thou art near,
And, while we live, in word and deed
Thy name revere.

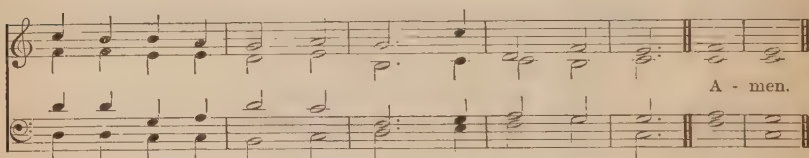
6 Give light, O Lord, that we may see
A home beyond the sky,
Where all who live in Christ with Thee
Shall never die.

L. Tuttielt.

Constantia.

8448.88.

J. F. BRIDGE.



744

Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? . . . He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness.—Ps. xv. 1, 2.

mf 1 **H**OW shall we worship Thee, O Lord?
 What shall we bring
 To Thee, our King,
 By children and by men adored?
 More dear to Thee than prayer and praise
 Are loyal deeds and patient days.

2 What can we give? Thou dost desire
 A steadfast will,
 Obedient still,
 And faithful work that does not tire:
 More dear to Thee than prayer and praise
 Are loyal deeds and patient days.

f 3 How easy in the golden light
 Of summer hours,
 Among the flowers,
 To bless Thee for a world so bright!
dim More dear to Thee than prayer and praise
 Are loyal deeds and patient days.

p 4 When sorrow darkens all our sky,
 Life's blossoms lost
 In sudden frost,
 And all our courage like to die,
cr O help us still Thy name to praise
 By loyal deeds and patient days.

mf 5 In life, in death, in joy and pain,
 May we adore
 Thee more and more,
cr Till love turns all our loss to gain,
 And tunes the years to perfect praise
 In loyal deeds and patient days.

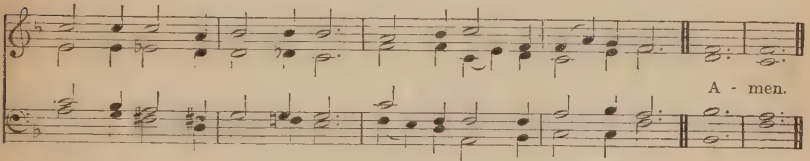
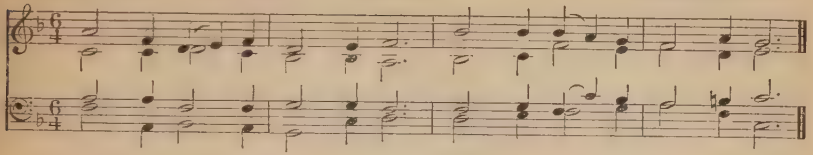
Annie Matheson.

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS AND RESOLVES.

Gentle Jesus, [FIRST TUNE.]

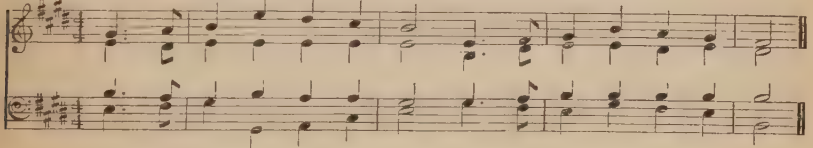
7.7.7.7.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



Innocents, [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.



For Little Children.

745

Suffer the little children to come unto Me.—MARK x. 14.

p 1 **G**ENTLE Jestis, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought ;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not ;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee ;
Thou shalt my example be ;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art ;
Give me Thy obedient heart ;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

6 Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.

7 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

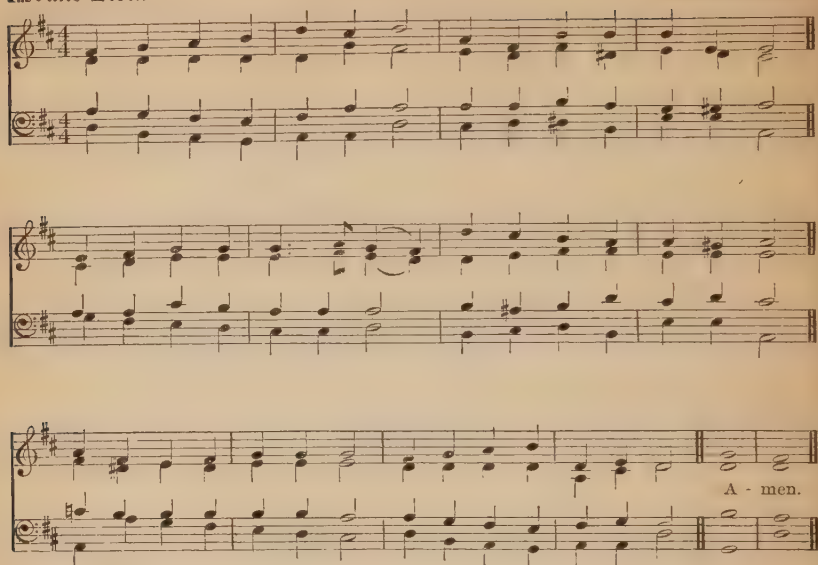
cr 8 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days ;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

C. Wesley.

Mount Zion.

7s., six lines.

A. SULLIVAN.



(3) DELIGHT IN GOD'S WORKS.

746

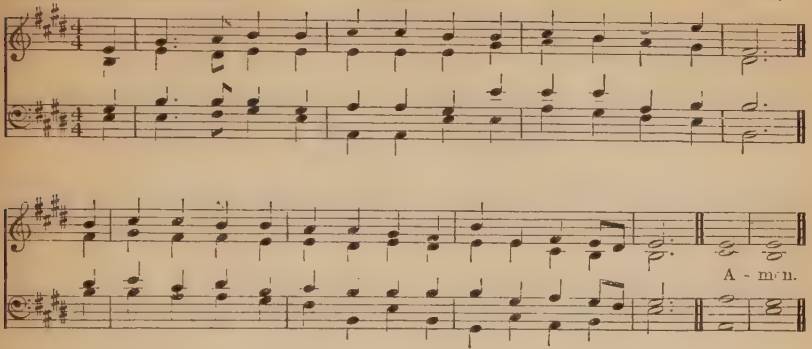
All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.—Ps. cxlv. 10.

- f* 1 **A**LL things praise Thee, Lord most high,
 Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
 All were for Thy glory made,
 That Thy greatness, thus displayed,
 Should all worship bring to Thee :
 All things praise Thee : Lord, may we.
- mp* 2 All things praise Thee : night to night
 Sings in silent hymns of light ;
- mf* All things praise Thee : day to day
 Chants Thy power in burning ray ;
 Time and space are praising Thee ;
 All things praise Thee : Lord, may we.
- 3 All things praise Thee, high and low,
 Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow,
 Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,
 Rippling stream, and tempest loud,
 Summer, winter,—all to Thee
 Glory render : Lord, may we.
- f* 4 All things praise Thee : heaven's high
 shrine
 Rings with melody divine ;
 Lowly bending at Thy feet,
 Seraph and archangel meet ;
 This their highest bliss, to be
 Ever praising : Lord, may we.
- 5 All things praise Thee : gracious Lord,
 Great Creator, powerful Word,
 Omnipresent Spirit, now
 At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
 Lift our hearts in praise to Thee ;
 All things praise Thee : Lord, may we.
- G. W. Conder.

Solomon. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

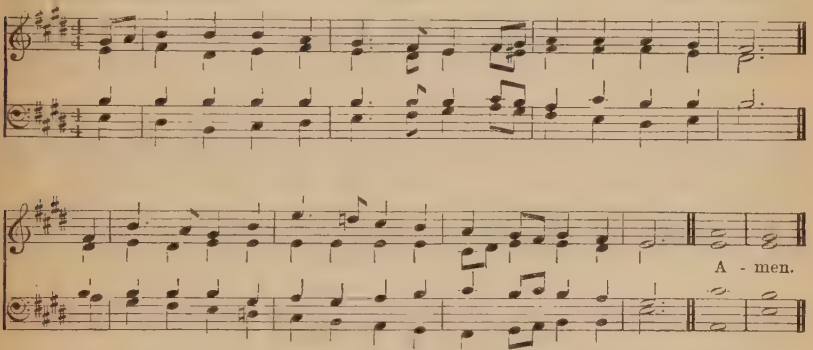
HANDEL.



Belvoir. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

JOHN ADCOCK.



747

He that built all things is God.—HEB. iii. 4.

- f* 1 I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- mf* 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

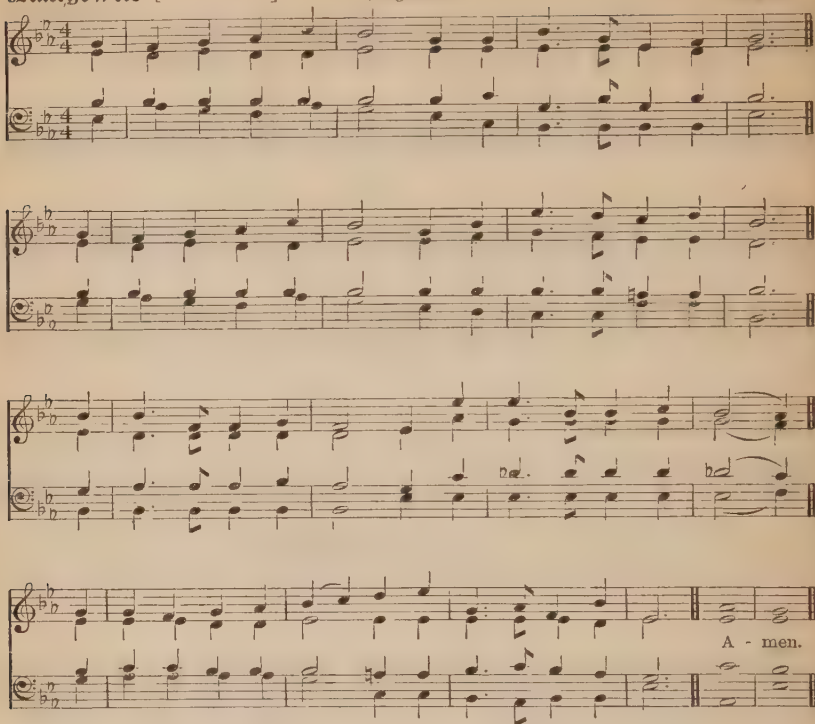
- 4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.
- 5 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye;
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Whose love is ever nigh?

I. Watts.

Blairgowrie [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

J. B. DYKES.



748

Happy is he . . . whose hope is in the Lord his God, which made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that therein is.—Ps. cxlvi. 5, 6.

f 1 'TWAS God that made the ocean,
And laid its sandy bed ;
He gave the stars their motion,
And built the mountain's head ;
He made the rolling thunder,
The lightning's forked flame ;
His works are full of wonder,
All glorious is His name.

p 2 And must it not surprise us
That One so high and great
Should see and not despise us,
Poor sinners, at His feet ?

mf Yet day by day He gives us
Our raiment and our food ;
In sickness He relieves us,
And is in all things good.

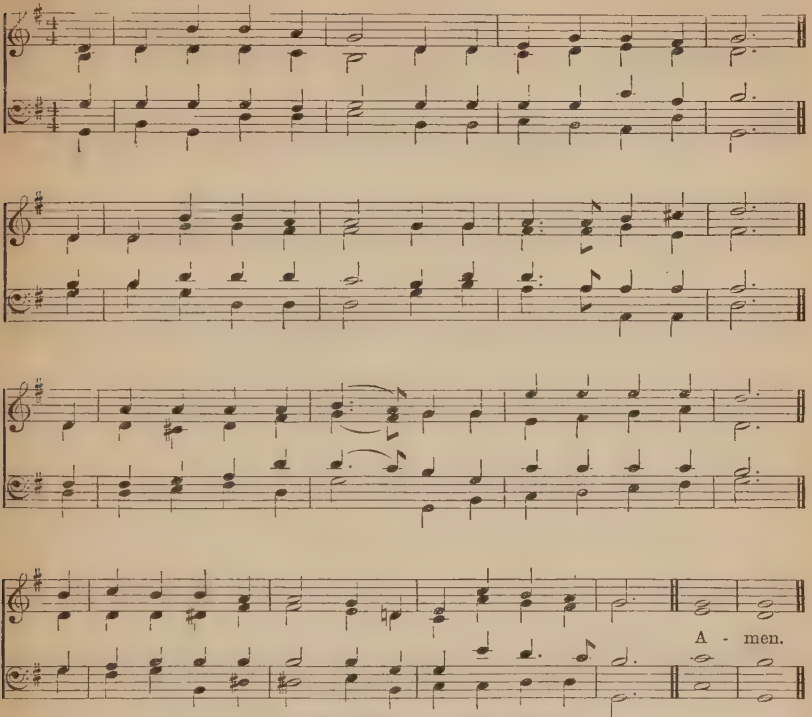
cr 3 But things that are far greater
His mighty hand hath done,
And sent us blessings sweeter
Through Christ, His only Son,
Who, when He saw us dying
In sin and sorrow's night,
On wings of mercy flying,
Came down with life and light.

4 He gives His word to teach us
Our danger and our wants, -
And kindly doth beseech us
To take the life He grants ;
His Holy Spirit frees us
From Satan's deadly powers,
Leads us by faith to Jesus,
And makes His glory ours.

Chenies. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

749

Behold the fowls of the air . . . Consider the lilies of the field.—MATT. vi. 26, 28.

1 **H**OW dearly God must love us
And this poor world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us,
And deck the earth with flowers !
There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells, in accents holy,
His kindness and His care.

2 He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread ;
At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed ;
He gives our needful clothing,
And sends our daily food ;
His love denies us nothing
His wisdom deemeth good.

3 The Bible, too, He sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose word can save and cleanse us
From guilt and sin and shame ;
O may God's mercies move us
To serve Him with our powers,
For O how He must love us
And this poor world of ours !

S. W. Partridge.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Asbness. [FIRST TUNE.]
UNISON.

7.6., eight lines.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

The first system of musical notation for 'Asbness' consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom two staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) providing harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 7/8.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with three staves, maintaining the same instrumental arrangement as the first system.

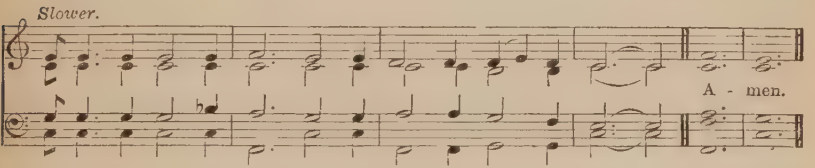
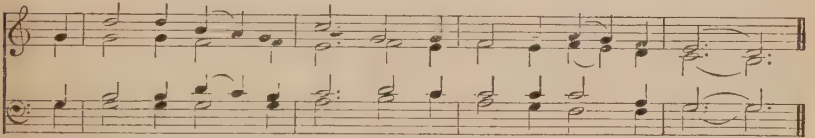
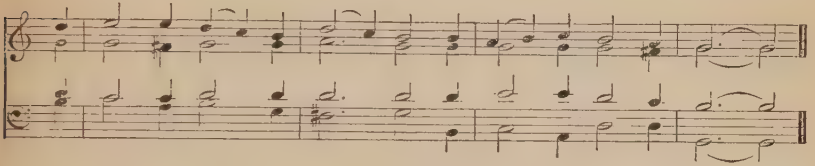
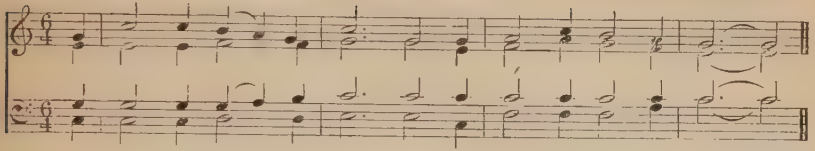
The third system of musical notation continues the piece with three staves. The word 'rit.' (ritardando) is written above the top staff and below the bottom staff, indicating a gradual deceleration of the tempo.

HARMONY.
Slower.

The fourth system of musical notation is for the 'HARMONY' section, marked 'Slower.' and 'pp' (pianissimo). It features a vocal line on the top staff and piano accompaniment on the bottom two staves. The lyrics 'Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - dren, And let them come to Me.' A - men.' are written below the vocal staff. The key signature remains three sharps and the time signature is 7/8.

Watermouth. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

R. JACKSON.



750

Suffer the little children to come unto Me.—MARK x. 14.

f 1 GOD who hath made the daisies,
And every lovely thing,
He will accept our praises,
And hearken while we sing :
He says, though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be,
p 'Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.'

2 Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold ;
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old ;
And if our hearts are humble
He says to you and me,
p 'Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.'

3 He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky ;
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven so high ;
dim But sees the heart's low breathings
And says, well pleased to see,
p 'Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.'

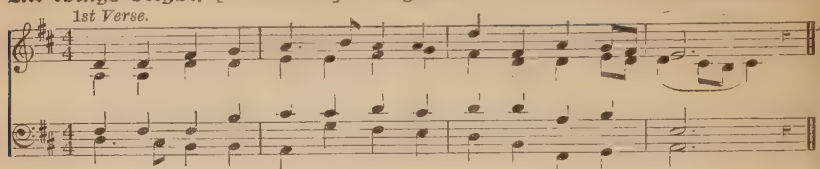
f 4 Therefore we will come near Him,
And joyfully we'll sing ;
No cause to shrink or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring ;
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
p 'Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.'

E. Paxton Hood.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

All things bright. [FIRST TUNE.] Irregular.

F. A. G. OUSELEY.



751

He hath made every thing beautiful in its time.—ECCLES. iii. 11.

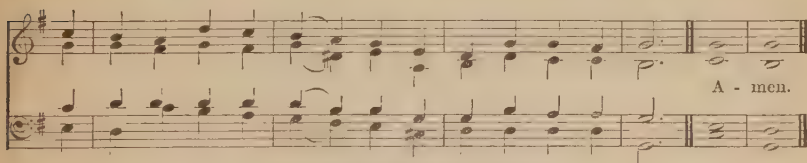
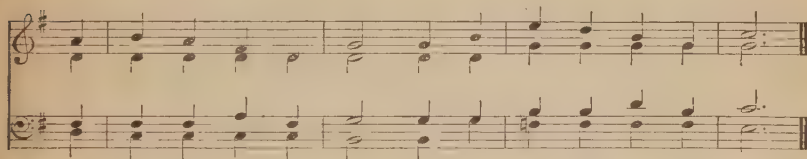
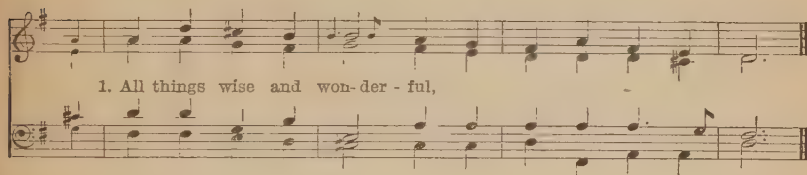
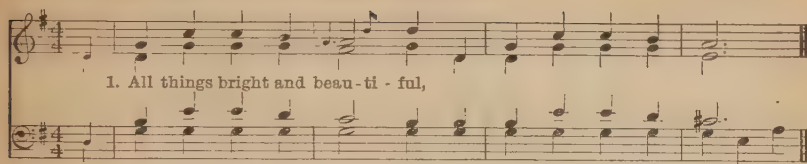
f 1 **A**LL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky ;

God in Nature. [SECOND TUNE.] Irregular.

J. STAINER.



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- 4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.
- 5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day,
- 6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

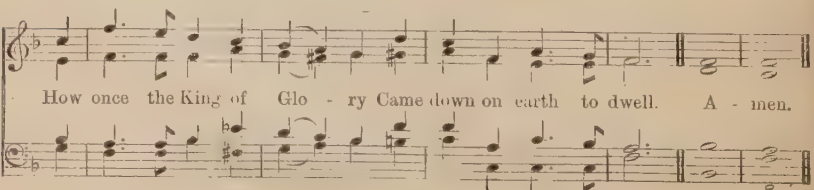
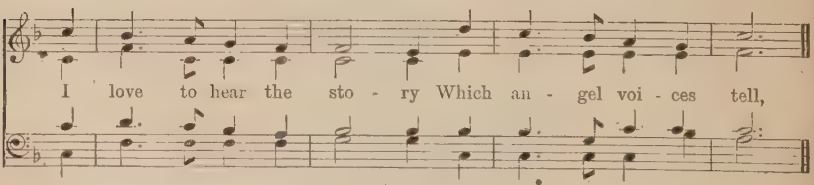
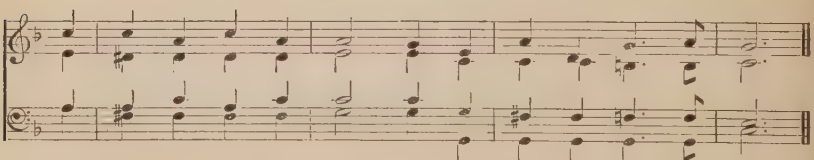
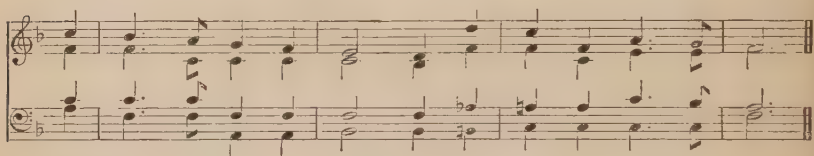
Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Kilverstone. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

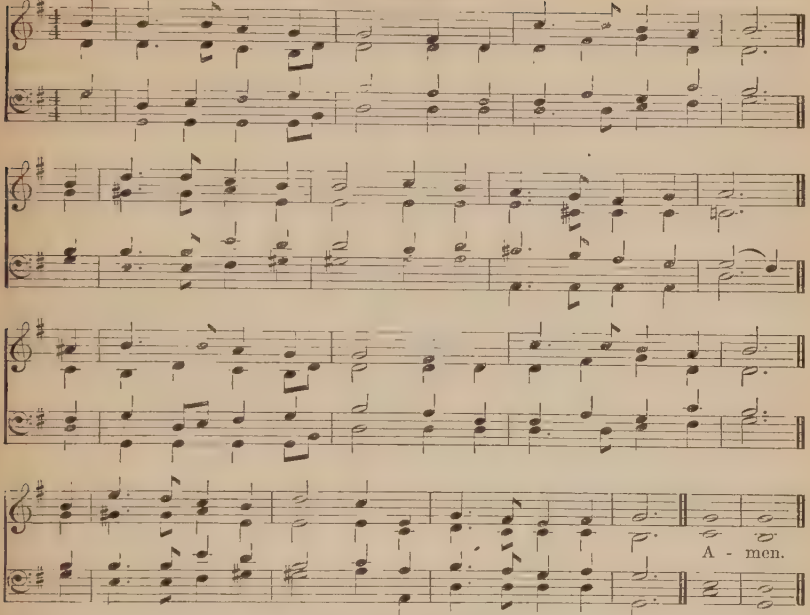
J. H. MAUNDER.



THE COMING OF JESUS.

Angels' Story. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

A. H. MANN.



(By permission of the Composer.)

(4) THE COMING OF JESUS.

752

Because the Lord loved you . . . hath the Lord . . . redeemed you.—DEUT. vii. 8.

mf 1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell:
p I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
cr The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

mf 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
cr He never will forsake me,
Because He loves me so.

f 3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

Mrs. Emily H. Miller.

753 *Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.—LUKE ii. 12.*

Born in Bethlehem.

(See also Section IV. (2).)

Christmas. [FIRST TUNE.]

Irregular.

R. N. MATTHEWS.



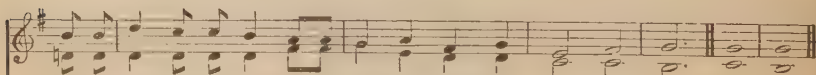
1. There came a lit - tle Child to earth.. Long a - go ;
 2. Far a - way in a good - ly land.. Fair and bright,
 3. They sing how the Lord of that world so fair A child was born,
 4. He has put on His king - ly ap - par - el now, In that good - ly land ;



And the an - gels of God pro - claimed His birth, High and low.
 Chil - dren with crowns of .. glo - ry stand, Robed in white,
 And, that they might a crown of .. glo - ry wear, Wore a crown of thorn,
 And He leads to where foun - tains of wa - ter flow That cho - sen band ;



Out on the night, so .. calm and still, Their song was heard ;
 In white more pure than the spot - less snow ; And their tongues u - nite
 And in mor - tal weak - ness, in want and pain, Came forth to die,
 And for ev - er - more, in their robes most fair And un - de - filed,



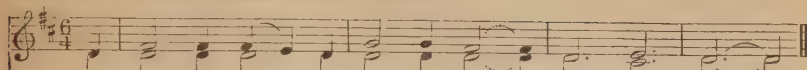
For they knew that the Child on .. Bethlehem's hill Was Christ the Lord.
 In the psalm which the an - gels sang long a - go On Christ - mas night.
 That the chil - dren of earth might for ev - er reign With Him on high.
 Those ran - somed chil - dren His praise declare Who was once a child. A - men.

Emily E. S. Elliott.

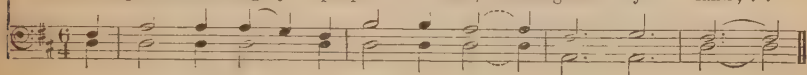
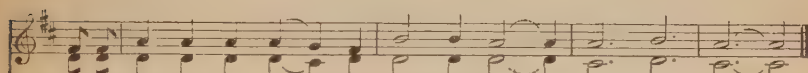
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Children's Song. [SECOND TUNE.] Irregular.

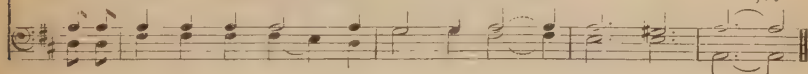
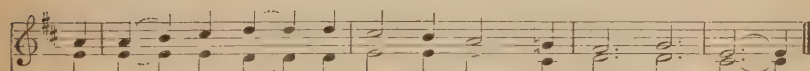
H. WALTON.



1. There came a lit - tle Child to earth .. Long a - go; ..
 2. Far a - way in a good - ly land, Fair and bright, ..
 3. They sing how the Lord of that world so fair A child was born, ..
 4. He has put on His king - ly ap - par - el now, In that good - ly land; ..

And the an - gels of God proclaimed His birth, .. High and low. ..
 Chil-dren with crowns of glo - ry stand, Robed in white,
 And, that they might a crown of glo - ry wear, Wore a crown of thorn, ..
 And He leads to where fountains of wa - ter flow That cho - sen band; ..

Out on the night, so calm and still, Their song was heard;
 In white more pure than the spot - less snow; And their tongues u - nite ..
 And in mor - tal weak-ness, in want and pain, Came forth to die, ..
 And for ev - er - more, in their robes most fair And un - de - filed, ..




For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill Was Christ the Lord.
 In the psalm which the an - gels sang long a - go On Christ-mas night.
 That the chil-dren of earth might for ev - er reign With Him on high.
 Those ran - somed children His praise declare Who was once a child. A - men.

Emily E. S. Elliott.



In the Field.

Irregular.

J. FARMER.

Allegretto.

First system of musical notation for piano. Treble and bass staves. Tempo marking: *Allegretto.* Metronome marking: ♩ = 120. *ped.* (pedal) marking is present.

Second system of musical notation for piano. Treble and bass staves.

FOR ONE OR MORE TREBLE VOICES.

Third system of musical notation. Treble staff with lyrics. Piano accompaniment in bass and treble staves.

1. In the field with their flocks a - bid - ing, They
2. 'To you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A
3. And the shep - herds came to the man - ger, And

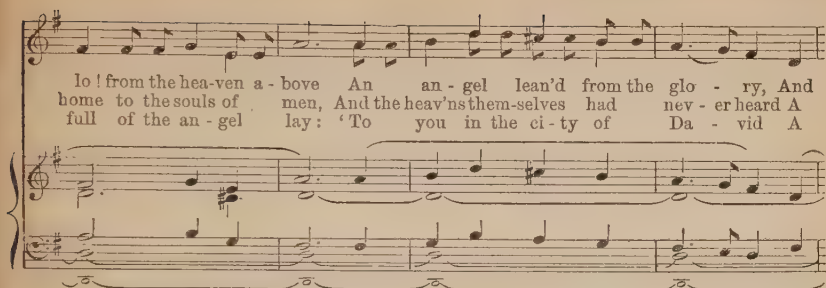
Fourth system of musical notation. Treble staff with lyrics. Piano accompaniment in bass and treble staves.

lay on the dew - y ground, And glim - mer - ing un - der the star - light, The
Sa - viour is born to - day. And sud - den a host of the heav'n - ly ones Flash'd
gaz'd on the Ho - ly Child; And calm - ly o'er that rude cra - dle The

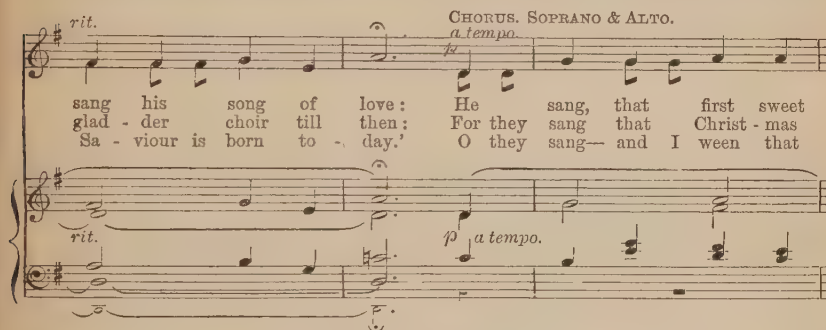
Fifth system of musical notation. Treble staff with lyrics. Piano accompaniment in bass and treble staves.

sheep lay white a - round, When the light of the Lord stream'd o'er . . . them, And
ferth to join the lay. O nev - er hath sweet - er mes - sage Thrill'd
vir - gin no - ther snail'd : And the sky, in the star - lit si - lence, Seem'd

THE COMING OF JESUS.

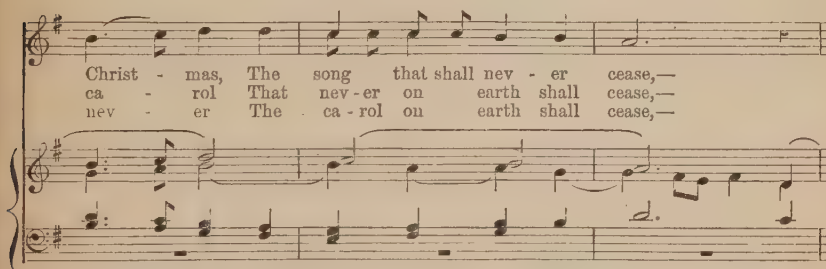


lo! from the hea-ven a - bove An an - gel lean'd from the glo - ry, And
home to the souls of men, And the heav'n's them-selves had nev - er heard A
full of the an - gel lay: 'To you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A

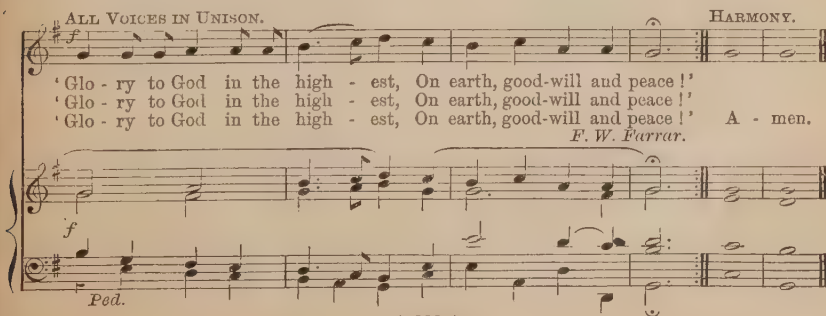


rit. sang his song of love: He sang, that first sweet
glad - der choir till then; For they sang that Christ - mas
Sa - viour is born to - day.' O they sang-- and I ween that

rit. *a tempo.*



Christ - mas, The song that shall nev - er cease,—
ca - rol That nev - er on earth shall cease,—
nev - er The ca - rol on earth shall cease,—



ALL VOICES IN UNISON. HARMONY.

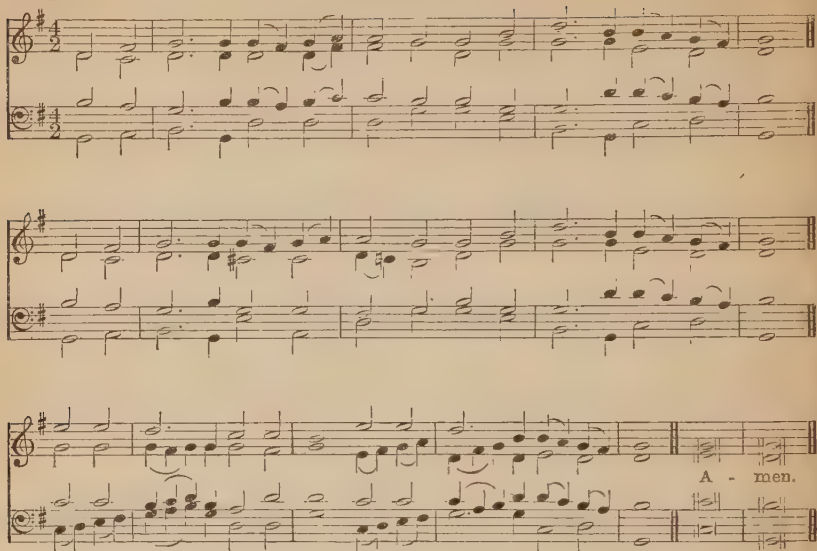
'Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth, good-will and peace!'
'Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth, good-will and peace!'
'Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth, good-will and peace!' A - men.
F. W. Farrar.

f *Ped.*

Trby.

87.87.77.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



755

And He . . . came to Nazareth and was subject unto them.—LUKE ii. 51.

1.
mf ONCE in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
 Where a mother laid her baby
 In a manger for His bed.
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little Child.

2.
 He came down to earth from heaven,
 Who is God and Lord of all;
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall:
 With the poor and mean and lowly
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3.
 And through all His wondrous child-
 hood
 He would honour and obey,
 Love, and watch the lowly mother
 In whose gentle arms He lay:
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.

4.
 For He is our childhood's pattern:
 Day by day like us He grew;
 He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew;
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 And He shareth in our gladness.

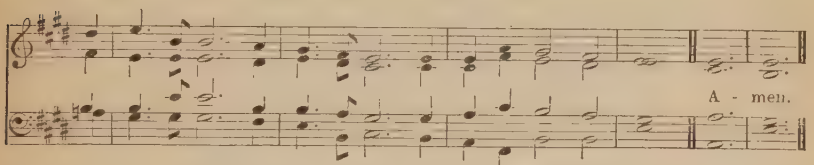
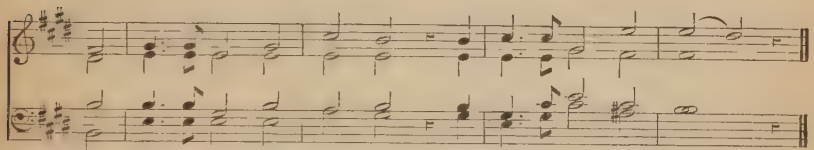
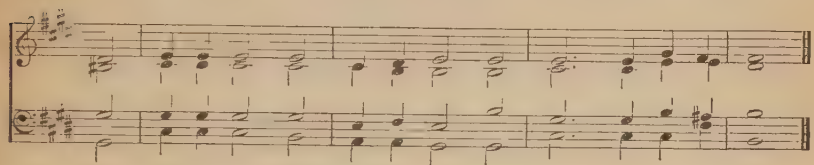
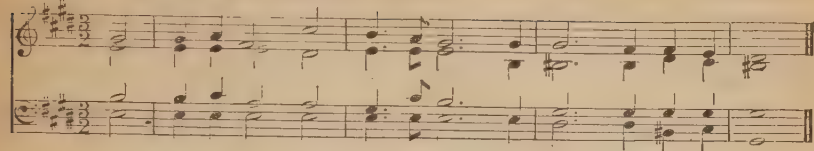
5.
 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love;
cr For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heaven above;
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.

6.
 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
cr We shall see Him, but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high,
f When, like stars, His children crowned
 All in white shall wait around.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

♩ Little Town of Bethlehem. C.M. D.

J. BOOTH.



756

Bethlehem, in the land of Judah.—MATT. II. 6.

p 1 **O** LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie !
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by :
cr Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light ;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary ;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

cr O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

p 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming ;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin, and enter in ;
Be born in us to-day.

cr We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell ;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

Phillips Brooks.

757

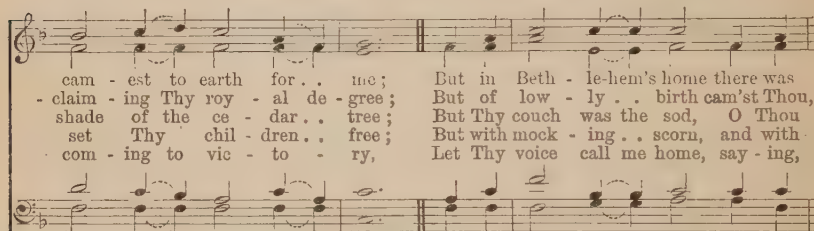
There was no room for them in the inn.—LUKE ii. 7.

Thou didst leave. [FIRST TUNE.] Irregular.

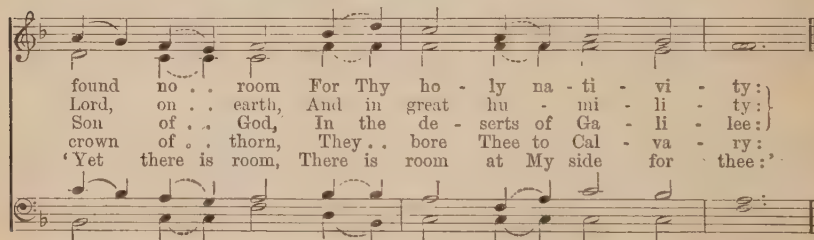
IRA D. SANKEY.

Slowly.


1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly . . crown When Thou
 2. Hea-ven's arch - es rang when the an - gels . . sang, Pro -
 3. The . . fox - es found rest, and the birds their . nest In the
 4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing . word That should
 5. When heav'n's arch - es ring, and her choirs shall sing, At Thy



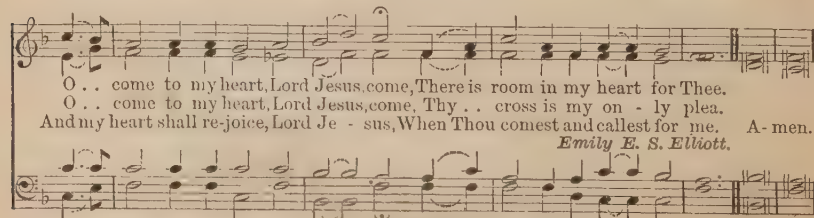
cam - est to earth for . me; But in Beth - le-hem's home there was
 - claim - ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But of low - ly . . birth cam'st Thou,
 shade of the ce - dar . . tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
 set Thy chil - dren . . free; But with mock - ing . . scorn, and with
 com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing,



found no . . room For Thy ho - ly na - ti - vi - ty:
 Lord, on . . earth, And in great hu - mi - li - ty:
 Son of . . God, In the de - serts of Ga - li - lee:
 crown of . . thorn, They . . bore Thee to Cal - va - ry:
 'Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee:'



1, 2, 3. O . . come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee,
 4. O . . come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Thy cross is my on - ly plea,
 5. And my heart shall re - joice, Lord Je - sus, When Thou com - est and call - est for me,



O . . come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come, There is room in my heart for Thee.
 O . . come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come, Thy . . cross is my on - ly plea.
 And my heart shall re-joice, Lord Je - sus, When Thou comest and callest for me. A - men.
 Emily E. S. Elliott.

Holy Nativity. [SECOND TUNE.] Irregular.

A. CROIL FALCONER.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown When Thou cam - est to earth for me ;

But in Bethlehem's home there was } found no room For Thy ho - ly na - ti - vi - ty :

O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee. A - men.

757

There was no room for them in the inn.—LUKE ii. 7.

- mf* 1 **T**HOU didst leave Thy throne . and Thy | kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me ;
dim But in Bethlehem's home . there was | found no room
For Thy holy nativity :
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- f* 2 Heaven's arches rang . when the | angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree ;
mp But of lowly birth . can'st Thou, | Lord, on earth,
And in great humility :
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- mf* 3 The foxes found rest, . and the | birds their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree ;
p But Thy couch was the sod, . O Thou | Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee :
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- mf* 4 Thou camest, O Lord, . with the | living word
That should set Thy children free ;
p But with mocking scorn, . and with | crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary :
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea.
- f* 5 When heaven's arches ring, . and her | choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, . saying, | ' Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee : '
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

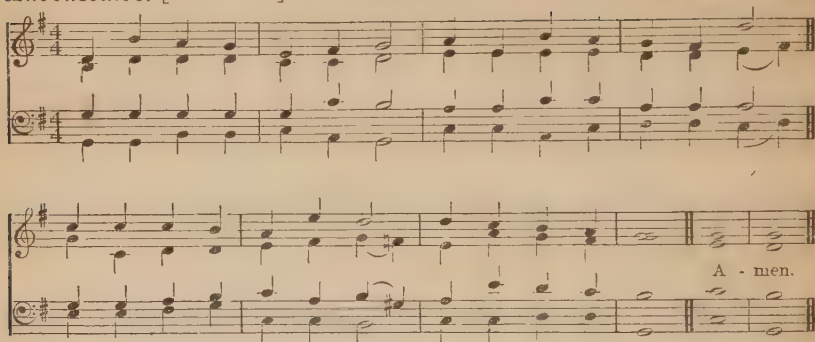
Emily E. S. Elliott.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Babbacombe. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

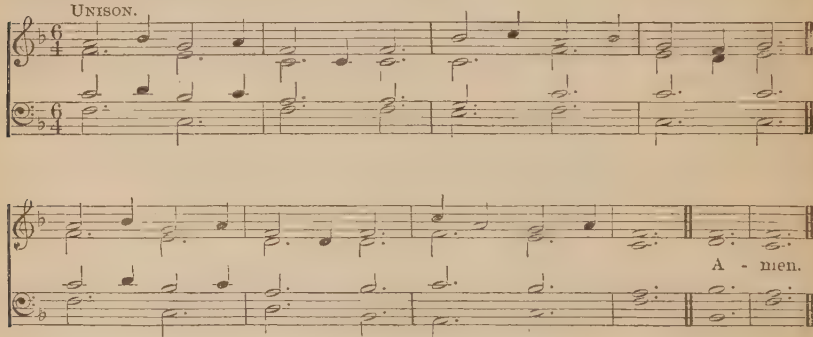
S. WEEKES.



Humility. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

UNISON.



758

He took them up in His arms . . . and blessed them.—MARK x. 16.

1 JESUS, when He left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy passed not by
Little ones like me.

2 Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought,—
Little ones like me.

3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
No, He kindly bid them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

4 'Twas for them His life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave;
Jesus able is to save
Little ones like me.

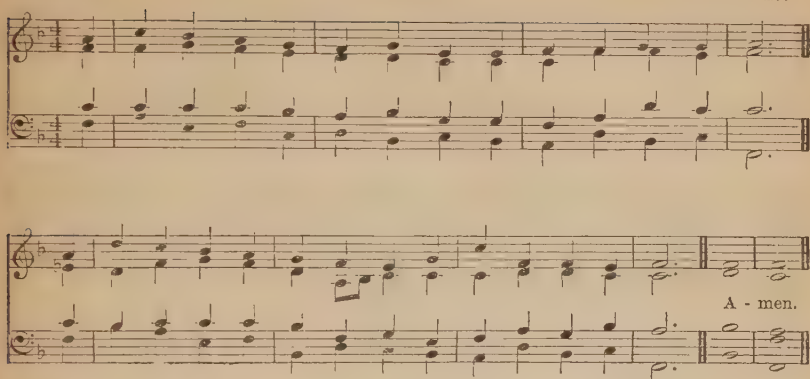
5 Children then should love Him now,
Strive His holy will to do,
Pray to Him and praise Him too,—
Little ones like me.

Mrs. M. Rumsey.

Albano.

C.M.

V. NOVELLO.



759

They returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth.—LUKE ii. 39.

- 1 **O** HAPPY pair of Nazareth,
Who saw the early light
Of Him who dawned upon the world
As dawns the day on night.
- 2 Within their home they saw the Child
That lived the perfect love,
A love like that which rules the heart
Of the great God above.
- 3 His childish voice and kindly tone,
His pure and patient face,
His tender mercies, shown to all,
With never-ceasing grace,
- 4 The way He bore His youthful cross,
The reasons for His tears,
The kind of things which gave Him joy—
Unchanged through growing years—
- 5 At home and in the playground throng,
They saw these heavenly ways,
And grew increasingly to speak
With words of reverent praise.
- 6 That simple, lovely, wondrous life
Revealed itself from heaven ;
He was the Child that should be born,
The Son that should be given.

B. Waugh.

Clinton, [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

ARTHUR PAGE.



Setton, [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

H. A. CROSBIE.



(5) LIFE OF JESUS ON EARTH.

(See also Section IV. (3).)

760

Little children . . . your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake.—1 JOHN ii. 12.

1 **E**VER would I fain be reading
In the ancient holy Book
Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,
Truth in every word and look.

2 How when children came He blessed them,
Suffered no man to reprove,
Took them in His arms, and pressed them
To His heart with words of love.

3 How to all the sick and tearful
Help was ever gladly shown ;
How He sought the poor and fearful,
Called them brothers, and His own.

4 Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new,
How for us He left His glory,
How He still is kind and true ;

5 How the flock He gently leadeth,
Which His Father gave Him here ;
How His arms He widely spreadeth
To His heart to draw us near.

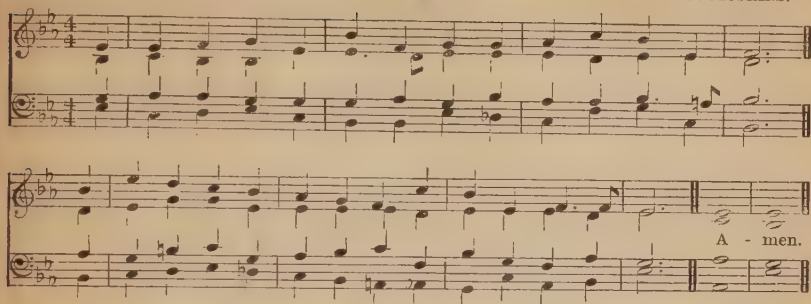
6 Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by Thy love, adore Thee,
Blest in Thee 'mid joy or woe.

Lwise Hensel, tr. C. Winkworth.

St. Hugh. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

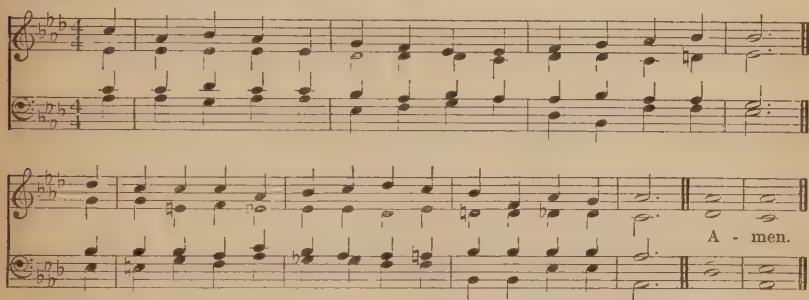
E. J. HOPKINS.



St. Marguerite. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

E. C. WALKER.



761 *And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—LUKE ii. 52.*

1 I LOVE to think, though I am young,
My Saviour was a child;
That Jesus walked this earth along,
With feet all undefiled.

2 He kept His Father's word of truth,
As I am taught to do;
And while He walked the path of youth
He walked in wisdom too.

3 I love to think that He who spake
And made the blind to see,
And called the sleeping dead to wake,
Was once a child like me.

4 That He who wore the thorny crown,
And tasted death's despair,
Had a kind mother like my own,
And knew her love and care.

5 I know 'twas all for love of me
That He became a child.
And left the heavens so fair to see,
And trod earth's pathway wild.

6 Then, Saviour, who wast once a child,
A child may come to Thee;
And O in all Thy mercy mild,
Dear Saviour, come to me.

E. Paxton Hood.

762 *The Son of man.—JOHN iii. 13.*

1 O SON of man—Thy name by choice,
Our hope, our joy, our life,
Make us like Thee, whose gentle voice
Was never heard in strife.

2 Holy and harmless, undefiled,
On earth Thou wast alone,
Come from the depths of heaven, a child,
To make the lost Thine own,

3 To be a glory in our night,
And bring us from above
The way heaven's children live, all bright
With self-forgetting love.

4 In all things like Thy brethren made,
O teach us how to be
With meekness, gentleness, arrayed,
In all things like to Thee.

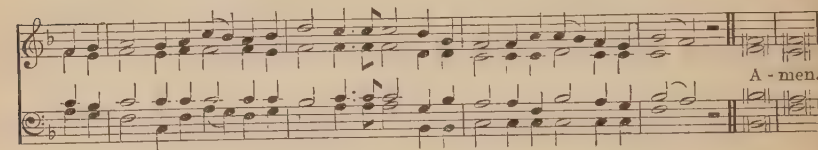
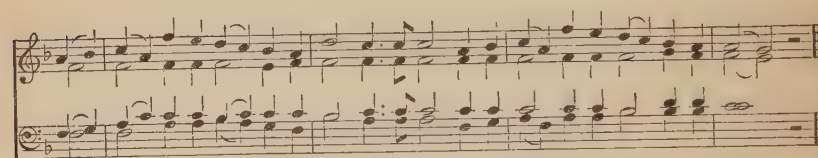
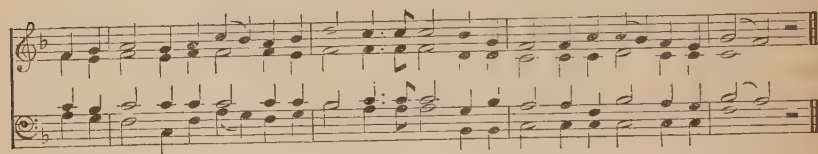
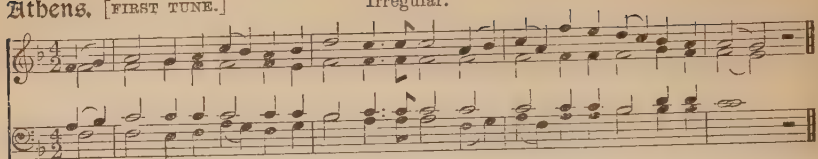
George MacDonald.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Athens. [FIRST TUNE.]

Irregular.

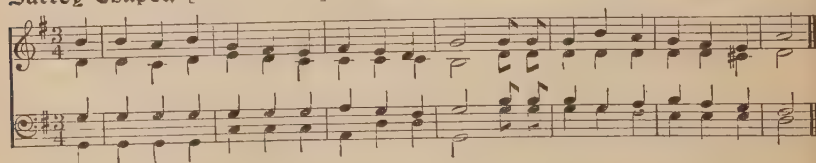
Greek Air.



Surrey Chapel. [SECOND TUNE.]

Irregular.

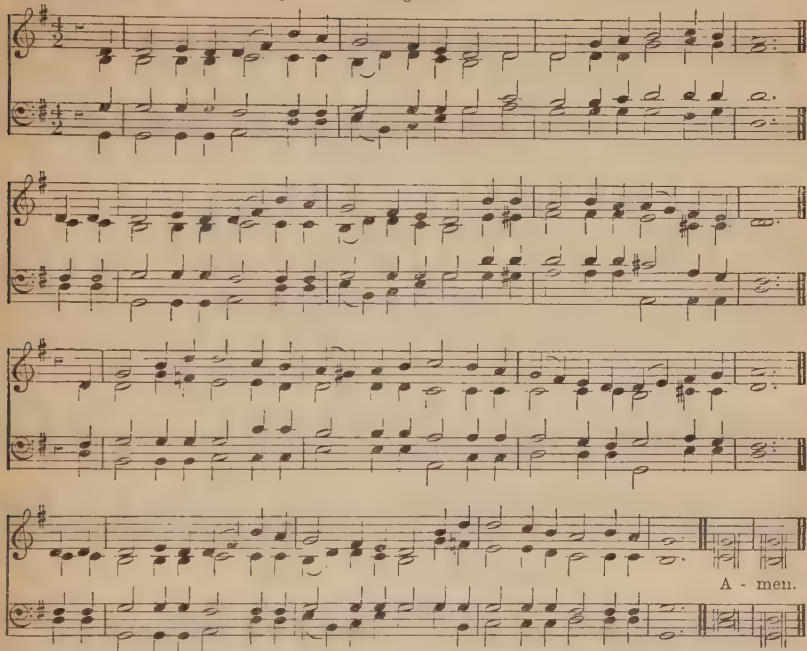
J. R. GRIFFITHS.



Buddleston. [THIRD TUNE.]

Irregular.

ARTHUR BERRIDGE.



763

And Jesus called a little child unto Him.—MATT. xviii. 2.

1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
 I should like to have been with them then;
 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
 That His arms had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
 'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in His love;
 And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,
 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven:
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

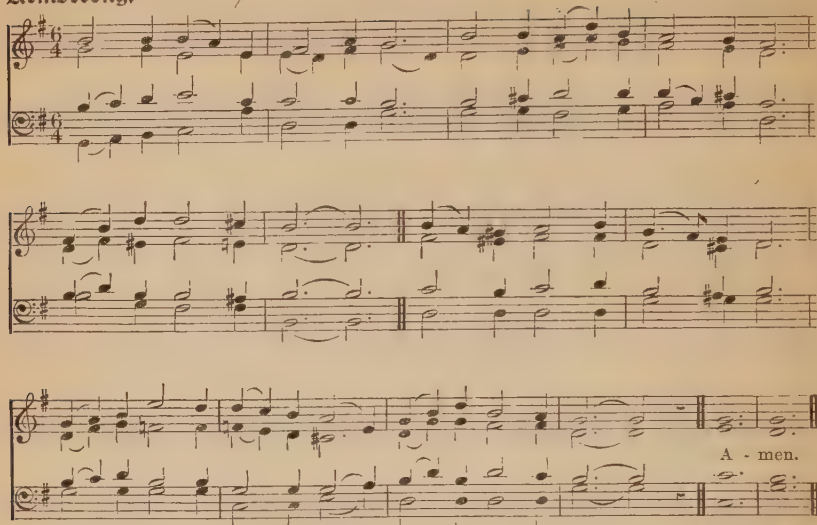
3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
 Never heard of that heavenly home:
 I should like them to know there is room for them all
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.
 I long for the joy of that glorious time,
 The sweetest and brightest and best,
 When the dear little children of every clime
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Mrs. Jemima T. Luke.

Armstrong.

775.775.

G. W. CHADWICK.



764

Who went about doing good.—Acts x. 38.

1.

WHEN the Lord of love was here,
 Happy hearts to Him were dear,
 Though His heart was sad ;
 Worn and lonely for our sake,
 Yet He turned aside to make
 All the weary glad.

2.

Meek and lowly were His ways ;
 From His loving grew His praise,
 From His giving, prayer :
 All the outcasts thronged to hear,
 All the sorrowful drew near
 To enjoy His care.

3.

When He walked the fields, He drew
 From the flowers and birds and dew
 Parables of God ;
 For within His heart of love
 All the soul of man did move,
 God had His abode.

4.

Fill us with Thy deep desire
 All the sinful to inspire
 With the Father's life ;
 Free us from the cares that press
 On the heart of worldliness,
 From the fret and strife.

5.

Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
 In the very heart of grief,
 And in trial, love ;
 In our meekness to be wise,
 And through sorrow to arise
 To our God above.

Stopford A. Brooke.

Samson.

L.M.

HANDEL.



765

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 TIM. I. 15.

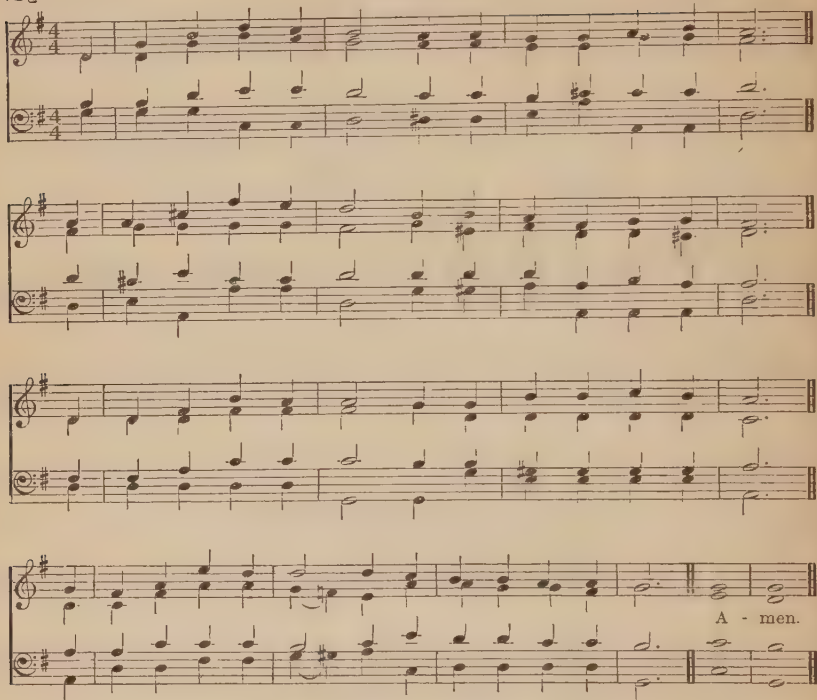
- 1 JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.
- 2 He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.
- 3 And more than that, He told them too
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.
- 4 But such a cruel death He died !
He was hung up and crucified;
And those kind hands, that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.
- 5 And so He died ! and this is why
He came to be a man and die,
The Bible says, He came from heaven
That we might have our sins forgiven.

Mrs. Ann Gilbert.

Exultation.

7.6., eight lines.

C. E. KETTLE.



The Children's Hosanna.

766

Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord.—Ps. cxviii. 25.

f 1 **W**HEN, His salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to His name.
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But as He rode along,
 He bade them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth,
 On Zion's heavenly hill,
 We'll flock around His banner,
 We'll bow before His throne,
 And sing aloud, Hosanna
 To David's royal Son !

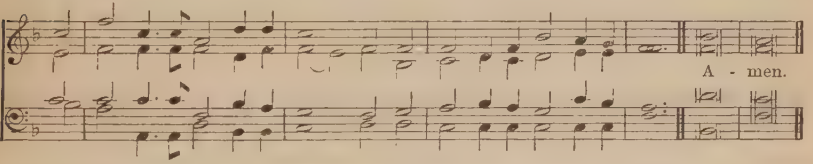
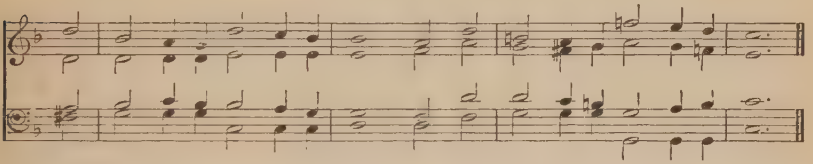
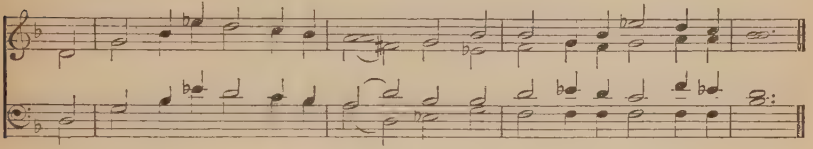
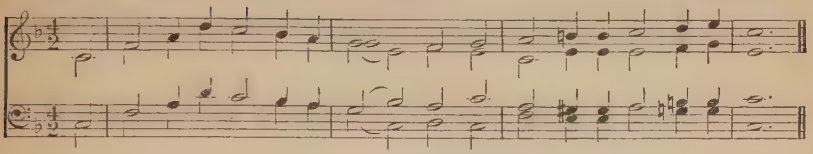
3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosannas raise :
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words ?
 No, while our hearts are tender,
 They too shall be the Lord's.

Joshua King.

Beechen Grove.

9.8., eight lines.

S. REAY.

767 *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.—MATTHEW. xxi. 16.*

f 1 **A** CROWD fills the court of the temple, *mf* 3 Lord, make each young heart Thine own temple,

A sound as of praise stirs the air,
Jerusalem stirs with emotion ;

The Lord of the temple is there !
In vain is the priestly displeasure
To silence the anthems that ring :

cr Hosanna ! Hosanna ! Hosanna !
The children all joyfully sing.

2 And if in this temple of worship,
Where now we are met in His
name,
The Lord should appear in His
beauty,

Himself His own gospel proclaim,
What anthems of grateful devotion
Around Him would echo and ring :
Hosanna ! Hosanna ! Hosanna !

The children would joyfully sing.

Reveal Thy sweet presence within,
Illumine our minds by Thy coming,
Expel every longing for sin ;
And when in our souls we adore Thee,
How pure the glad praise we shall bring !

cr Hosanna ! Hosanna ! Hosanna !
The children will joyfully sing.

4 And when in that temple of glory,
Where falls never shadow of night,
Where sorrow and sin never sadden,
And Thou shalt Thyself be the Light ;
cr When round Thee the ransomed are
thronging,
High heaven with their praises will
ring,

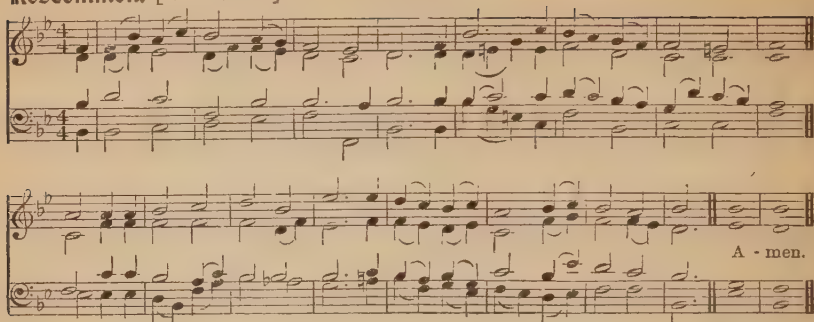
f Hosanna ! Hosanna ! Hosanna !
Thy children for ever will sing.

F. W. Goadby.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

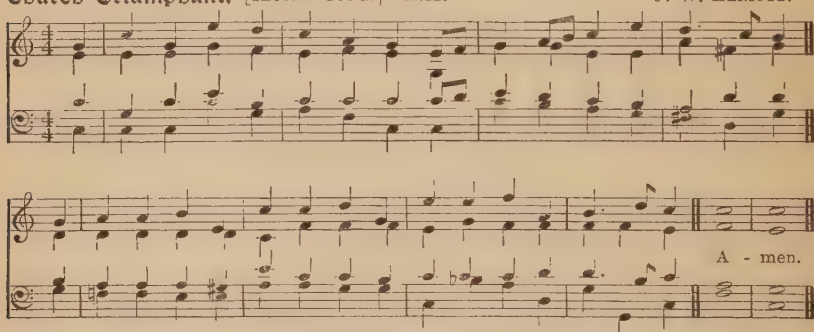
Roscommon. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.



Church Triumphant. [SECOND TUNE.] L.M.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



768

The children crying, . . . Hosanna to the Son of David.—MATT. xxi. 15.

- f* 1 **T**HERE was a time when children sang
The Saviour's praise with sacred glee,
And all the hills of Judah rang
With their exulting jubilee.
- 2 O to have joined their rapturous songs,
And swelled their sweet hosannas high,
And blessed Him with our feeble tongues,
As He, the Man of grief, went by!
- mf* 3 But Christ is now a glorious King,
And angels in His presence bow:
The humble songs that we can sing,
O will He, can He, hear them now?
- 4 He can, He will, He loves to hear
The notes which babes and sucklings raise:
Jesus, we come with trembling fear;
O teach our hearts and tongues Thy praise.
- cr* 5 We join the hosts around Thy throne,
Who once, like us, the desert trod;
And thus we make their song our own—
f 'Hosanna to the Son of God!'

T. Rawson Taylor.

White Robes. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

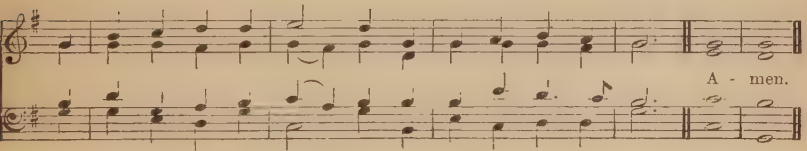
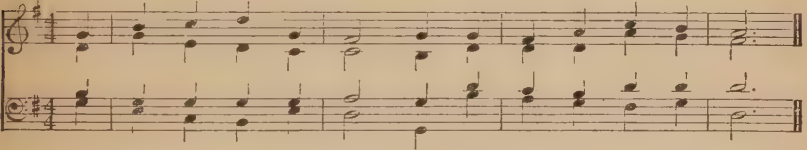
J. DOWNING FARRER.



St. Albège. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



769

Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord,—MATT. xxi. 9.

f 1 **A** LL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

3 The company of-angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

5 To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

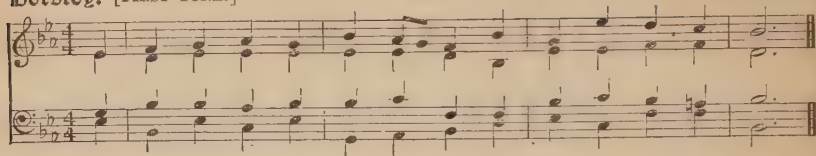
6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
Theodulph of Orleans, tr. J. M. Neale.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Horsley. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

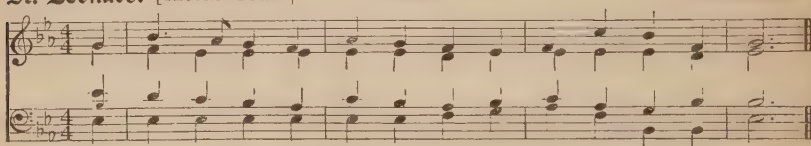
W. HORSLEY.



St. Leonard. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

R. JACKSON.



(6) CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

770

The place which is called Calvary.—LUKE xxiii. 33.

1 **T**HERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

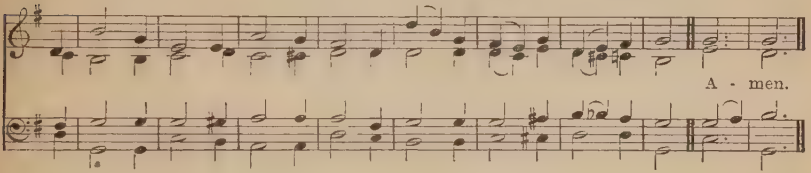
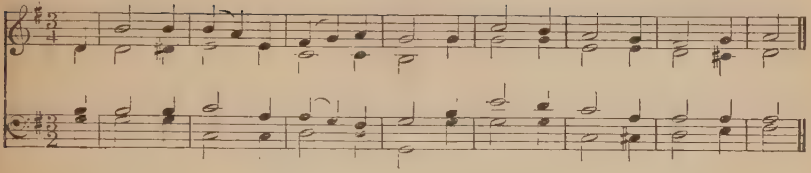
5 O dearly, dearly has He loved !
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Brookfield.

L.M.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.



771

To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—EPH. iii. 19.

1

mf IT is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.

2.

And yet I know that it is true:
He came to this poor world below,
dim And wept, and toiled, and mourned and died,
Only because He loved us so.

3.

I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

4.

mf It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
p But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

5.

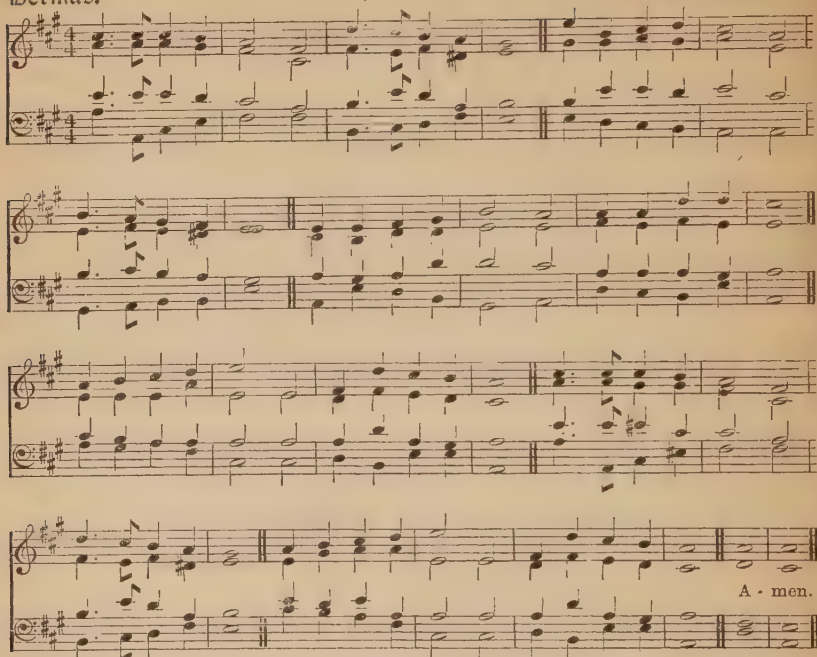
cr And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
O light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

W. W. How.

Thermas.

6.5., twelve lines.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.



(7) CHRIST RISEN AND GLORIFIED.

God is gone up with a shout.—Ps. xlvii. 5.

772

f 1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,

Angel voices ring,

Pearly gates are opened—

Opened for the King ;

Christ, the King of Glory,

Jesus, King of Love,

Is gone up in triumph

To His throne above.

All His work is ended,

Joyfully we sing ;

Jesus hath ascended !

Glory to our King !

2 He who came to save us,

He who bled and died,

Now is crowned with glory

At His Father's side.

Never more to suffer,

Never more to die,

Jesus, King of Glory,

Is gone up on high !

All His work is ended,

Joyfully we sing ;

Jesus hath ascended !

Glory to our King !

3 Praying for His children

In that blessed place,

Calling them to glory,

Sending them His grace ;

His bright home preparing,

Faithful ones, for you ;

Jesus ever liveth,

Ever loveth too.

All His work is ended,

Joyfully we sing ;

Jesus hath ascended !

Glory to our King !

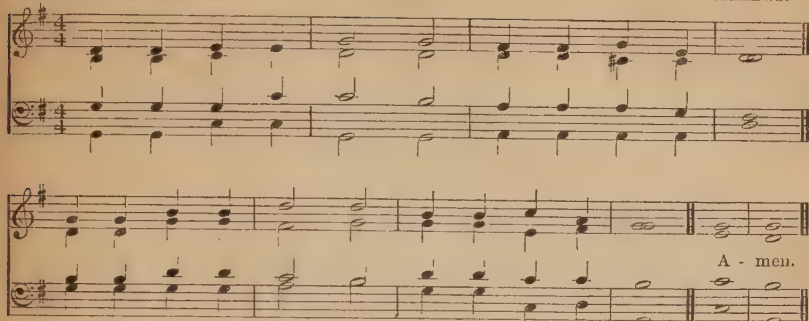
Frances R. Havergal.

THE HEART GIVEN TO CHRIST.

North Coates. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

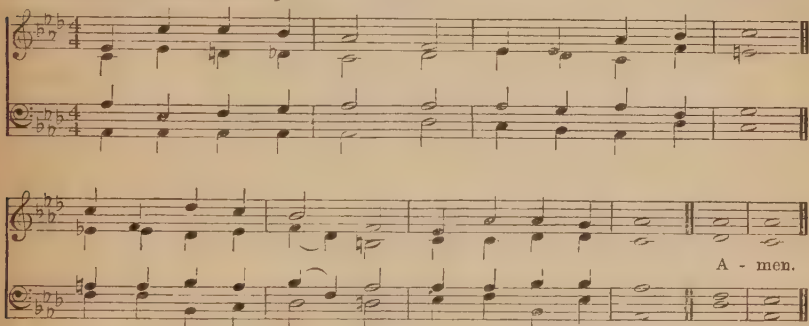


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Brandreth. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

E. J. STURGES.



(8) THE HEART GIVEN TO CHRIST.

773

Working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ.—
HEB. xiii. 21.

- 1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.
- 2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.
- 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

- 4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.
- 5 Strengthen us for duty,
While on earth we live;
May we to Thy service
Our best talents give.

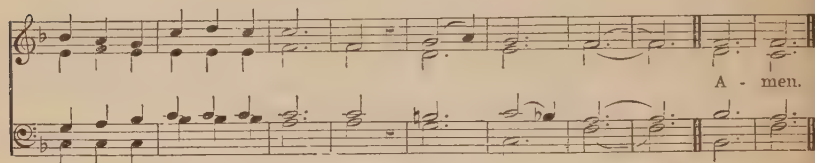
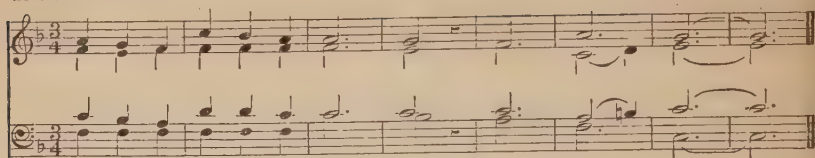
- 6 Then, when Thou shalt call us
To our heavenly home,
We will gladly answer,
'Saviour, Lord, we come!

F. W. Harris.

Rickmansworth.

8.3.8.3.

W. F. HURNDALL.



774

Hear my voice according unto Thy loving kindness.—PSALM cxix. 149.

p 1 JESUS, the children are calling ;
 O draw near !
 Fold the young lambs in Thy bosom,
 Shepherd dear.

2 Slow are our footsteps and failing,
 Oft we fall ;
 Jesus, the children are calling,
 Hear their call !

3 Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow ;
cr Large is Thine ;
 Faithful and stronger and tender ;
 So be mine !

p 4 Gently, Lord, lead Thou our mothers ;
 Weary they :
 Bless all our sisters and brothers,
 Night and day.

5 Fathers themselves are God's children ;
 Teach them still :
cr Let the good Spirit show all men
 God's wise will.

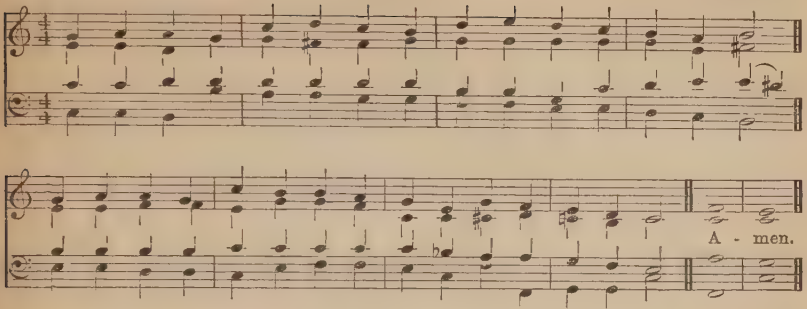
f 6 Now to the Father, Son, Spirit,
 Three in one,
 Bountiful God of our fathers,
 Praise be done !

Annie Matheson.

Saltram. [FIRST TUNE.]

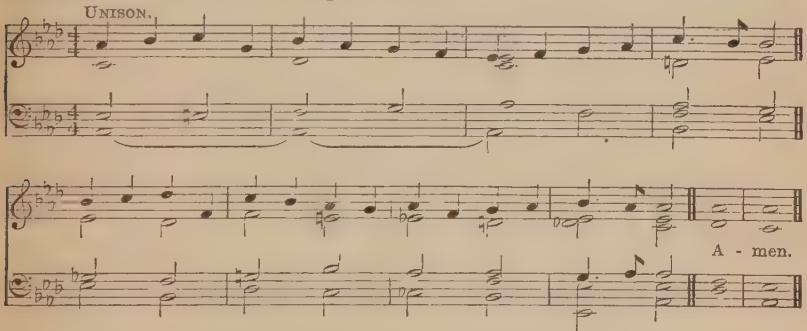
8.7.8.7.

S. WEEKES.



Sorrow for Sin. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7.8.7.

JOHN E. WEST.



775

All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children.—ISA. liv. 13.

p 1 CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us,
Soon our school-days will be done;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

2 O may He who, meek and lowly,
Trode Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

3 Hark, it is the Saviour calling,
'Little children, follow Me;'
Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

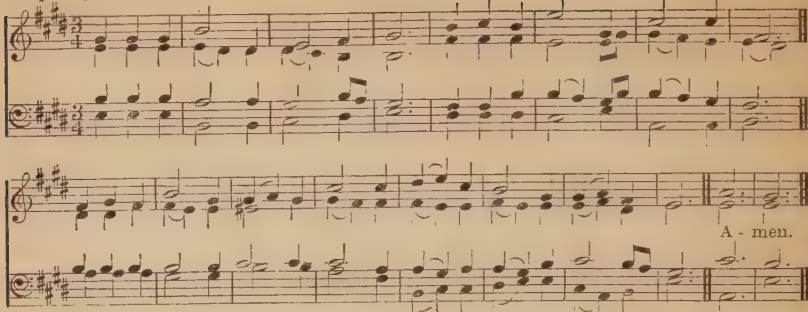
4 Soon we part: it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
O to meet in heaven for ever!
O the crown of life to gain!

W. Dickson.

Hope. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

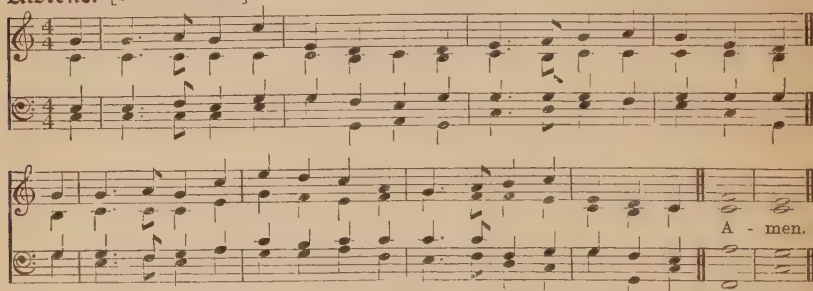
H. S. IRONS.



Alstone. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

C. E. WILLING.

776 I will be a Father unto you.—
2 COR. vi. 18.

mp

GREAT God, and wilt Thou con-
descend

To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky!

2 Art Thou my Father? canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

3 Art Thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

4 Art Thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

cr 5 Art Thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

Mrs. Ann Gilbert.

777 Let this mind be in you, which was
also in Christ Jesus.—PHIL. ii. 5.

1 **W**E are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

2 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

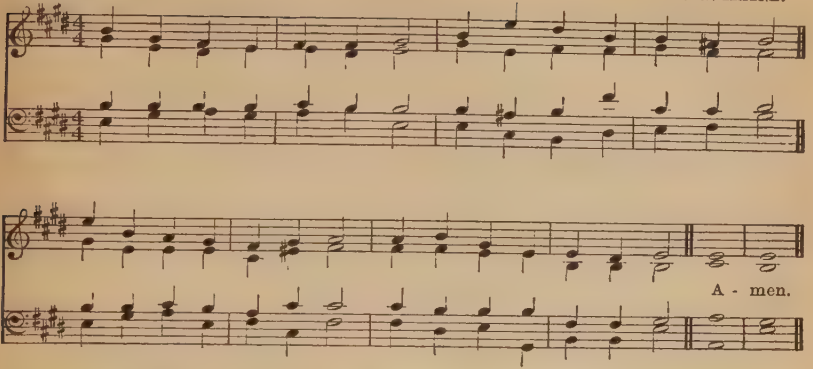
6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take;
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Buckland.

7.7.7.7.

L. G. HAYNE.



778

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.—PROV. iii. 6.

- 1 **F**ATHER, lead me day by day
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.
- 2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.
- 3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.
- 4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee;
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.
- 5 When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.
- 6 May I see the good and bright,
When they pass before my sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.
- 7 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

J. P. Hopps.

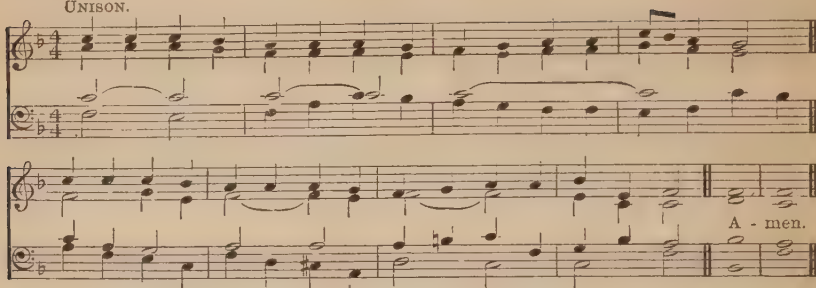
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Evening Prayer.

8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER.

UNISON.



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779

Ye are not your own.—1 COR. vi. 19.

- m* 1 SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee,
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine to be.
- 2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me;
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love Divine.

- 3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.
- 4 Let me do Thy will or bear it;
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

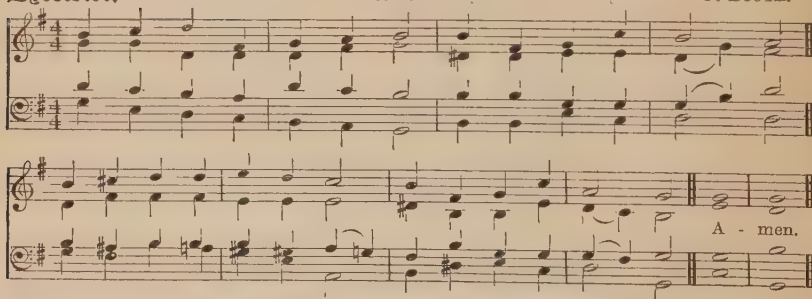
mf 5 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

J. Burton, Junr.

Excelsior.

7.6.7.6.

J. BOOTH.



780

Reaching forth unto those things which are before.—PHIL. iii. 13.

- 1 LOOKING upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces;
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places.
- 2 Growing every day in awe,
For Thy name is holy;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly.

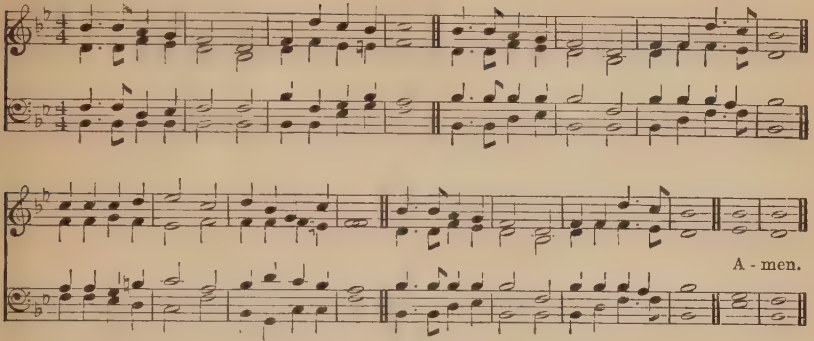
- 3 Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.
- 4 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder.

5 Lord, so pray we every day,
Hear us in Thy pity;
That we enter in at last
To the Holy City.

Mary Butler.

Gosben. [FIRST TUNE.]

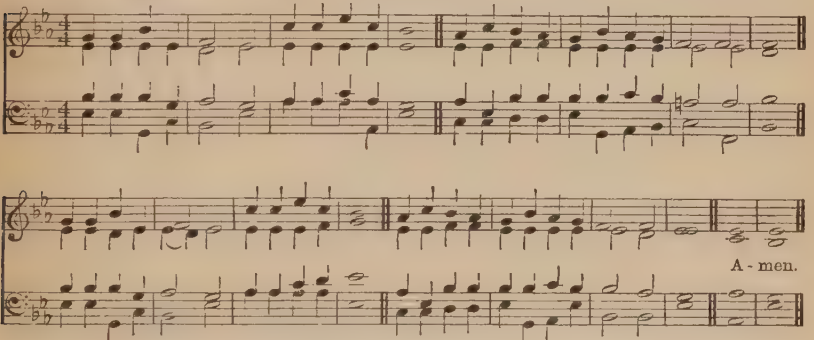
6.5., eight lines.



Woodbrook. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5., eight lines.

JOHN ADCOCK.



781

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.—ISA. xl. 11.

1 JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

2 JESUS is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone;
None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd:
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign;
'They that have My Spirit,
These,' saith He, 'are Mine.'

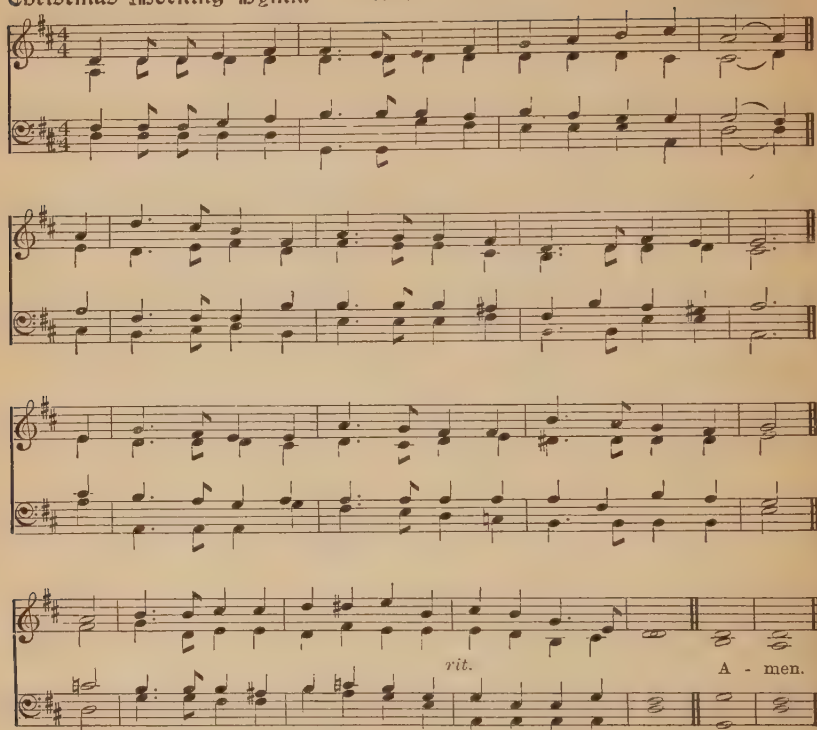
4 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

Hugh Stowell.

Christmas Morning Hymn.

C. M. D.

J. BARNBY.



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782

Trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord.—ISA. lxi. 3.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !
 And such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose secret heart with influence sweet
 Is upward drawn to God.

2 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay,
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away ;
 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passion's rage.

3 O Thou whose infant feet were found
 Within Thy Father's shrine,
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
 Were all alike divine,
 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
 We seek Thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death
 To keep us still Thine own.

R. Heber.

Hushed was the Evening Hymn. 66.66.88.

A. SULLIVAN.

UNISON.

A - men.

783

Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.—1 SAM. iii. 9.

p 1 **H**USHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,
cr When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
cr And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

mf 3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,—
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

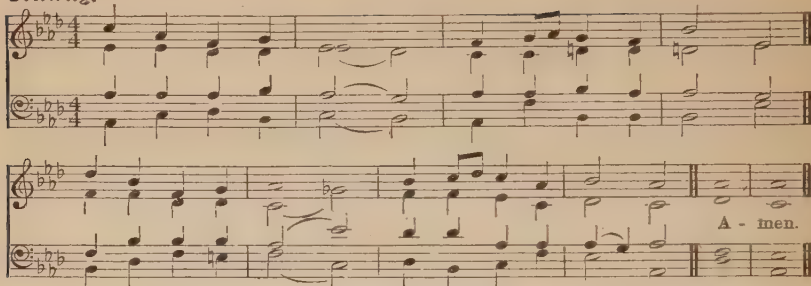
J. D. Burns.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Conway.

5.6.5.6.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



(9) SERVING CHRIST.

784

Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one.—MATT. XXV 15.

- 1 GOD intrusts to all
Talents few or many ;
None so young and small
That they have not any.
- 2 Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

- 3 God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given ?
- 4 Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

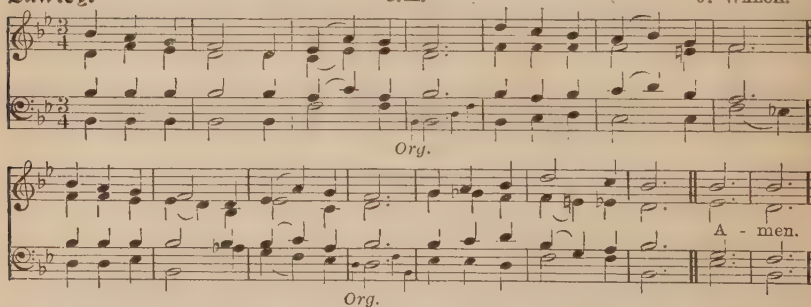
- 5 Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers ;
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

J. Edmeston.

Sawley.

C.M.

J. WALCH.



785

And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord, and also with men.—1 SAM. ii. 26.

- 1 GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow ;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.
- 2 God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all ;
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

- 3 God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.
- 4 God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest ;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

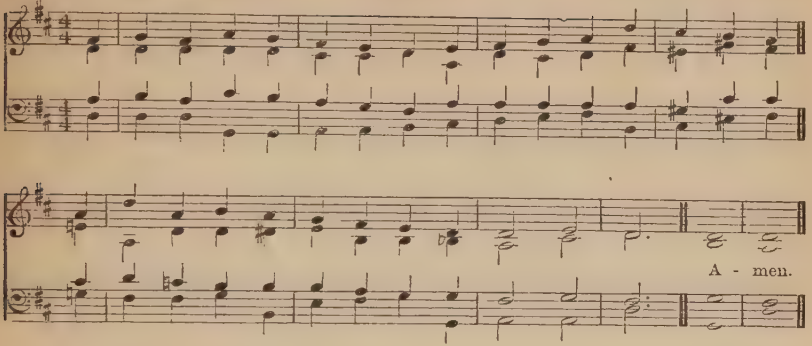
- 5 God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

M. Betham-Edwards.

St. Joseph. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

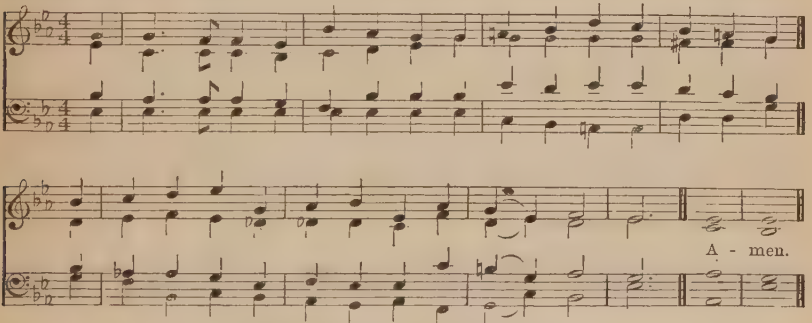
J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



Sunset. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

J. BARNBY.



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786

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.—GAL. vi. 2.

1.
m **D**EAR Master, what can children do?
 The angels came from heaven above
 To comfort Thee; may children too
 Give Thee their love?

2.
mp No more, as on that night of shame,
 Art Thou in dark Gethsemane,
 Where worshipping, an angel came
 To strengthen Thee.

3.
m But Thou hast taught us that Thou art
 Still present in the crowded street,
 In every lonely, suffering heart
 That there we meet.

4.
 And not one simple, loving deed,
 That lessens gloom, or lightens pain,
 Or answers some unspoken need,
 Is done in vain,—

5.
 Since every passing joy we make
 For men and women that we see,
 If it is offered for Thy sake,
 Is given to Thee.

6.
mf O God, our Master, help us then
 To bless the weary and the sad,
or And, comforting the hearts of men,
 To make Thee glad.

Annie Matheson.

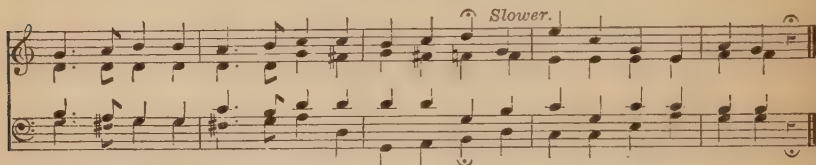
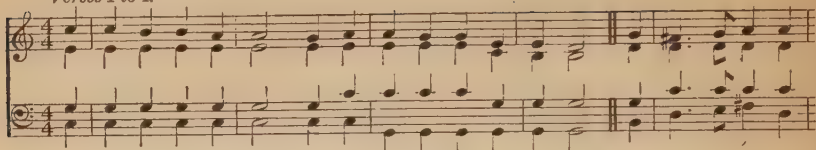
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Grace. [FIRST TUNE.]

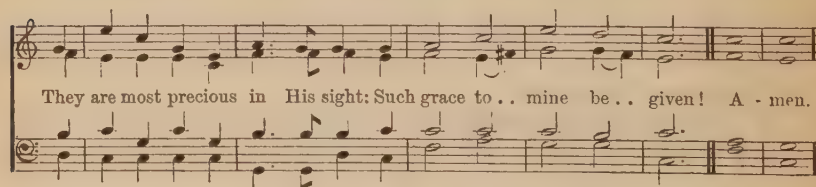
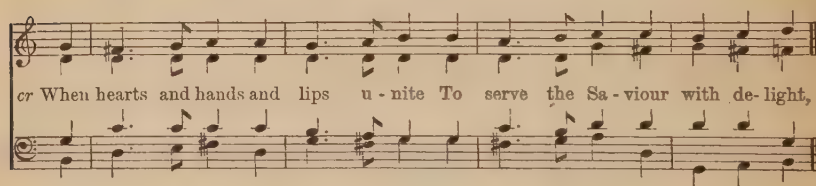
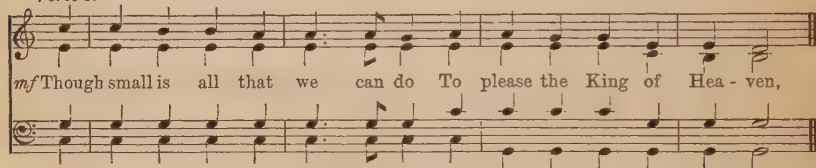
Irregular.

ARTHUR PATTON.

Verses 1 to 4.



Verse 5.



787

She hath done what she could.—MARK xiv. 8.

mf 1 **O** WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of Heaven?
cr The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery:
p Such grace to mine be given!

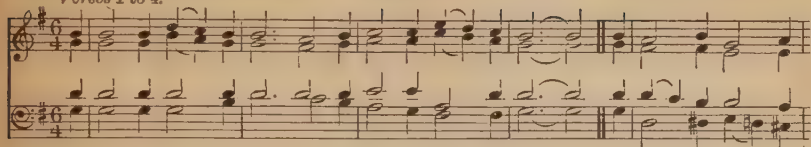
mf 2 **O** what can little lips do
To please the King of Heaven?
cr The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
p Such grace to mine be given!

Child Service. [SECOND TUNE.]

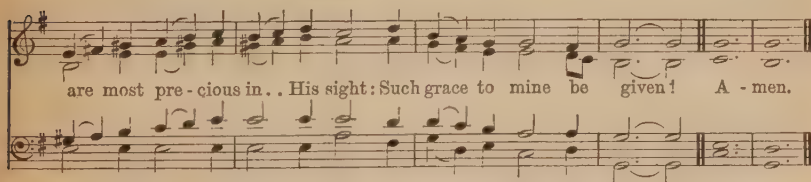
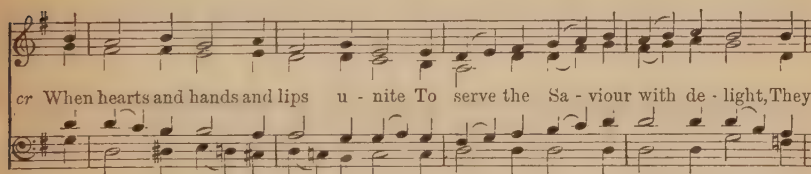
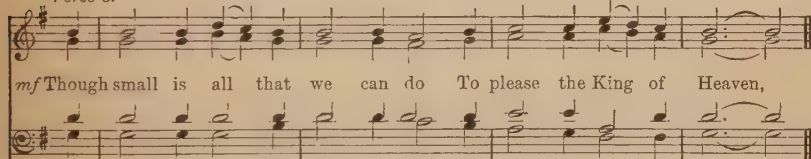
Irregular.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.

Verses 1 to 4.



Verse 5.



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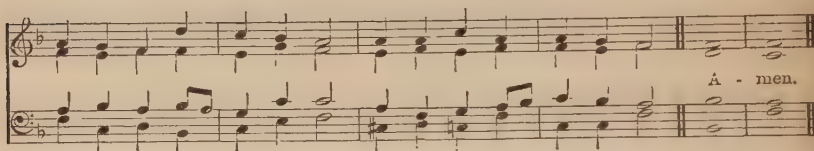
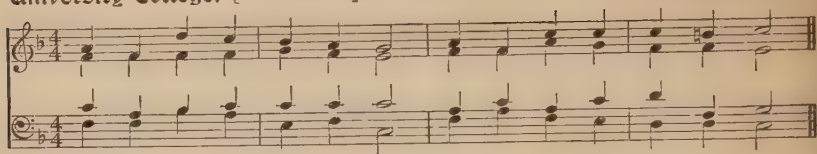
mf 3 O what can little eyes do
 To please the King of Heaven ?
cr The little eyes can upward look,
 And learn to read God's holy Book :
p Such grace to mine be given !

mf 4 O what can little hearts do
 To please the King of Heaven ?
cr Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,
 Can love and trust their Saviour-Friend :
p Such grace to mine be given !

mf 5 Though small is all that we can do
 To please the King of Heaven,
cr When hearts and hands and lips unite
 To serve the Saviour with delight,
 They are most precious in His sight :
 Such grace to mine be given !

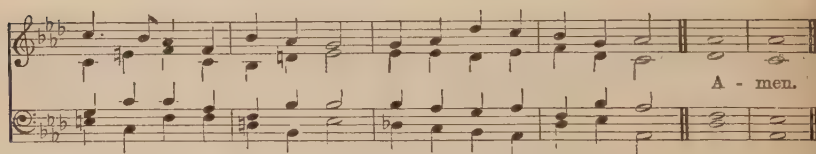
University College, [FIRST TUNE.] 7.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



St. Mildred, [SECOND TUNE.] 7.7.7.7.

J. H. KNECHT.



788

My sheep hear My voice . . . and they follow Me.—JOHN x. 27.

mf 1 SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson,—to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 Teach me, I am not my own,
I am Thine, and Thine alone;
Thine to keep, to rule, to save
From all sin that would enslave.

mf 3 With a child's glad heart of love
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
cr Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

mf 5 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
cr Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

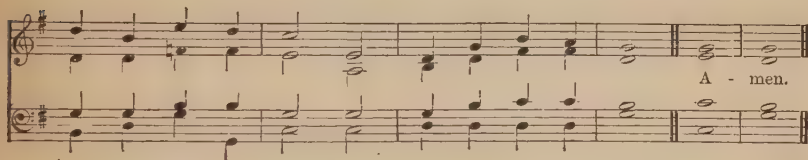
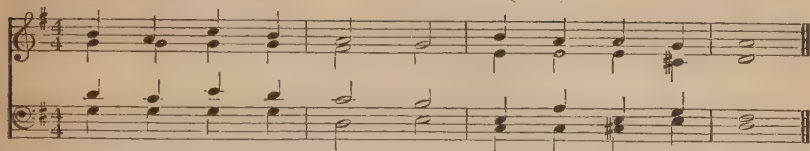
dim 6 Though a foolish child and weak,
More than this I need not seek,—
cr Singing, till Thy face I see,
f Of His love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson.

Evensong. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

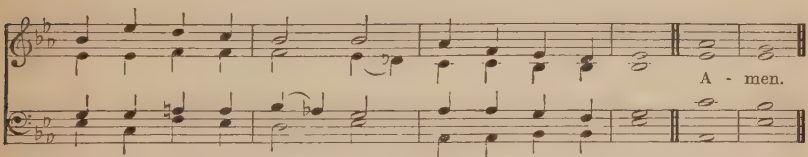
E. SEYMOUR.



Enon. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

O. M. FIELDEN.



789

The garden of the Lord.—ISA. LI. 3

mf 1 IN our dear Lord's garden,
Planted here below,
Many tiny flowerets
In sweet beauty grow.

mp 2 Christ, the loving Gardener,
Tends these blossoms small;
Loves the little lilies
As the cedars tall.

mp 3 Nothing is too little
For His gentle care;
Nothing is too lowly
In His love to share.

mf 4 Jesus loves the children,
Children such as we,
Blessed them when their mothers
Brought them to His knee.

mf 5 Jesus calls the children,
Bids them come and stand
In His pleasant garden,
Watered by His hand.

mp 6 Lord, Thy call we answer;
Take us in Thy care,
Train us in Thy garden,
In Thy work to share.

Mrs. E. S. Armitage.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

St. Theresa.

6.5., twelve lines.

A. SULLIVAN.

TREBLE VOICES IN UNISON.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is for Treble Voices in Unison, written in 6/8 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment is on two staves below, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both in 6/8 time with two flats.

The second system continues the musical piece with the same three-staff format. It includes vocal lines and piano accompaniment.

The third system of music. The piano accompaniment in the left hand features a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking under a series of sustained notes.

The fourth system of music. The vocal line is marked 'UNISON.' and concludes with 'A - men.' The piano accompaniment continues throughout the system.

And the Lord went before them . . . in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way.—Ex. xiii. 21.

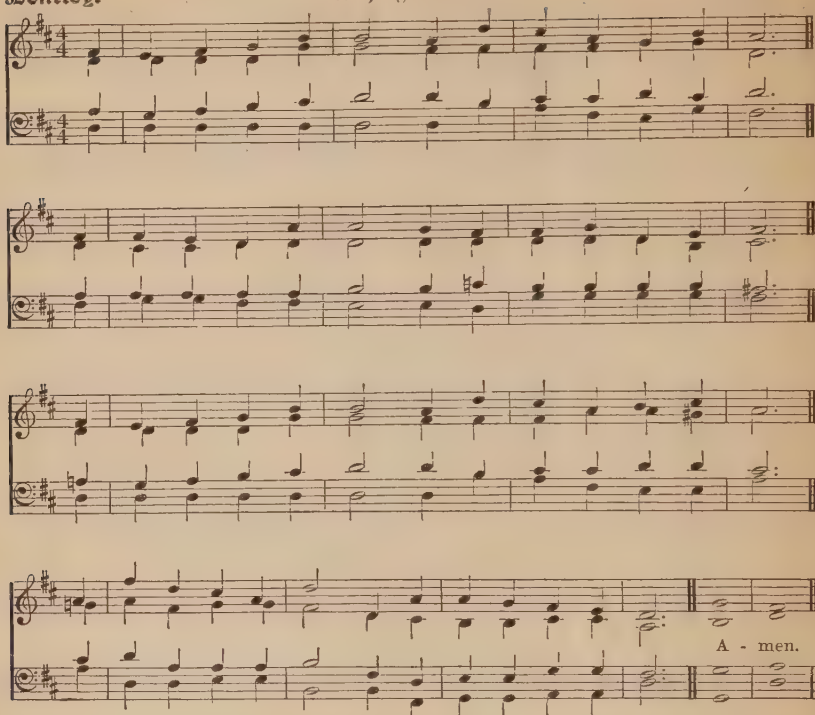
- f* 1 **B**RIGHTLY gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving on Christ's soldiers
 To their home on high :
- mf* Marching through the desert,
 Gladly thus we pray,
f Still, with hearts united,
 Singing on our way.
- ff* Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving on Christ's soldiers
 To their home on high !
- mf* 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
 At Thy sacred feet,
 Here, with hearts rejoicing,
 See Thy children meet.
- p* Often have we left Thee,
 Often gone astray ;
- cr* Keep us, mighty Saviour,
 In the narrow way.
- ff* Brightly gleams our banner, etc.
- mf* 3 Pattern of our childhood,
 Once Thyself a Child,
 Make our childhood holy,
dim Pure, and meek, and mild.
- p* In the hour of danger
 Whither can we flee,
- cr* Save to Thee, our Saviour,
 Only unto Thee ?
- ff* Brightly gleams our banner, etc.
- mf* 4 All our days direct us
 In the way we go ;
 Crown us still victorious
 Over every foe :
- p* Bid Thine angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lower ;
 Pardon Thou and save us
 In the last dread hour.
- ff* Brightly gleams our banner, etc.
- f* 5 Then with saints and angels
 May we join above,
 Offering prayers and praises
 At Thy throne of love.
- When the march is over,
dim Then come rest and peace,
- cr* Jesus in His beauty,
f Songs that never cease.
- ff* Brightly gleams our banner, etc.

T. J. Potter and W. W. How.

Bentley.

7.6., eight lines.

JOHN HULLAH.



791 Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord.—1 CHRON. xxix. 5.

1 **T**HE wise may bring their learning,
 The rich may bring their wealth,
 And some may bring their greatness,
 And some bring strength and health :
 We too would bring our treasures
 To offer to the King ;
 We have no wealth or learning—
 What shall we children bring ?

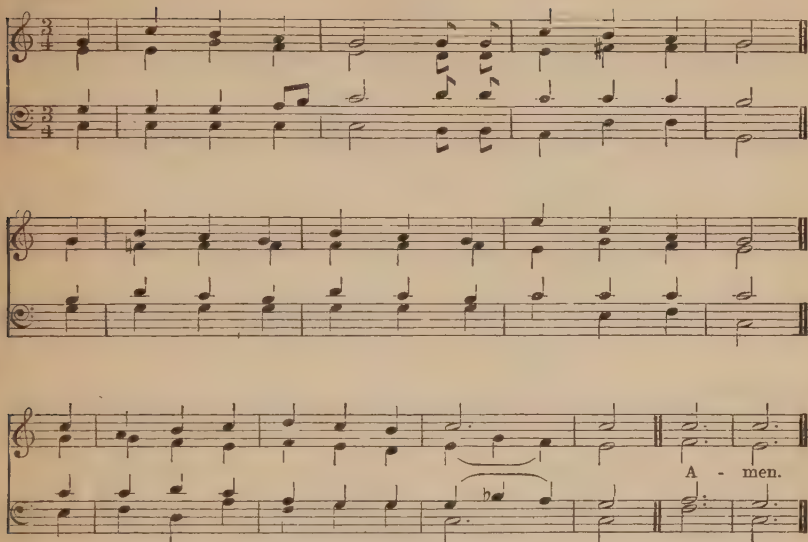
2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him ;
 We'll bring Him thankful praise,
 And young souls meekly striving
 To walk in holy ways :
 And these shall be the treasures
 We offer to the King,
 And these are gifts that even
 The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
 We have to do each day ;
 We'll try our best to please Him,
 At home, at school, at play :
 And better are these treasures
 To offer to our King
 Than richest gifts without them ;
 Yet these a child may bring.

Harvest.

56.65.9.

JOHN ADCOCK.



(10) MISSIONS.

(See also Section VIII. (5).)

792

The fields . . . are white already to harvest.—JOHN iv. 35.

- 1 **T**HE fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?
- 2 Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?
- 3 We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials:
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest,—
- 4 Until, by and by,
As the years pass, at length
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in His harvest.

Book of Praise for Children.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Message.

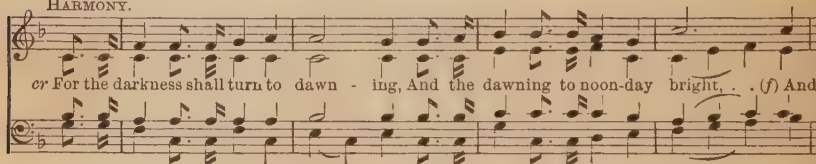
Irregular.

H. ERNEST NICHOL.

UNISON.



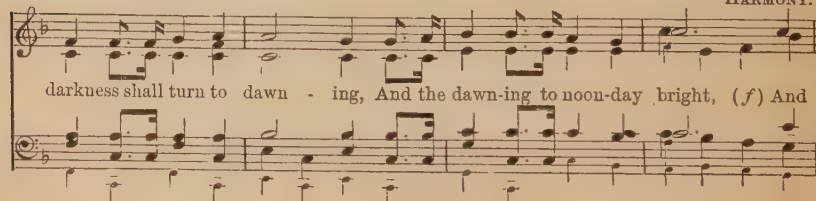
HARMONY.



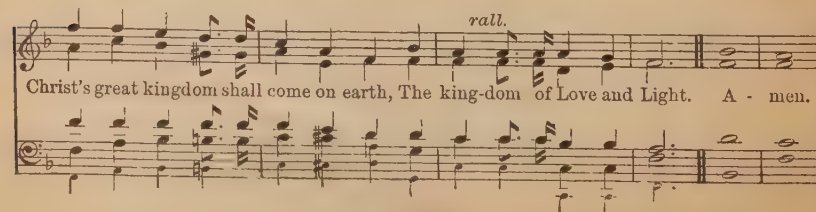
UNISON.



HARMONY.



rall.



The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.—ISA. ix. 2.

mf 1 **W**E'VE a story to tell to the nations,
 That shall turn their hearts to the right,
 A story of truth and sweetness,
 A story of peace and light :
cr For the darkness shall turn to dawning,
 And the dawning to noon-day bright,
f And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,
 The kingdom of Love and Light.

mf 2 We've a song to be sung to the nations,
 That shall lift their hearts to the Lord ;
 A song that shall conquer evil,
 And shatter the spear and sword :
cr For the darkness shall turn to dawning,
 And the dawning to noon-day bright,
f And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,
 The kingdom of Love and Light.

mf 3 We've a message to give to the nations,
 That the Lord who reigneth above
 Hath sent us His Son to save us,
 And show us that God is love :
cr For the darkness shall turn to dawning,
 And the dawning to noon-day bright,
f And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,
 The kingdom of Love and Light.

mp 4 We've a Saviour to show to the nations,
 Who the path of sorrow has trod,
 That all of the world's great peoples
 Might come to the truth of God :
cr For the darkness shall turn to dawning,
 And the dawning to noon-day bright,
f And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,
 The kingdom of Love and Light.

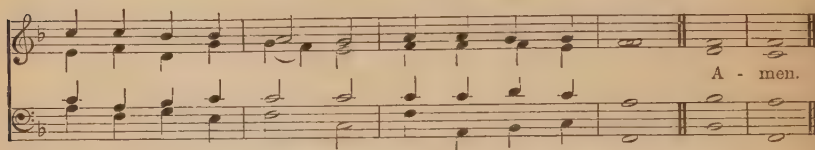
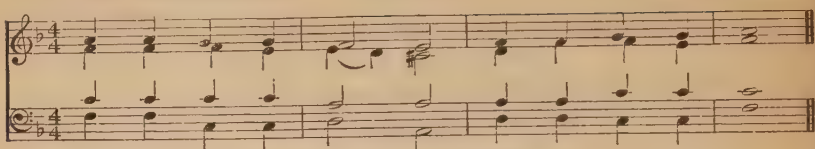
Colin Sterne.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Bemerton. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

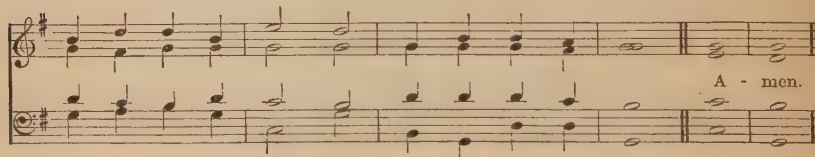
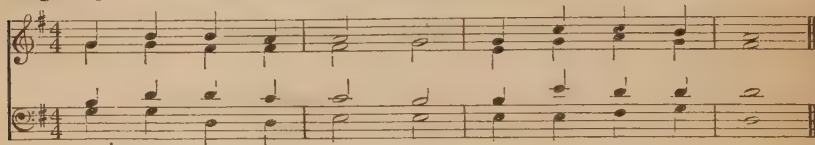
F. FILITZ.



Lagos. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

J. DOWNING FARRER.



794

Who hath despised the day of small things?—ZECH. iv. 10.

1 **L**ITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Made the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

2 So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Into sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above,

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

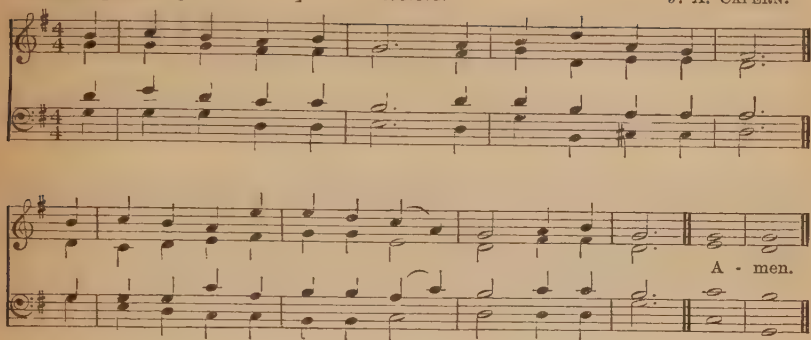
6 Little ones in glory
Swell the angels' song:
Make us meet, dear Saviour,
For their holy throng.

Mrs. Julia A. Carney.

St. Margaret. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.6.8.4.

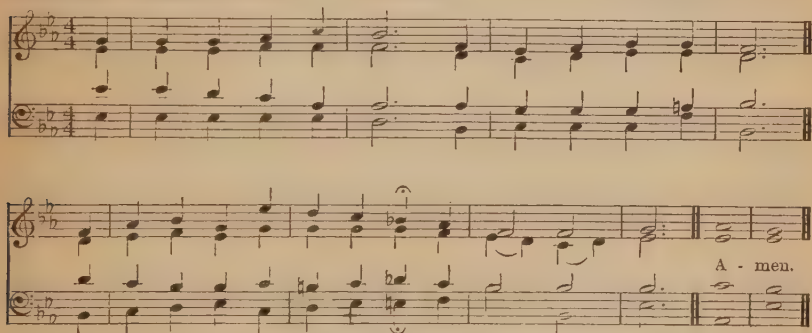
J. A. CAPERN.



Sterndale. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.6.8.4.

WILLIAM G. ROSS.



(11) MORNING AND EVENING.

(See also Section X. (1).)

795

The Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime.—Ps. xlii. 8.

1 THE star of morn has risen ;
O Lord, to Thee we pray ;
O uncreated Light of Light,
Guide Thou our way.

2 Sinless be tongue and hand,
And innocent the mind ;
Let simple truth be on our lips,
Our hearts be kind.

3 Let not the flesh prevail,
But all be ruled by good ;
The gift of temperance bestow
In drink and food.

4 As the swift day rolls on,
Still, Lord, our Guardian be ;
And keep the portals of our hearts
From evil free.

5 Grant that our daily toil
May to Thy glory tend ;
And as our hours begin with Thee,
So may they end.

Ambrose, tr. G. Phillimore.

Eudoxia. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

S. BARING-GOULD.

A - men.

Lyndhurst. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5., eight lines.

A - men.

796

Under His wings shalt thou trust.—Ps. xci. 4.

p 1 NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

cr 7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

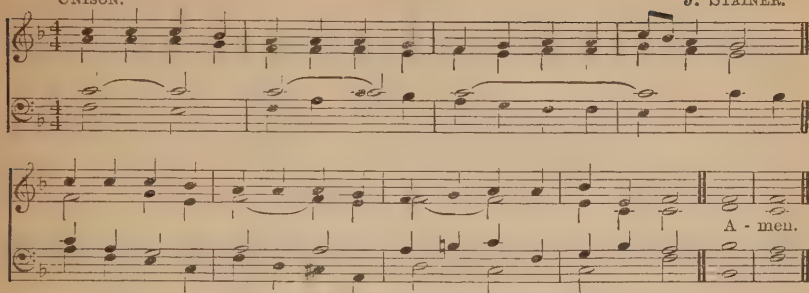
f 8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

S. Baring-Gould.

Evening Prayer. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7.8.7.

UNISON.

J. STAINER.

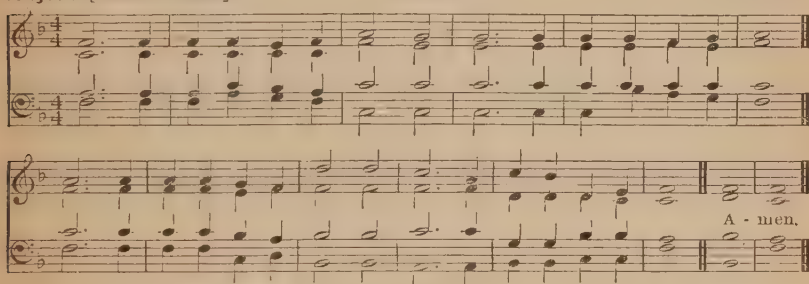


(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Dijon. [SECOND TUNE.]

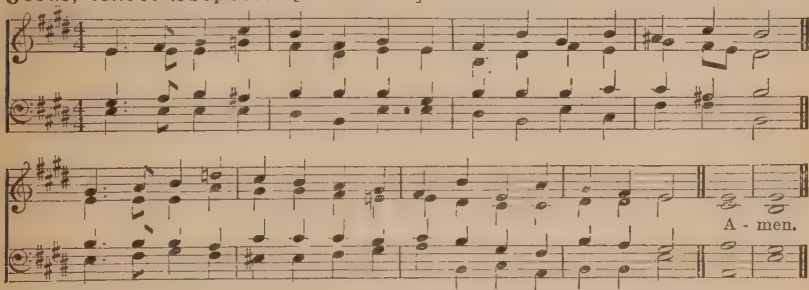
8.7.8.7.

German.



Jesus, tender Shepherd. [THIRD TUNE.] 8.7.8.7.

B. R. PARKINSON.



797

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep.—Ps. iv. 8.

p 1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Keep me safe till morning light.

2 Through this day Thine hand has led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care; [me,
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
 Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
 Bless the friends I love so well;
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mrs. Mary Lundie Duncan.

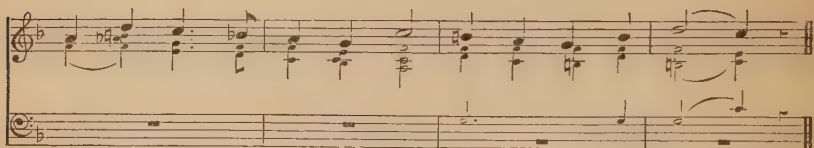
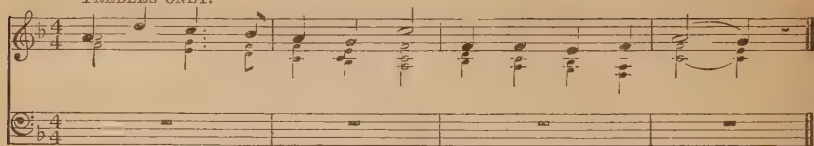
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Londonderry. [FIRST TUNE.]

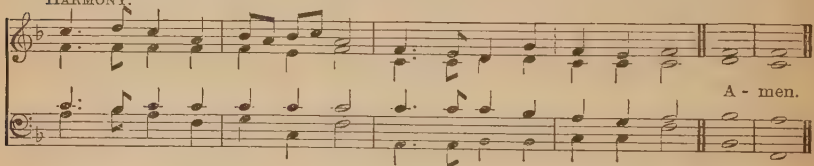
75.75.77.

JOHN ADCOCK.

TREBLES ONLY.



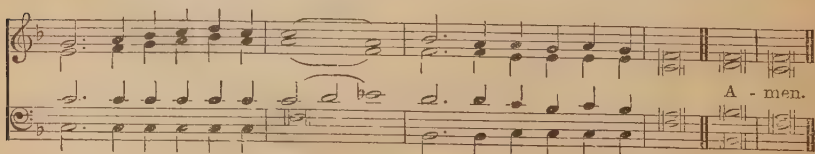
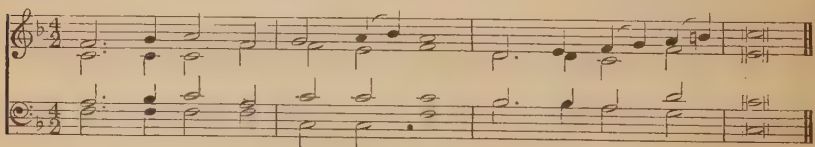
HARMONY.



Silksworth. [SECOND TUNE.]

75.75.77.

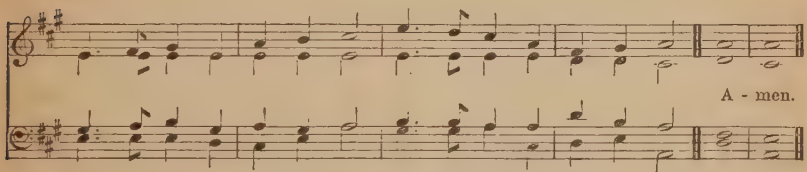
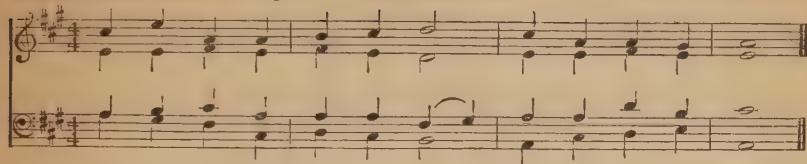
CHARLES VINCENT.



Gawthorpe. [THIRD TUNE.]

75.75.77.

W. F. WILCOX.



(12) HEAVEN.

798

A better country, that is, an heavenly.—HEB. xi. 16.

mf 1 **E**VERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright ;
p But the evening cometh on,
And the dark cold night ;
f There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

mf 2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay ;
p Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away :
cr There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

mf 3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long ;
p But in colder, shorter days,
They forget their song :
cr There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

mf 4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him ;
p But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim :
cr There's a happy glorious place,
Where His people see His face.

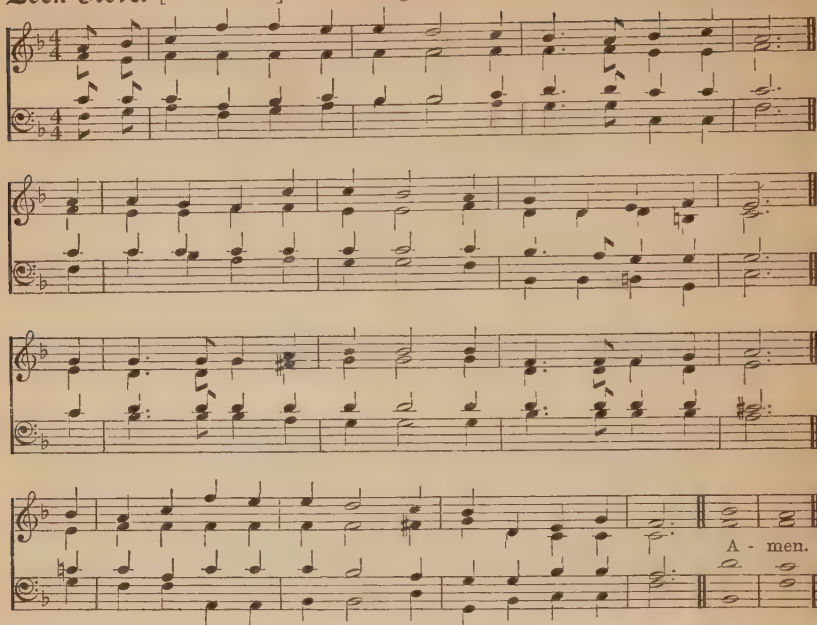
p 5 Who shall go to that fair land ?
cr All who love the right ;
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white ;
f For that heaven so bright and blest
Is our everlasting rest.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Eden Grove. [FIRST TUNE.]

7. 6., eight lines.

SAMUEL SMITH.



799

He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom.—Isa. xl. 11.

mf 1 **T**HERE'S a Friend for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A Friend who never changes,
 Whose love can never die.
 Unlike our friends by nature,
 Who change with changing years,
 This Friend is always worthy
 The precious name He bears.

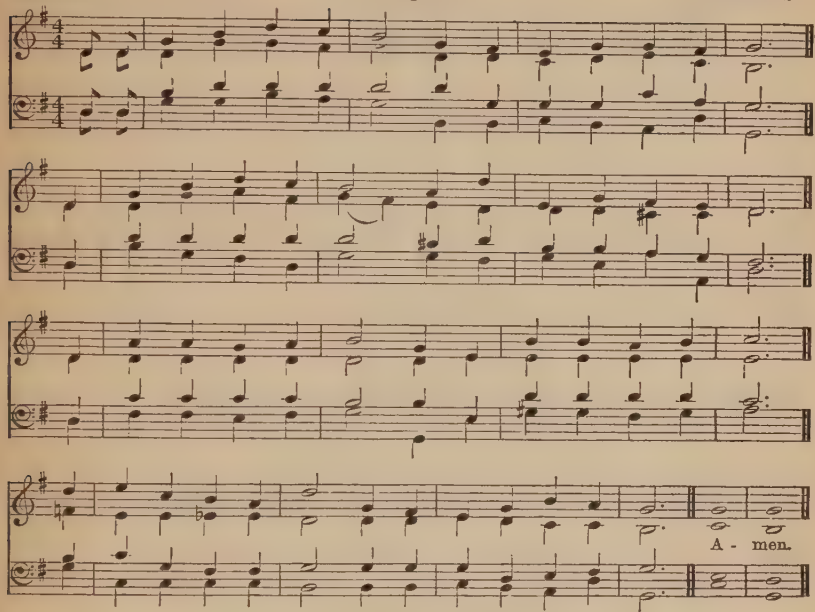
mp 2 There's a rest for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Who love the blessed Saviour,
 And to the Father cry,—
 A rest from every trouble,
 From sin and danger free,
 Where every little pilgrim
 Shall rest eternally.

mf 3 There's a home for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Where Jesus reigns in glory,
 A home of peace and joy;
or No home on earth is like it,
 Or can with it compare;
 For everyone is happy,
 Nor could be happier, there.

Amicus. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

A. HUDSON.



f 4 There's a crown for little children
 Above the bright blue sky ;
 And all who look to Jesus
 Shall wear it by-and-by,—
 A crown of brightest glory,
 Which He will then bestow
 On all who found His favour
 And loved His name below.

f 5 There's a song for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A song that will not weary,
 Though sung continually ;
 A song which even angels
 Can never, never sing ;
 They know not Christ as Saviour,
 But worship Him as King.

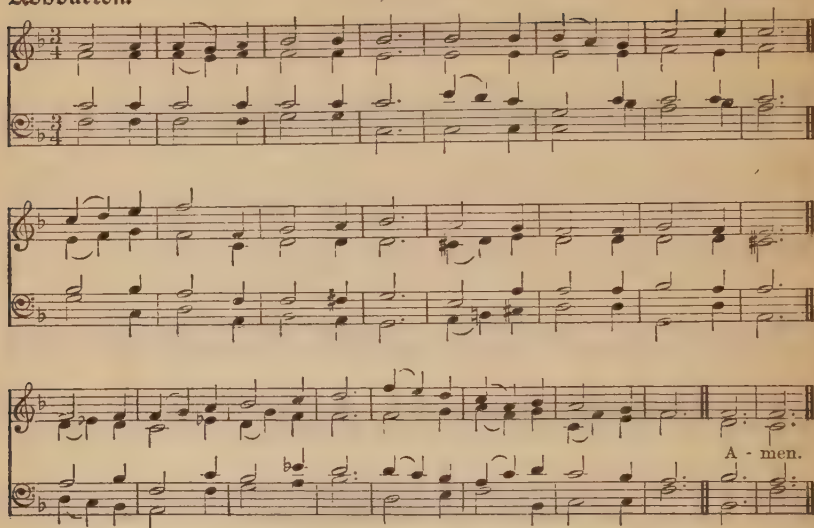
f 6 There's a robe for little children
 Above the bright blue sky ;
 And a harp of sweetest music,
 And palms of victory.
 All, all above is treasured,
 And found in Christ alone ;
 O come, dear little children,
 That all may be your own.

Albert Midlane.

Asbburton.

7s., six lines.

R. JACKSON.



800

Suffer the little children to come unto Me.—MARK X. 14.

f 1 CHILDREN'S voices, high in heaven,
 Make sweet music round the throne;
 Them the King of kings hath given
 Glory lasting as His own;
dim Lord, it was Thy mercy free
 Suffered them to come to Thee.

f 2 We would think of them to-day;
 And their everlasting song
 We would sing, as blest as they,
 In the spirit-land ere long;
dim Lord, let us Thy children be,
 Suffer us to come to Thee.

mf 3 Now to come with loving mind,
 Simple faith and earnest prayer,
 Seeking Thy dear cross, to find
 Full and free salvation there;
dim Lamb of God, our Saviour be,
 Suffer us to come to Thee.

mf 4 Lord, we come; be Thou our Guide
 Through life's dark and troubled way;
 And, when trained and sanctified,
 Raise us to the perfect day:
cr Then in heaven Thy words will be,
 'Suffer them to come to Me.'

T. R. Taylor and G. Rawson.

Glory. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M., with refrain.

Sing-ing, 'Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry!' Singing, 'Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry!' A - men.

Rotbamsted. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M., with refrain.

C. BENNETT KAYE.

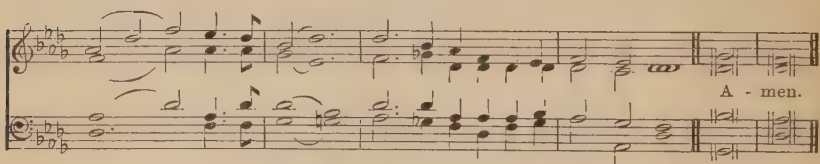
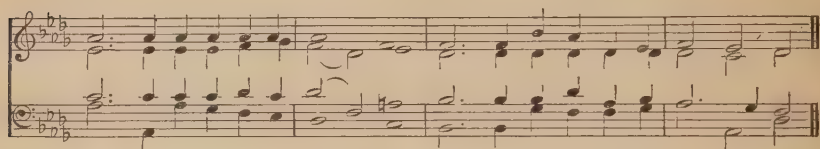
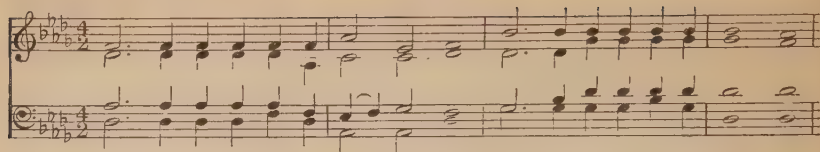
A - men.

801

And washed us from our sins in His own blood — REV. i. 5.

<i>f</i> 1 A ROUND the throne of God in heaven Thousands of children stand, Children whose sins are all forgiven, A holy, happy band, Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!' 2 In flowing robes of spotless white See every one arrayed, Dwelling in everlasting light, And joys that never fade, Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!' <i>mf</i> 5 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace, On earth they loved His name; <i>cr</i> So now they see His blessed face, And stand before the Lamb, <i>f</i> Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'	<i>mf</i> 3 What brought them to that world above, That heaven so bright and fair, Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came those children there, <i>cr</i> Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!' <i>mp</i> 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood To wash away their sin; Bathed in that pure and precious flood, Behold them white and clean, <i>cr</i> Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'
--	--

Mrs. Anne H. Shepherd.



A FAREWELL HYMN.

802 Now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.—ACTS xx. 32.

mf 1 **G**OD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you :

p God be with you till we meet again.

cr Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,

f God be with you till we meet again.

mf 2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you :

p God be with you till we meet again.

cr Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,

f God be with you till we meet again.

p 3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you :
God be with you till we meet again.

cr Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,

f God be with you till we meet again.

mf 4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before

p God be with you till we meet again. [you :

cr Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,

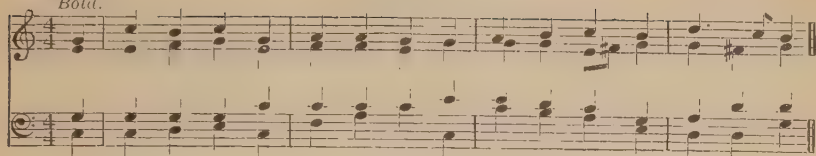
f God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. Rankin.

Redcliff.

8.8.8.4.

E. J. HOPKINS.

Bold.

803

*That through death He might bring to nought him that had the
power of death.—HEB. ii. 14. (R.V.)*

1.

f THE strife is o'er, the battle done ;
The triumph of the Lord is won ;
O let the song of praise be sung—Hallelujah !

2.

The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed ;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst—Hallelujah !

3.

On that third morn He rose again,
In glorious majesty to reign ;
O let us swell the joyful strain—Hallelujah !

4.

He closed the yawning gates of hell ;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
Let songs of joy His triumph tell, Hallelujah !

5.

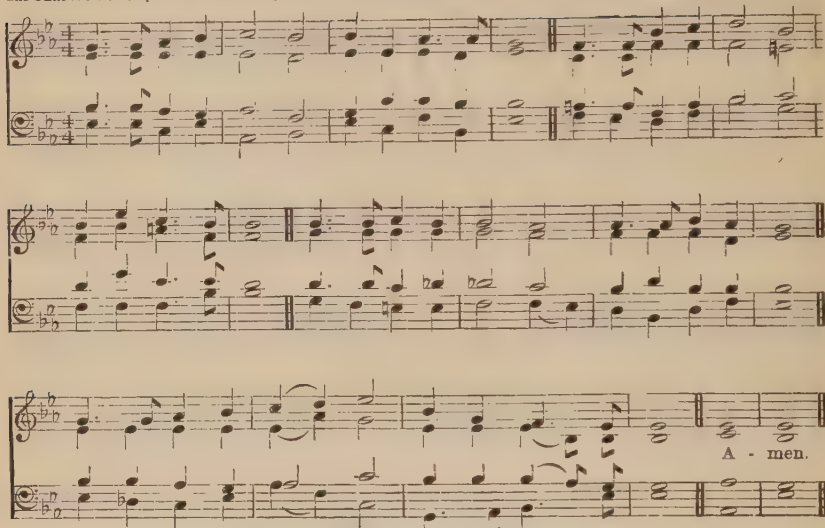
mf Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
f That we may live and sing to Thee—Hallelujah !

Latin Hymn.

McMaster. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5., eight lines.

A. S. Vogt.



(By permission of A. S. Vogt.)

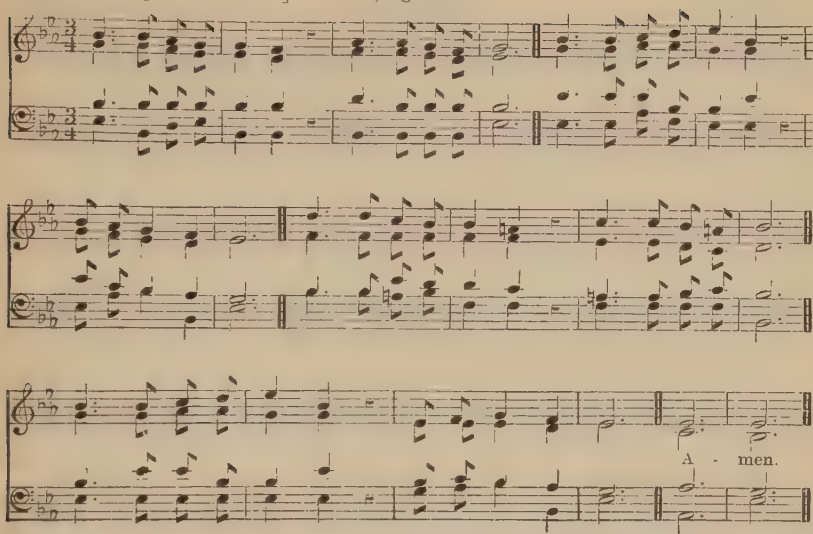
804

McMaster Motto.— *In Him all things consist.*—COL. i. 17. (R.V.)

f 1 JESUS, wondrous Saviour!
Christ, of Kings the King!
Angels fall before Thee,
Prostrate, worshipping;
Fairest they confess Thee
In the Heaven above,
We would sing Thee fairest
Here in hymns of love.

mf 2 Fairer far than sunlight
Unto eyes that wait
Amid fear and darkness,
Till the morning break.
Fairer than the day-dawn,
Hills and dales among,
When its tide of glory
Wakes the tide of song.

p 3 Sweeter far than music
Quivering from keys
That unbind all feeling
With strange harmonies.
Thou art more and dearer
Than all minstrelsy;
Only in Thy presence
Can joy's fulness be.

Franconia. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5., eight lines.

mf 4 All earth's flowing pleasures

Were a wintry sea ;
Heaven itself without Thee
Dark as night would be.

f Lamb of God ! Thy glory
Is the light above.
Lamb of God ! Thy glory
Is Thy light of love.

p 5 Life is death, if severed
From Thy throbbing heart.

cr Death to life abundant
At Thy touch would start.

f Worlds and men and angels
All consist in Thee :

dim Yet Thou camest to us
In humility.

f 6 Jesus ! all perfections
Rise and end in Thee ;
Brightness of God's glory
Thou, eternally.

Favour'd beyond measure
They Thy face who see ;
May we, gracious Saviour,
Share this ecstasy.

The McMaster Hymn, Principal D. A. McGregor.

Bethany.

8.7., eight lines.

HENRY SMART.

805

Casting all your anxiety upon Him because He careth for you.—1 PETER v. 7. (R.V.)

mf 1 **W**HAT a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear !
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer !
 O what peace we often forfeit,
 O what needless pain we bear,
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer !

2 Have we trials and temptations ?
 Is there trouble anywhere ?
 We should never be discouraged ;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful
 Who will all our sorrows share ?
 Jesus knows our every weakness ;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care ?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

c 4 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer ;

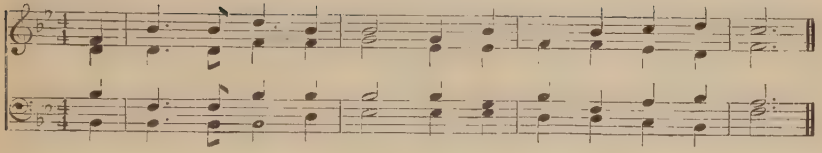
f 5 In His arms He'll take and shield thee :
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven.

New York.

7.6., eight lines.

G. J. WEBB.



A - men.

806

And nations shall come to Thy light.—ISA. LX. 3. (R.V.)

f 1 **T**HE morning light is breaking ;
 The darkness disappears ;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears :
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

mf 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour :
cr Each cry to heaven going,
 Abundant answers brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above ;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing—
 A nation in a day.

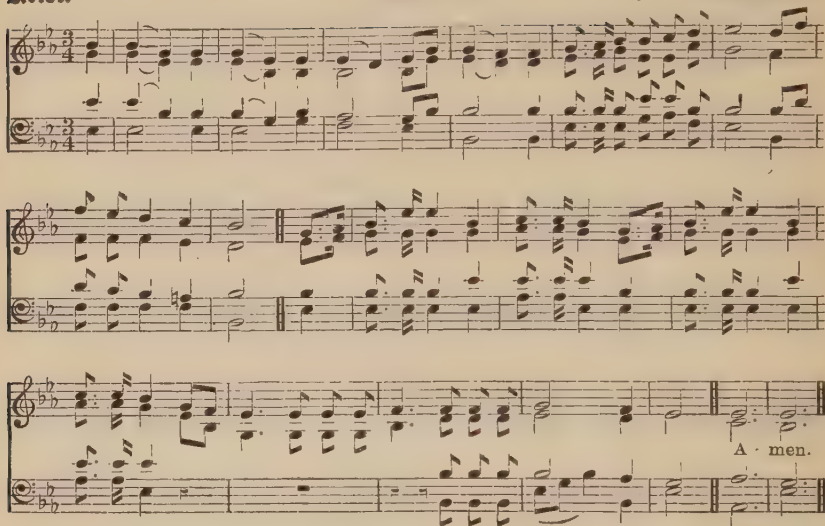
f 4 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay ;
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home ;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, 'The Lord is come.'

S. F. Smith.

Ariel.

886.886.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



807

Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain.—REV. v. 12. (R.V.)

f 1 **O** COULD I speak the matchless worth,
 O could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine!
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine!
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.

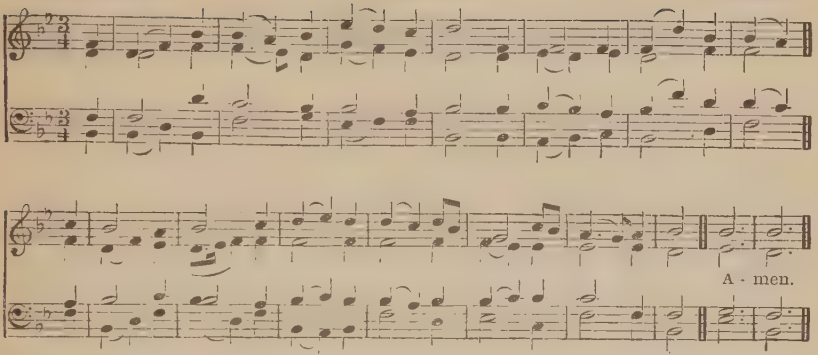
4 Well—the delightful day will come,
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His face;
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

S. Medley.

Wiltshire.

C.M.

G. SMART.



808

PSALM xxiii.

1.

mf THE Lord's my Shepherd I'll not want
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green: He leadeth me
dim The quiet waters by.

2.

My soul He doth restore again;
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 E'en for His own Name's sake.

3.

p Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear none ill:
cr For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.

4.

mf My table Thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.

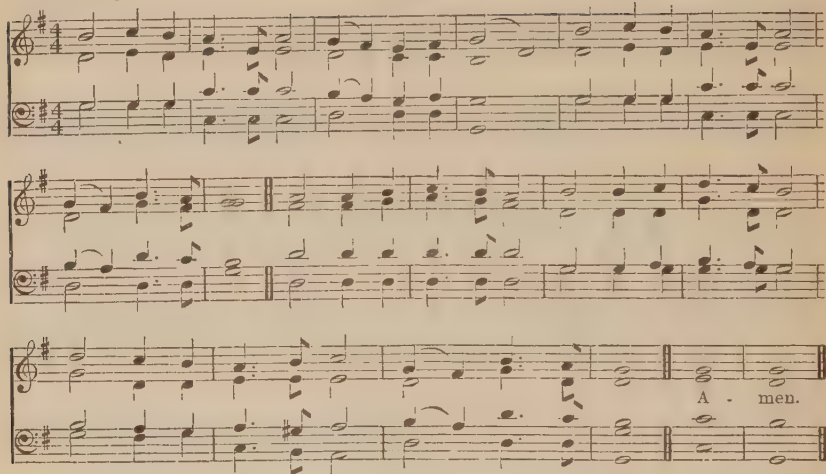
5.

f Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

Something for Jesus.

64.64.6664.

ROBERT LOWRY.



809

We love, because He first loved us.—1 JOHN iv. 19. (R.V.)

mf 1 SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
 Thou gavest me,
 Nor should I aught withhold,
 Dear Lord, from Thee:
 In love my soul would bow,
 My heart fulfil its vow,
 Some offering bring Thee now,
 Something for Thee.

2 At the blest mercy-seat
 Pleading for me,
 My feeble faith looks up,
 Jesus to Thee;
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise or prayer,
 Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
 Likeness to Thee—
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see
 Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some wanderer sought and won,
 Something for Thee.

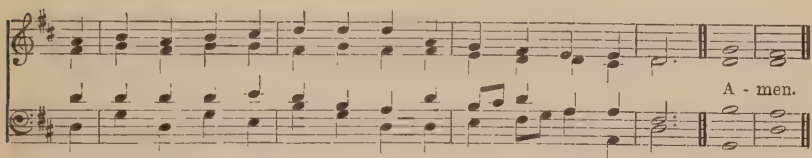
f 4 All that I am and have—
 Thy gifts so free—
 In joy, in grief, through life,
 Dear Lord, for Thee!
 And when Thy face I see,
 My ransomed soul shall be,
 Through all eternity,
 Something for Thee.

S. D. Phelps.

Swabia.

S.M.

German.



A - men.

810

Your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost who is in you. —1 Cor. vi. 19. (R.V.)

1.

mp THE Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree;
As Jesus' parting gift, He's near
Each pleading company.

2.

Not far away is He,
To be by prayer brought nigh;
cr But here in present majesty,
As in His courts on high.

3.

mf He dwells within our soul
An ever-welcome Guest;
He reigns with absolute control
As Monarch in the breast.

4.

Our bodies are His shrine,
And He th' indwelling Lord;
All hail, Thou Comforter divine
Be evermore adored.

5.

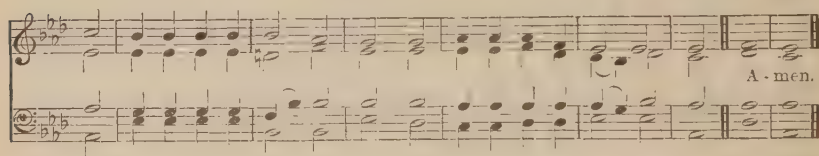
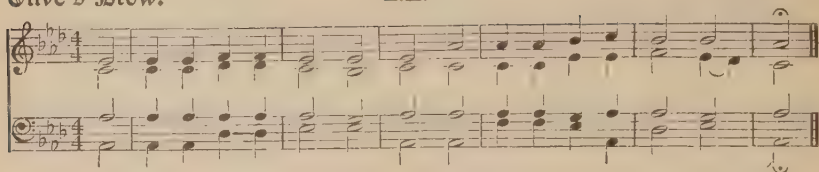
f Obedient to Thy will,
We wait to feel Thy power;
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfil,
And bless this hallowed hour.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Olive's Brow.

L.M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



811

Then cometh Jesus . . . unto a place called Gethsemane.—MATT. XXVI. 36.

1.

p 'TIS midnight ; and on Olive's brow,
 The star is dimmed that lately shone :
 'Tis midnight ; in the garden now
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2.

'Tis midnight ; and from all removed,
 The Saviour wrestles 'lone with fears ;
 E'en that disciple whom He loved
 Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.

3.

'Tis midnight ; and for others' guilt,
 The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood ;
cr Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
 Is not forsaken by His God.

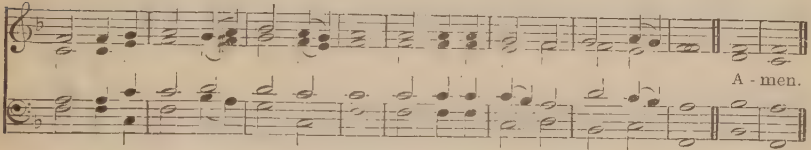
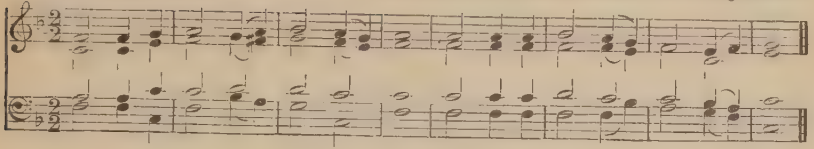
4.

mf 'Tis midnight ; and from ether-plains
 Is borne the song that angels know ;
cr Unheard by mortals are the strains
dim That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

W. B. Tappan.

Bamburg.

L.M. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, from Gregorian.



812

There am I in the midst of them.—MATT. xviii. 20.

1.

p **A**MIDST us our Belovèd stands,
 And bids us view His piercèd hands;
 Points to the wounded feet and side,
 Blest emblems of the Crucified.

2.

mf What food luxurious loads the board,
 When at His table sits the Lord!
 The wine how rich, the bread how sweet,
 When Jesus deigns the guests to meet!

3.

If now, with eyes defiled and dim,
 We see the signs, but see not Him,
 O may His love the scales displace,
 And bid us see Him face to face!

4.

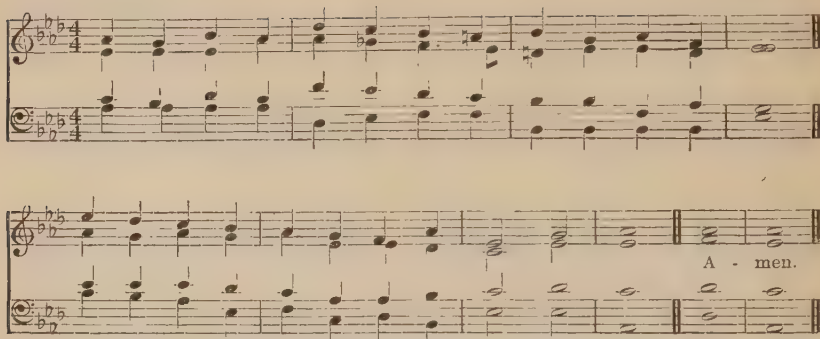
f Thou glorious Bridegroom of our hearts,
 Thy present smile a heaven imparts;
 Oh lift the veil, if veil there be
 Let every saint Thy beauty see.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Rest.

8.5.8.3.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

813

Ye were redeemed with precious blood.—1 PETER i. 18, 19. (R.V.)

1.

mf PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,
 Shed on Calvary,
 Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
 Shed for me.

2.

Precious blood, that hath redeemed us!
 All the price is paid;
 Perfect pardon now is offered,
 Peace is made.

3.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
 Let it make thee whole;
 Let it flow in mighty cleansing
 O'er thy soul.

4.

Though Thy sins are red like crimson
 Deep in scarlet glow,
 Jesus' precious blood can make them
 White as snow.

5.

f Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
 Ever flowing free!
 O believe it, O receive it,
 'Tis for thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

Pilot.

7s., six lines.

J. E. GOULD.

814

*He maketh the storm a calm . . . He bringeth them unto the haven
where they would be.—Ps. cvii. 29, 30. (R.V.)*

1.

mf JESUS, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea ;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal ;
Chart and compass came from Thee ;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2.

p As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild ;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them 'Be still !'
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3.

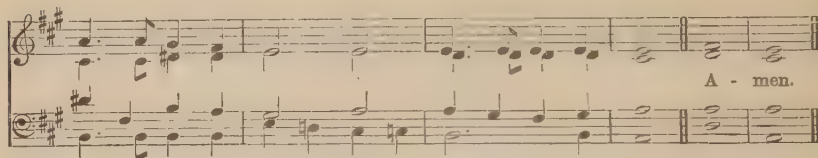
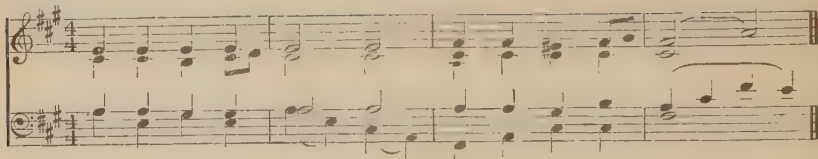
f When at last I near the shore,
cr And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
dim Then, while leaning on Thy breast
May I hear Thee say to me,
'Fear not, I will pilot thee !'

E. Hopper.

Merril.

6.5.6.5.

J. BARNEY.



suf-fer'd, Come to Him and rest.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

815

Looking unto Jesus.—HEB. xii. 2.

1.

p LOOK away to Jesus,
Soul by woe oppressed ;
'Twas for thee He suffered,
Come to Him and rest.

2.

cr All thy griefs He carried,
All thy sins He bore ;
Look away to Jesus
Trust Him evermore.

3.

mf Look away to Jesus,
Soldier in the fight ;
When the battle thickens,
Keep thine armour bright.

4.

f Though thy foes be many,
Though thy strength be small,
Look away to Jesus,
He will conquer all.

5.

mf Look away to Jesus,
When the skies are fair ;
Calm seas have their danger,
Mariner, beware !

6.

p Earthly joys are fleeting,
Going as they came,
Look away to Jesus :
Evermore the same.

7.

mf Look away to Jesus,
'Mid the toil and heat ;
Soon will come the resting
At the Master's feet :

8.

For the guests are bidden,
And the feast is spread ;
Look away to Jesus,
In His footsteps tread.

9.

f When, amid the music
Of the endless feast,
Saints will sing His praises,
Thine shall not be least :

10.

Then, amid the glories
Of the crystal sea,
Look away to Jesus,
Through eternity.

H. Burton.

Ein' feste Burg.

87.87.66.667.

German.

816

God is my strong fortress.—2 Sam. xxii. 33. (R. V.)

f 1 **A** MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing,
 Our Helper He, amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

mf 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right Man on our side,
 The Man of God's own choosing.
cr Dost ask Who that may be?
f Christ Jesus, it is He:
 Lord Sabaoth His Name,
 From age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.

mf 3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
f We will not fear; for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us.
 The prince of darkness grim,—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo his doom is sure,—
 One little word shall fell him!

f 4 That word above all earthly powers—
 No thanks to them—abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through Him Who with us sideth.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill:
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is for ever.

Martin Luther.

Te Deum.

78.78.77.

Arr. from J. S. BACH.

817 Bless the Lord, all ye His hosts . . . bless the Lord, O my soul.—Ps. ciii. 21, 22. (R.V.)

f 1 **H**OLY God, we praise Thy name !
 Lord of all, we bow before Thee ;
 All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
 All in heaven above adore Thee ;
 Infinite Thy vast domain,
 Everlasting is Thy reign !

2 Hark ! the loud celestial hymn,
 Angel-choirs above are raising ;
 Cherubim and Seraphim
 In unceasing chorus praising,
 Fill the heavens with sweet accord :
 Holy ! holy ! holy Lord !

mf 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, three we name Thee,
 While in essence, only one,
 Undivided God, we claim Thee ;
 And, adoring, bend the knee,
 While we own the mystery.

4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
 By a thousand snares surrounded ;
 Keep us without sin to-day,
 Never let us be confounded.

f Lo ! I put my trust in Thee,
 Never, Lord, abandon me.

Tr. by C. A. Walworth.

Lyons.

55.55.65.65.

F. J. HAYDN.



818

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.—PSALM cxlv. 10.

1.

f O WORSHIP the King,
 All-glorious above ;
 O gratefully sing
 His power and His love ;
 Our Shield and Defender,
 The Ancient of days,
 Pavilioned in splendour,
 And girded with praise.

2.

O tell of His might,
 O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light,
 Whose canopy, space ;
 His chariots of wrath
 The deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is His path
 On the wings of the storm.

3.

The earth, with its store
 Of wonders untold,
 Almighty, Thy power
 Hath founded of old :
 Hath stablished it fast
 By a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast,
 Like a mantle, the sea.

4.

p Thy bountiful care
 What tongue can recite ?
 It breathes in the air,
 It shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills,
 It descends to the plain ;
 And sweetly distils
 In the dew and the rain.

5.

Frail children of dust,
 And feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust,
 Nor find Thee to fail :
 Thy mercies how tender,
 How firm to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender,
 Redeemer, and Friend !

6.

f O measureless might !
 Ineffable love !
 While angels delight
 To hymn Thee above,
 Thy humbler creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall lispen to Thy praise.

R. Grant.

Weber.

7.7.7.7.

From WEBER.



819

Stood at His feet . . . weeping.—LUKE vii. 38.

p 1 **D**EPTH of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God His wrath forbear;
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace,
 Long provoked Him to His face;
 Would not hearken to His calls;
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

mf 3 Kindled His relentings are;
 Me He still delights to spare;
 Cries,—‘How shall I give thee up?’
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands.
 God is Love! I know, I feel;
 Jesus pleads, and loves me still.

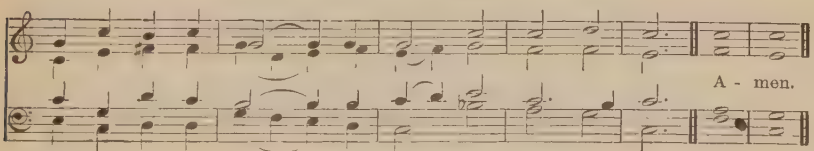
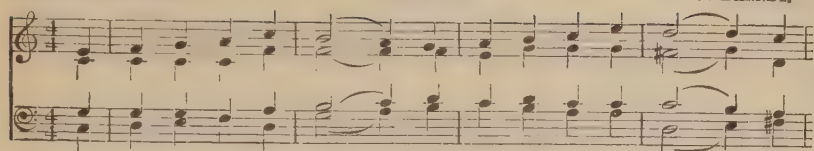
5 Jesus, answer from above:
 Is not all Thy nature love?
 Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
 Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?

6 If I rightly read Thy heart,
 If Thou all compassion art,
 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;
 Pardon and accept me now.

7 Pity from Thine eye let fall;
 By a look my soul recall;
 Now the stone to flesh convert,
 Cast a look, and break my heart:

8 Now incline me to repent,
 Let me now my fall lament,
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. Wesley.



(By permission of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.)

820

Daily shall He be praised.—Ps. lxxii. 15.

1.

f **W**HEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair :
May Jesus Christ be praised !

2.

To Thee, my God above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
The fairest graces spring
In hearts that ever sing,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

3.

mf Does sadness fill my mind ?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
Or fades my earthly bliss ?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

4.

When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my-breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

5.

p When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
cr The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

6.

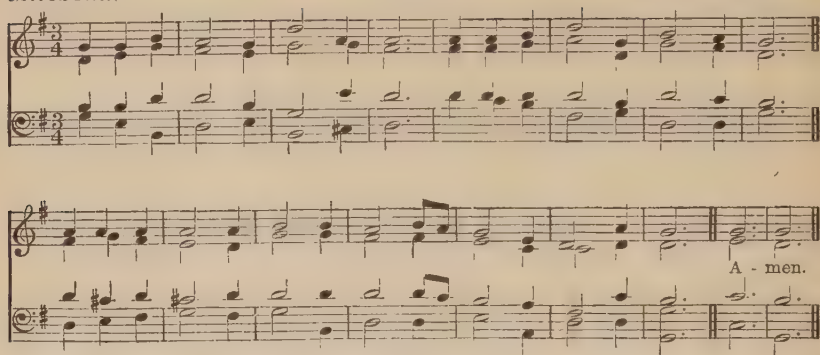
f Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

From the German, tr. E. Caswall.

Birchcliff.

8.8.8.6.

E. B. FREELAND.



(By permission of the Composer.)

821

And he arose, and came to his father.—LUKE xv. 20.

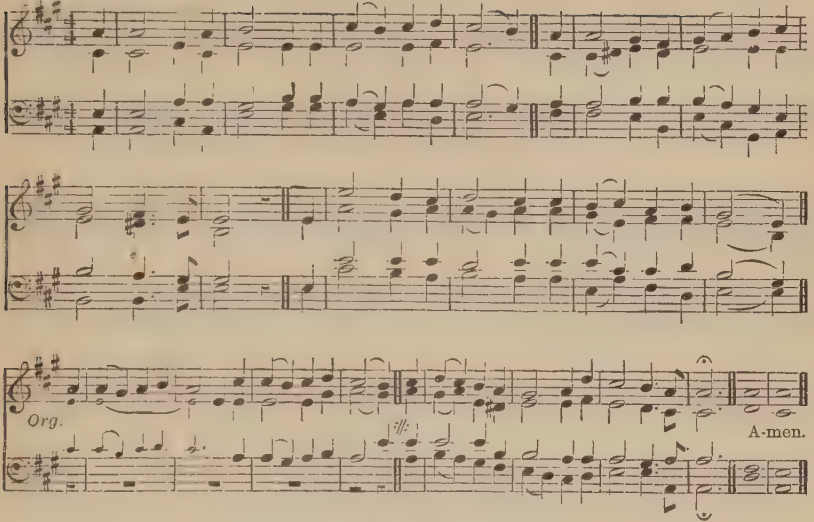
- p* 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- mf* 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find.
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- cr* 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- f* 7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott.

Adeste Fideles.

11.11.11.11.

J. READING.



822

Fear not, for I am with thee.—ISA. xliii. 5.

f 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 'In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

mf 4 'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee in trouble to bless;
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

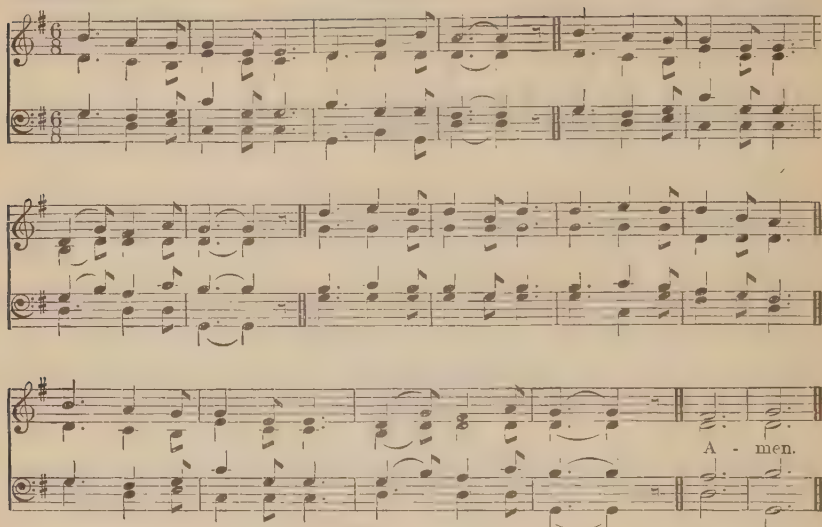
f 6 'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
cr That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!'

George Keith. (?)

Beulah.

64.64.664.

LOWELL MASON.



823

Behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven.—
GEN. xxviii. 12.

1.

p **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee :
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
cr Still all my song would be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

2.

p Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
cr Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

3.

mf There let the way appear,
 Steps up to heaven ;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given ;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

4.

f Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

5.

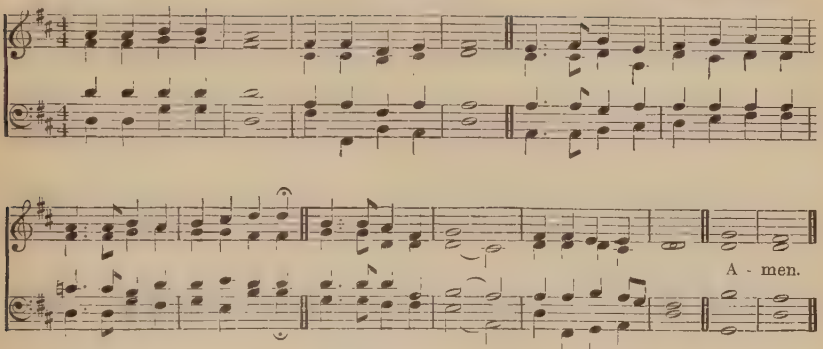
Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

St. Hubert.

55.88.55.

LEICESTER DARWALL.



824

He that hath mercy on them shall lead them.—ISA. xlix. 10.

f 1 **J**ESUS, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won ;
 And although the way be cheerless,
 We will follow, calm and fearless :
 Guide us by Thy hand
 To our fatherland.

mf 2 If the way be drear,
 If the foe be near,
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
 Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
 For, through many a foe,
 To our home we go.

mf 3 When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief,
 When oppressed by new temptations.
 Lord, increase and perfect patience ;
cr Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more.

f 4 **J**esus, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won ;
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our fatherland.

N. L. Zinzendorf, tr. H. L. L.

Lux Benigna.

10.4.10.4.10.10.

J. B. DYKES.

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825

The pillar of the cloud.—Ex. xiii. 22.

1.
mf **L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
p The night is dark, and I am far from home:
cr Lead Thou me on:
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.
2.
p I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
cr Lead Thou me on;
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Price ruled my will: remember not past years.
3.
mf So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
cr O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
f And with the morn those angel faces smile
dim p Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.

Wells.

7s., six lines.

D. BORTNIANSKI.
Arr. by W. C. FILBY.

826

Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.—1 COR. xi. 26.

p 1 **T**ILL He come : ' O let the words
 Linger on the trembling chords :
 Let the 'little while' between
 In their golden light be seen ;
 Let us think how heaven and home
 Lie beyond that 'Till He come.'

2 When the weary ones we love
 Enter on their rest above,
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 All our life-joy overcast ?
 Hush ! be every murmur dumb ;
 It is only till He come.

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press :
 Would we have one sorrow less ?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is loss,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb
 Only whisper, 'Till He come.'

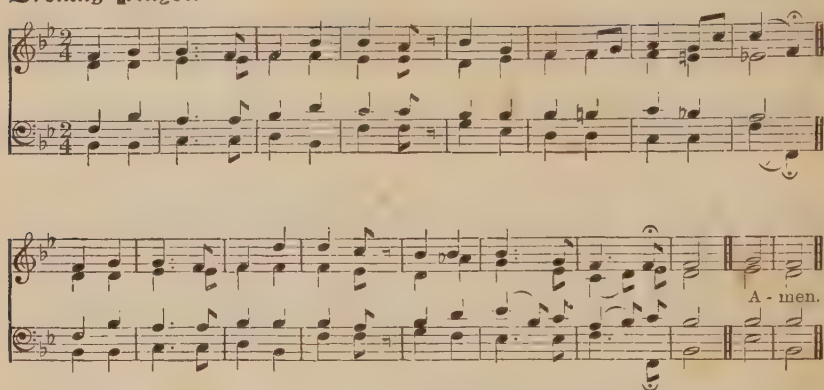
mf 4 See, the feast of love is spread :
 Drink the wine and break the bread ;
 Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
 Calls us round His heavenly board ;
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only till He come.

E. H. Bickersteth.

Evening Prayer.

8.7.8.7.

G. C. STEBBINS.



827

Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.—Ps. xci. 10.

1.

p SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal :
 Sin and want we come confessing ;
 Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2.

Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
cr Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3.

mp Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
 Thou art He, who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.

4.

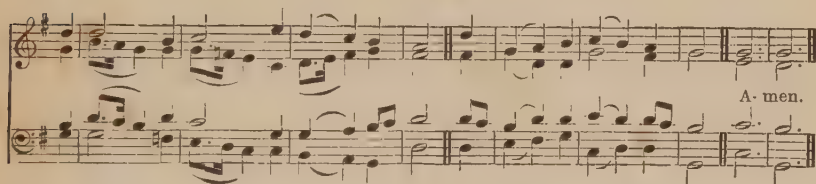
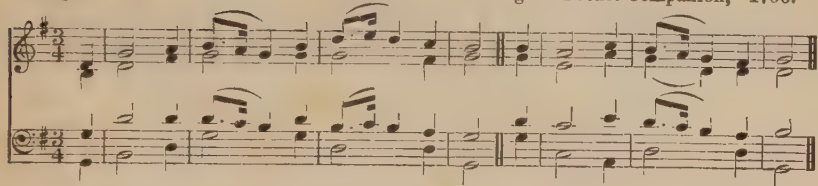
p Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
cr May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

C. M.

Glasgow.

MOORE'S "Psalm Singer's Pocket Companion," 1756.



828

PSALM cv. 1—6.

1.

f GIVE thanks to God, call on His name,
 To men His deeds make known.
 Sing ye to Him, sing psalms; proclaim
 His wondrous works each one.

2.

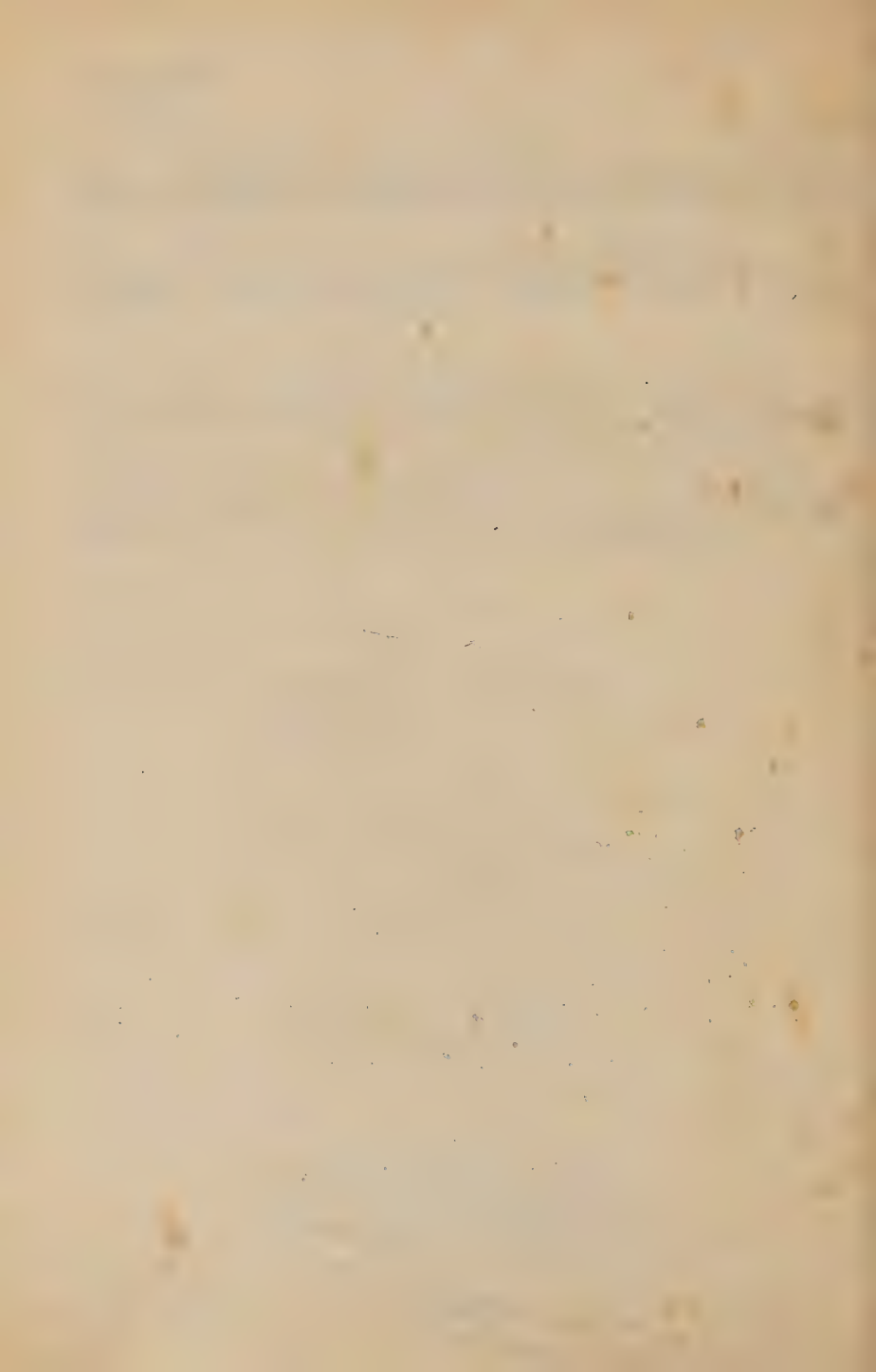
mf To glory in His holy name
 Unite with one accord,
cr And let the heart of every one
 Rejoice that seeks the Lord.

3.

mf The Lord Almighty, and His strength,
 With steadfast hearts seek ye:
 His blessed and His gracious face
 Seek ye continually.

4.

Remember all His wondrous works,
 The marvels He hath done,
cr The righteous judgments of His mouth
 Remember them each one.



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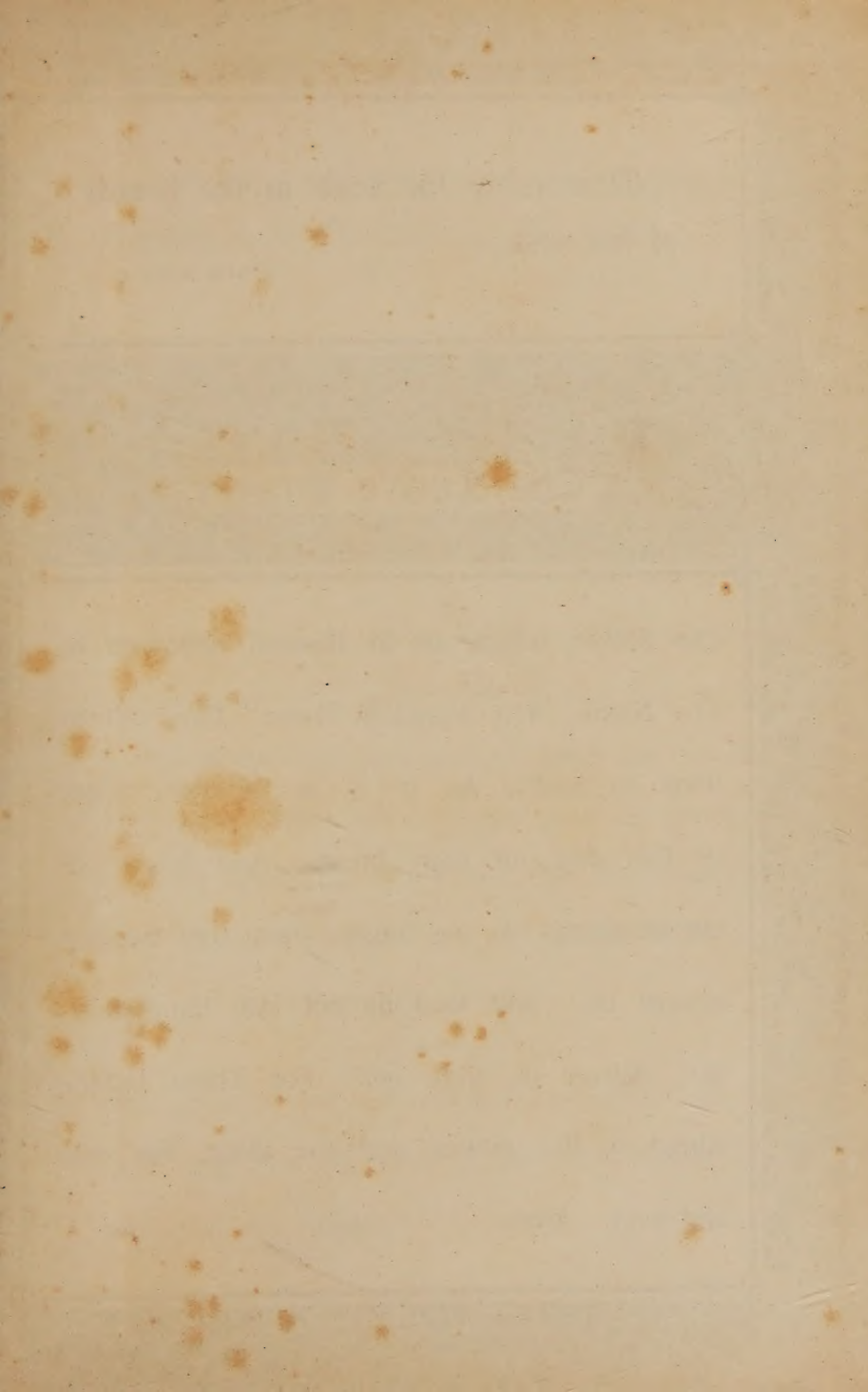
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O worship the Lord in the beauty
of holiness.

PSALM xcvi. 9.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be
Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be
done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give
us this day our daily bread. And forgive us
our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass
against us. And lead us not into temptation ;
But deliver us from evil : For Thine is the
Kingdom, the power, and the glory, For ever
and ever. Amen.

☉ sing unto the Lord a new song:
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

PSALM XCVI. 1.

Benedictions.

And now may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, and may the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, rest upon you and remain with you now and for evermore. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.

